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HEYWOOD'S

DRAMATIC WORKS.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN SIX VOLUMES

Aut prodesse volunt, aut Delectare—

VOLUME THE FOURTH

LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1874

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26967

THE

ENGLISH

TRAVELLER.

AS IT HATH BEENE

Publikely acted at the COCK-PIT

in Drury-lane:

By Her Maieſties ſeruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent, aut delectare——

LONDON,
Printed by *Robert Raworth*: dwelling in Old Fiſh-ſtreet,
neere Saint *Mary Maudlins* Church. 1633.

G4122

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Geraldine. } *Dalauill.* }	Two yong Gentlemen.
Olde Wincott	The husband.
His Wife	A yong Gentlewoman.
Prudentilla	Siſter to the wife.
Reignald	A paraſiticall ſeruing-man.
Robin	A countrey ſeruing-man.
Lionell	A riotous Citizen.
Blanda	A Whore.
Scapha	A Bawde.
Rioter	A Spend-thrift.
Two Gallants	His Companions.
Roger the Clowne	Seruant to Olde Wincott.
Two proſtitutes	Companions with Blanda.
Olde Lionell	A Merchant father to yong Lionell.
A Seruant	To Olde Lionell.
Olde Mr. Geraldine	Father to yong Geraldine.
An Vſurer and his man.	
A Gentleman	Compánion with Dalauill.
Beſſe	Chambermaid to Miſtris Wincott.
A Tauerne Drawer	
Maſter Ricott	A Merchant.

The *Owner* of the houſe, ſuppoſed to be poſſeſt.

To the Right WORSHIPFVLL

Sir HENRY APPLETON,

Knight Barronet, &c.

NOBLE SIR,

DOr many reaſons I am induced, to preſent this Poem, to your fauourable acceptance; and not the leaſt of them that alternate Loue, and thoſe frequent curteſies which interchangably paſt, betwixt your ſelfe and that good old Gentleman, mine vnkle (Maſter *Edmund Heywood*) whom you pleaſed to grace by the Title of Father: I muſt confeſſe, I had altogether ſlept (my weaklines and baſhfullneſſe diſcouraging mee) had they not bin waken'd and animated, by that worthy Gentleman your friend, and my countreyman, Sir *William Eluiſh*, whom (who for his vnmerited loue many wayes extended towards me,) I much honour; Neither Sir, neede you to thinke it any vnderualuing of your worth, to vndertake the patronage of a Poem in this nature, ſince the like hath beene done by Roman *Lælius*, *Scipio*, *Mecœnas*, and many other mighty Princes and Captaines, Nay, euen by *Auguſtus Cæſar* himſelfe, concerning whom *Ouid* is thus read, *De triſti*: *lib.* 2.

Inſpice ludorum ſumptus Auguſte tuorum
Empta tibi magno, talia multa leges
Hæc tu ſpectaſti, ſpectandaque ſæpe deſti
Maieſtas adeo comis vbique tua est.

So highly were they reſpected in the moſt flouriſhing eſtate of the Roman Empire ; and if they haue beene vilefied of late by any Separiſticall humoriſt, (as in the now queſtioned *Hiſtrio-maſtix*) I hope by the next Terme, (*Minerua aſsiſtente*) to giue ſuch ſatisfaction to the world, by vindicating many particulars in that worke maliciouſly exploded and condemned, as that no Gentleman of qualitie and iudgement, but ſhall therein receiue a reaſonable ſatisfaction ; I am loth by tediouſneſſe to grow troubleſome, therefore conclude with a gratefull remembrance of my ſeruice intermixt with Miriads of zealous wiſhes for your health of body, and peace of minde, with ſuperabundance of Earths bleſſings, and Heauens graces, euer remaining ;

Yours moſt obſeruant,

Thomas Heywood.

To the Reader.

IF Reader thou haſt of this Play beene an auditour? there is leſſe apology to be vſed by intreating thy patience. This Tragi-Comedy (being one reſerued amongſt two hundred and twenty, in which I haue had either an entire hand, or at the leaſt a maine finger, comming accidentally to the Preſſe, and I hauing Intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it ſhould paſſe as filius populi, a Baſtard without a Father to acknowledge it: True it is, that my Playes are not expoſed vnto the world in Volumes, to beare the title of Workes, (as others) one reaſon is, That many of them by ſhifting and change of Companies, haue beene negligently lost, Others of them are ſtill retained in the hands of ſome Actors, who thinke it againſt their peculiar profit to haue them come in Print, and a third, That it neuer was any great ambition in me, to bee in this kind Volumnioufly read. All that I haue further to ſay at this time is onely this: Cenſure I intreat as fauourably, as it is expoſed to thy view freely, euer

Studious of thy Pleaſure and Profit,

Thomas Heywood.

The Prologue.

A Strange Play you are like to haue, for know,
We vſe no Drum, nor Trumpet, nor Dumbe ſhow;
No Combate, Marriage, not ſo much to day,
As Song, Dance, Maſque, to bumbaſte out a Play;
Yet theſe all good, and ſtill in frequent vſe
With our beſt Poets; *nor is this excuſe*
Made by our Author, *as if want of skill*
Caus'd this defect; it's rather his ſelfe will:
Will you the reaſon know? There haue ſo many
Beene in that kind, that Hee deſires not any
At this time in His Sceane, no helpe, no ſtraine,
Or flaſh that's borrowed from an others braine;
Nor ſpeakes Hee this that Hee would haue you feare it,
He onely tries if once bare Lines will beare it;
Yet may't afford, ſo pleaſe you ſilent ſit,
Some Mirth, ſome Matter, and perhaps ſome Wit.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter young Geraldine and maſter Dalauill.

Dal. OH friend, that I to mine owne Notion
Had ioyned but your experience; I haue the Theoricke, But you the Practicke.

Y. Ger. I perhaps, haue ſeene what you haue onely read of.

Dal. There's your happineſſe.
A Scholler in his ſtudy knowes the ſtarres,
Their motion and their influence, which are fixt,
And which are wandering, can decipher Seas,
And giue each ſeuerall Land his proper bounds;
But ſet him to the Compaſſe, hee's to ſeeke,
When a plaine Pilot can, direct his courſe
From hence vnto both th' Indies; can bring backe
His ſhip and charge, with profits quintuple.

I haue read Ieruſalem, and ſtudied Rome,
Can tell in what degree each City ſtands,
Deſcribe the diſtance of this place from that,
All this the Scale in euery Map can teach,
Nay, for a neede could punctually recite
The Monuments in either ; but what I
Haue by relation only, knowledge by trauell
Which ſtill makes vp a compleat Gentleman,
Prooues eminent in you.

Y. Ger. I muſt confeſſe,
I haue ſeene Ieruſalem and Rome, haue brought
Marke from th' one, from th' other Teſtimony,
Know Spaine, and France, and from their ayres haue ſuckt
A breath of euery language : but no more
Of this diſcourſe ſince wee draw neere the place
Of them we goe to viſit.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Noble maſter Geraldine, worſhipfull maſter Dalauill.

Dal. I ſee thou ſtill remember'ſt vs.

Clo. Remember you, I haue had ſo many memorandomes from the multiplicities of your bounties, that not to remember you were to forget my ſelfe, you are both moſt ingeniouſly and nobly welcome.

Y. Ger. And why ingeniouſly and nobly ?

Clo. Becauſe had I giuen your welcomes other attributes then I haue done, the one being a Souldier, and the other ſeeming a Scholler, I ſhould haue lied in the firſt, and ſhewed my ſelfe a kind of blockhead in the laſt.

Y. Ger. I ſee your wit is nimble as your tongue,
But how doth all at home ?

Clo. Small doings at home ſir, in regard that the age of my Maſter correſponds not with the youth of my Miſtris, and you know cold Ianuary and luſty May ſeldome meet in coniunction.

Dal. I doe not thinke but this fellow in time may for his wit and vnderſtanding make Almanackes?

Clo. Not ſo ſir, you being more iudicious then I, ile giue you the preeminence in that, becauſe I ſee by proofe you haue ſuch iudgement in times and ſeaſons.

Dal. And why in times and ſeaſons?

Clo. Becauſe you haue ſo ſeaſonably made choiſe, to come ſo iuſt at dinner time; you are welcome Gentlemen, ile goe tell my Maſter of your comming.

Exit Clowne.

Dal. A pleaſant knaue.

Y. Ger. This fellow I perceiue
Is well acquainted with his Maſters mind,
Oh tis a good old man.

Dal. And ſhee a Lady
For Beauty and for Vertue vnparraleld,
Nor can you name that thing to grace a woman
Shee has not in a full perfection,
Though in their yeeres might ſeeme diſparity
And therefore at the firſt, a match vnfit;
Imagine but his age and gouernement,
Withall, her modeſty, and chaſte reſpect;
Betwixt them, there's ſo ſweet a ſimpathie,
As crownes a noble marriage.

Y. Ger. 'Tis acknowledged,
But to the worthy gentleman himſelfe,
I am ſo bound in many courteſies,
That not the leaſt, by all th' expreſsion
My Labour, or my Induſtry can ſhew,
I will know how to cancell.

Dal. Oh you are modeſt.

Y. Ger. Hee ſtudies to engroſſe mee to himſelfe,
And is ſo wedded to my company,
Hee makes mee ſtranger to my Fathers houſe,
Although ſo neere a neighbour.

Dal. This approues you,
To be moſt nobly propertied, that from one
So exquiſite in Iudgement, can Attract
So affectionate an eye.

Y. Ger. Your Carracter,
I muſt beſtow on his vnmerrited loue,
As one that know I haue it, and yet ignorant
Which way I ſhould deſerue it : Heere both come.

Enter old Mr. Wincott, Wife, Prudentilla *the ſiſter, and the* Clowne.

Winc. Gentlemen, welcome, but what neede I vſe
A word ſo common, vnto ſuch to whom
My houſe was neuer priuate ; I expect
You ſhould not looke for ſuch a needles phraſe,
Eſpecially you Maſter Geraldine,
Your Father is my neighbour, and I know you,
Euen from the Cradle, then I loued your Infancy,
And ſince your riper growth better'd by trauell ;
My wife and you, in youth were play-fellowes,
And nor now be ſtrangers ; as I take it,
Not aboue two yeeres different in your Age.

Wife. So much hee hath out ſtript mee.

Winc. I would haue you
Thinke this your home, free as your Fathers houſe,
And to command it, as the Maſter on't ;
Call bouldly heere, and entertaine your friends,
As in your owne poſſeſsions, when I ſee't,
Ile ſay you loue me truely, not till then ;
Oh what a happineſſe your Father hath,
Farre aboue mee, one to inherit after him,
Where I (Heauen knowes) am childleſſe.

Y. Ger. That defect
Heauen hath ſupplied in this your vertuous Wife,
Both faire, and full of all accompliſhments,
My Father is a Widower, and heerein
Your happineſſe tranſcends him.

Wife. Oh Maſter Geraldine,
Flattery in Men's an adiunct of their ſex,
This Countrie breeds it, and for that, ſo farre
You needed not to haue trauell'd.

Y. Ger. Trueth's a word,

That ſhould in euery language reliſh well,
Nor haue I that exceeded.
Wife. Sir, my Husband
Hath tooke much pleaſure in your ſtrange diſcourſe
About Ieruſalem and the Holy Land;
How the new Citie differs from the old,
What ruines of the Temple yet remayne,
And whether Sion, and thoſe hills about,
With theſe Adiacent Townes and Villages,
Keepe that proportioned diſtance as wee read:
And then in Rome, of that great Piramis
Reared in the Front, on foure Lyons Mounted,
How many of thoſe Idoll Temples ſtand,
Firſt dedicated to their Heathen gods,
Which ruined, which to better vſe repayred,
Of their Panthæon, and their Capitoll,
What Structures are demoliſh't, what remaine.
Winc. And what more pleaſure to an old mans eare,
That neuer drew, ſaue his owne Countries aire,
Then heare ſuch things related. I doe exceed him
In yeeres, I muſt confeſſe, Yet he much older
Then I in his experience.
Prud. Maſter Geraldine,
May I bee bould to aske you but one queſtion,
The which I'de be reſolued in.
Y. Ger. Any thing, that lies within my knowledge.
Winc. Put him too't,
Doe Sifter, you ſhall finde him (make no doubt)
Moſt pregnant in his anſwere.
Prud. In your trauells
Through France, through Sauoye, and through Italy,
Spaine, and the Empire, Greece and Paleſtine,
Which breedes the choyceſt beauties.
Y. Ger. Introath Lady,
I neuer caſt on any in thoſe parts
A curious eye of cenſure, ſince my Trauell
Was onely aymed at Language, and to know;

Theſe paſt me but as common obiects did.
Seene, but not much regarded.
Prud. Oh you ſtriue
To expreſſe a moſt vnheard of modeſtie,
And ſeldome found in any Traueller,
Eſpecially of our Countrey, thereby ſeeking
To make your ſelfe peculiar.
Y. Ger. I ſhould be loath
Profeſſe in outward ſhew to be one Man.
And prooue my ſelfe another.
Prud. One thing more,
Were you to marry, You that know theſe clymes,
Their ſtates and their conditions, out of which
Of all theſe countries would you chuſe your wife.
Y. Ger. Ile anſwere you in briefe, (as I obſerue)
Each ſeuerall clime for obiect, fare, or vſe,
Affords within it ſelfe, for all of theſe
What is moſt pleaſing to the man there borne;
Spaine, that yeelds ſcant of food, affords the Nation
A parſimonious ſtomach, where our appetites
Are not content but with the large exceſſe
Of a full table; where the pleaſing'ſt fruits
Are found moſt frequent, there they beſt content;
Where plenty flowes, it askes abundant Feaſts;
For ſo hath prouident Nature dealt with all;
So in the choyce of Women, the Greeke wantons
Compel'd beneath the Tnrkiſh ſlauery,
Vaſſaile themſelues to all men, and ſuch beſt
Pleaſe the voluptious, that delight in change;
The French is of one humor, Spaine another,
The hot Italian hee 's a ſtraine from both,
All pleaſed with their owne nations, euen the Moore.
Hee thinks the blackeſt the moſt beautifull;
And Lady, ſince you ſo farre taxe my choyce,
Ile thus reſolue you; Being an Engliſh man,
Mong'ſt all theſe Nations I haue ſeene or tri'd,
To pleaſe me beſt, heere would I chuſe my bride.

Pru. And happy were that Lady, in my thoughts,
Whom you would deine that grace too.
Wife. How now Siſter,
This is a faſhion that's but late come vp,
For maids to court their husbands.
Winc. I would wife
It were no worſe, vpon condition,
They had my helping hand and purſe to boote,
With both in ample meaſure ; oh this Gentleman,
I loue, nay almoſt doate on.
Wife. Ya'ue my leaue,
To giue it full expreſsion.
Winc. In theſe armes then,
Oh had my youth bin bleſt with ſuch a ſonne,
To haue made my eſtate to my name hereditary,
I ſhould haue gone contented to my graue,
As to my bed ; to death, as to my ſleepe ;
But Heauen hath will in all things, once more welcome,
And you ſir, for your friends ſake.
Dal. Would I had in mee,
That which he hath, to haue clam'd it for mine owne,
How euer, I much thanke you.

Enter *Clowne.*

Winc. Now ſir, the newes with you.
Clo. Dancing newes ſir,
For the meat ſtands piping hot vpon the dreſſer,
The kitchin's in a heat, and the Cooke hath ſo beſtir'd himſelfe,
That hee's in a ſweat. The Iacke plaies Muſicke, and the Spits
Turne round too't.
Winc. This fellowes my beſt clocke,
Hee ſtill ſtrikes trew to dinner.
Clo. And to ſupper too ſir, I know not how the day goes with you, but my ſtomacke hath ſtrucke twelue, I can aſſure you that.

Winc. You take vs vnprouided Gentlemen,
Yet ſomething you ſhall finde, and wee would rather
Giue you the entertaine of houſhold gueſts,
Then complement of ſtrangers, I pray enter.

Exeunt. Manet Clo.

Clo. Ile ſtand too't, that in good hoſpitality, there can be nothing found that's ill, he that's a good houſe-keeper, keepes a good table, a good table, is neuer without good ſtooles, good ſtooles, ſeldome without good gueſts, good gueſts, neuer without good cheere, good cheere, cannot bee without good ſtomackes, good ſtomackes, without good digeſtion, good digeſtion, keepes men in good health, and therefore all good people, that beare good minds, as you loue goodneſſe, be ſure to keepe good meat and drinke in your houſes, and ſo you ſhall be called good men, and nothing can come on't but good, I warrant you.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Secundus.

Enter two ſeruing-men Reignald *and* Robin.

Reig. Away you Corridon.
Rob. Shall I bee beate out of my Maſters houſe thus?
Reig. Thy Maſter, wee are Lords amongſt our ſelues,
And heere we Liue and Reigne, Two yeeres already
Are paſt of our great Empire, and wee now
Write, Anno Tertio.
Rob. But the old man liues,
That ſhortly will depoſe you.
Reig. Ith' meane time,
I, as the mighty Lord and Seneſhcall
Of this great houſe and caſtle, baniſh thee,

The very ſmell ath' kitchin, bee it death,
To appeare before the dreſſer.
Rob. And why ſo?
Reig. Becauſe thou ſtink'ſt of garlike, is that breath
Agreeing with our Pallace, where each Roome,
Smells with Muske, Ciuit, and rich Amber-greece,
Alloes, Caſsia, Aromaticke-gummes,
Perfumes, and Pouders, one whoſe very garments
Scent of the fowlds and ſtables, oh fie, fie,
What a baſe naſtie rogue tis.
Rob. Yet your fellow.
Reig. Then let vs put a Cart-Horſe in rich trappings,
And bring him to the Tilt-yard.
Rob. Prancke it, doe,
Waſte, Ryot, and Conſume, Miſpend your Howres
In drunken Surfets, loſe your dayes in ſleepe,
And burne the nights in Reuells, Drinke and Drab,
Keepe Chriſtmaſſe all yeere long, and blot leane Lent
Out of the Calender; all that maſſe of wealth
Got by my Maſters ſweat and thrifty care,
Hauocke in prodigall vſes; Make all flie,
Powr't downe your oylie throats, or ſend it ſmoaking
Out at the tops of chimnies: At his departure,
Was it the old mans charge to haue his windowes
Gliſter all night with Starres? his modeſt Houſe
Turn'd to a common Stewes? his Beds to pallats
Of Luſts and Proſtitutions? his Buttrey hatch
Now made more common then a Tauernes barre,
His Stooles that welcom'd none but ciuill gueſts,
Now onely free for Pandars, Whores and Bawdes,
Strumpets, and ſuch.
Reig. I ſuffer thee too long,
What is to me thy countrey; or to thee
The pleaſure of our Citie? thou haſt Cowes,
Cattell, and Beeues to feed, Oues and Boues,
Theſe that I keepe, and in this paſture graze,
Are dainty Damoſellaes, bonny Girles;

If thou be'ſt borne to Hedge, Ditch, Thraſh and Plough
And I to Reuell, Banquet and Carrowſe ;
Thou Peſſant, to the Spade and Pickaxe, I
The Battoone and Steeletto, thinke it onely
Thy ill, my good, our ſeuerall lots are caſt,
And both muſt be contented.

Rob. But when both our ſeruices are queſtioned.

Reig. Looke thou to one,
My anſwere is prouided.

Enter *Y. Lionell.*

Rob. Farewell Musk-Cat. *Exit.*

Reig. Adue good Cheeſe and Oynons, ſtuffe thy guts
With Specke and Barley-pudding for diſgeſtion,
Drinke Whig and ſowre Milke, whileſt I rince my Throat,
With Burdeaux and Canarie.

Y. Lio. What was hee ?

Reig. A Spie Sir,
One of their Hindes oth' countrey, that came prying
To ſee what dainty fare our kitchin yeelds,
What Gueſts we harbour, and what rule we keepe,
And threats to tell the old man when he comes ;
I thinke I ſent him packing.

Y. Lio. It was well done.

Reig. A whoreſon-Iack-an-apes, a baſe Baboone,
To inſinuate in our ſecrets.

Y. Lio. Let ſuch keepe, the Countrey where their charge is.

Reig. So I ſaid Sir.

Y. Lio. And viſit vs when we command them thence,
Not ſearch into our counſels.

Reig. 'Twere not fit.

Y. Lio. Who in my fathers abſence ſhould command,
Saue I his only ſonne ?

Reig. It is but iuſtice.
Y. Lio. For am not I now Lord?
Reig. *Dominus fac totum.*
And am not I your Steward?
Y. Lio. Well remembred,
This night I have a purpoſe to bee Merry,
Iouiall and Frollicke, how doth our caſh hold out?
Reig. The bag's ſtill heauy.
Y. Lio. Then my heart 's ſtill light.
Reig. I can aſſure you, yet tis pritty deepe,
Tho ſcarce a mile to th' bottome.
Y. Lio. Let mee haue
to Supper, Let mee ſee, a Ducke——
Reig. Sweet Rogue.
Y. Lio. A Capon——
Reig. Geld the Raſcall.
Y. Lio. Then a Turkey——
Reig. Now ſpit him for an Infidell.
Y. Lio. Greene Plouer, Snite,
Partridge, Larke, Cocke, and Pheſſant.
Reig. Nere a Widgin?
Y. Lio. Yes, wait thy ſelfe at Table.
Reig. Where I hope your ſelfe will not be abſent.
Y. Lio. Nor my friends.
Reig. Weele haue them then in plenty.
Y. Lio. Cauiare, Sturgeon, Anchoues, pickle Oyſters: Yes.
And a Potato Pie; beſides all theſe,
What thou think'ſt rare and coſtly.
Reig. Sir, I know
What 's to be done; the ſtocke that muſt be ſpent,
Is in my hands, and what I haue to doe,
I will doe ſuddenly.
Y. Lie. No Butchers meat,
Of that, beware in any caſe.
Reig. I ſtill remember,
Your father was no Graſier, if he were,
This were a way to eate vp all his Fields,
Hedges and all.

Y. Lio. You will be gone ſir.
Reig. Yes, and you are ith' way going. *Exit.*
Y. Lia. To what may young men beſt compare themſelues?
Better to what, then to a houſe new built?
The Fabricke ſtrong, the Chambers well contriu'd,
Poliſht within, without, well beautifi'd;
When all that gaze vpon the Edifice,
Doe not alone commend the workemans craft,
But either make it their faire preſident
By which to build another, or at leaſt,
Wiſh there to inhabite: Being ſet to ſale,
In comes a ſlothfull Tenant, with a Family
As laſie and deboſht; Rough tempeſts riſe,
Vntile the roofe, which by their idleneſſe,
Left vnrepaired, the ſtormy ſhowres beat in,
Rot the maine Poſtes and Rafters, ſpoile the Roomes,
Deface the Seelings, and in little ſpace,
Bring it to utter Ruine, yet the fault,
Not in the Architector that firſt reared it,
But him that ſhould repaire it: So it fares
With vs yong men; Wee are thoſe houſes made,
Our Parents raiſe theſe Structures, the foundation
Laid in our Infancy; and as wee grow
In yeeres, they ſtriue to build vs by degrees,
Story on ſtory higher; vp at height,
They cover vs with Councell, to defend vs
From ſtormes without: they poliſh vs within,
With Learnings, Knowledge, Arts and Diſciplines;
All that is nought and vicious, they ſweepe from vs,
Like Duſt and Cobwebs, and our Roomes concealed,
Hang with the coſtlieſt hangings; Bout the Walls,
Emblems and beautious Symbols pictured round;
But when that laſie Tenant, Loue, ſteps in,
And in his Traine, brings Sloth and Negligence,
Luſt, Diſobedience, and profuſe Exceſſe;
The Thrift with which our fathers tiled our Roofes,
Submits to euery ſtorme and Winters blaſt.

Enter *Blanda* a Whore, and *Scapha* a Bawde.

And yeelding place to euery riotous ſinne,
Giues way without, to ruine what's within :
Such is the ſtate I ſtand in.
Blan. And how doth this Tire become me?
Sca. Rather aske, how your ſweet carriage,
And Court behauiour, doth beſt grace you, for Louers regard,
Not ſo much the outward habit, as that which the garment couers.
Y. Lio. Oh heer's that Haile, Shower, Tempeſt, Storme, and Guſt,
That ſhatter'd hath this building ; Let in Luſt,
Intemperance, appetite to Vice ; withall,
Neglect of euery Goodneſſe ; Thus I ſee,
How I am ſincking in mine owne diſeaſe,
Yet can I not abide it.
Bla. And how this Gowne? I prethee view mee well,
And ſpeake with thy beſt Iudgement.
Sca. What doe you talke of Gownes, and Ornaments ;
That haue a Beautie, prætious in it ſelfe,
And becomes any thing.
Y. Lio. Let me not liue, but ſhe ſpeaks nought but truth,
And ile for that reward her.
Bla. All's one to mee, become they mee, or not,
Or bee I faire, or fowle, in others eyes,
So I appeare ſo to my Lionell,
Hee is the glaſſe, in whom I iudge my face,
By whom in order, I will dreſſe theſe curles,
And place theſe Iewels, onely to pleaſe him,
Why do'ſt ſmile.
Sca. To heere a Woman, that thinks her ſelfe ſo wiſe, ſpeake ſo fooliſhlie, that knowes well, and does ill.
Bla. Teach me wherein I erre.

Sca. Ile tell thee Daughter; In that thou knoweſt thy ſelfe to bee beloued of ſo many, and ſetleſt thy affection, only vpon one; Doth the Mill grinde onely, when the Wind ſits in one corner? Or Shipps onely Saile, when it's in this, or that quarter? Is hee a cunning Fencer, that lies but at one Guard? Or he a Skilfull Muſician, that plaies but on one String? Is there but one way to the Wood? And but one Bucket that belongs to the Well? To affect one, and deſpiſe all other, becomes the preciſe Matron, not the Proſtitute; the loyall Wife, not the looſe Wanton: Such haue I beene, as you are now, and ſhould learne, to Saile with all Windes, defend all Blowes, make Muſicke with all Strings, know all the wayes, to the Wood, and like a good trauelling Hackney, learne to drinke of all Waters.

Y. Lio. May I miſcarry in my Blandaes loue;
If I that old damnation, doe not ſend
To Hell, before her time.

Bla. I would not haue you Mother, teach me ought,
That tends to injure him.

Sca. Well looke too 't when 'tis too late, and then repent at leaſure, as I haue done: Thou ſee'ſt, heeres nothing but Prodigallity and Pride, Wantoning, and Waſting, Rioting, and Reuelling, Spoyling, and Spending, Gluttony, and Gormondiſing, all goes to Hauocke, and can this hold out? When he hath nothing left, to helpe himſelfe, how can he Harbour thee? Looke at length, to Drinke from a dry Bottle, and feed from an emptie Knap-ſacke, looke too 't, 'twill come to that.

Y. Lio. My parſemony ſhall begin in thee,
And inſtantly, for from this houre, I vow,
That thou no more ſhalt Drinke vpon my coſt,
Nor taſte the ſmalleſt Fragment from my Board;
Ile ſee thee ſtarue ith' ſtreet firſt.

Sca. Liue to one man? a leaſt, thou may'ſt aſwell, tie thy ſelfe to one Gowne; and what Foole, but will

change with the Faſhion, Yes, doe, Confine thy ſelfe to one Garment, and vſe no Varietie, and ſee how ſoone it will Rot, and turne to Raggs.

Y. Lio. Thoſe Raggs, be thy Reward; Oh my ſweet Blanda,
Onely for Thee, I wiſh my Father dead,
And neere to Rouſe vs from our Sweet delight;
But for this Hag, this Beldam, ſhee whoſe backe,
Hath made her Items, in my Mercers Bookes,
Whoſe rauenous Guts, I haue Stuft with Delicates,
Nay euen to Surfit; and whoſe frozen Blood,
I haue Warmed with Aquauitæ; Be this day
My laſt of Bounty, to a Wretch Ingrate,
But vnto Thee, a new Indenture Sealed,
Of an affection fixt, and Permanent,
Ile loue thee ſtill, bee 't but to giue the lye,
To this old Cancker'd Worme.

Bla. Nay, be not angrie.

Y. Lio. With thee, my Soule ſhall euer be at peace,
But with this loue ſeducer, ſtill at Warre.

Enter Rioter *and two* Gallants.

Sca. Heere me but ſpeake.

Y. Lio. Ope but thy lips againe, it makes a way,
To haue thy Tongue pluck'd out.

Rio. What all in Tempeſt?

Y. Lio. Yes, and the Storme, raiſed by that Witches Spells,
Oh 'tis a Damn'd Inchantreſſe.

Rio. What's the buſineſſe?

Bla. Onely ſome few words, ſlipt her vnawares,
For my Sake, make her peace.

Rio. You charge me deepely,
Come Friend, will you be Moou'd at womens Words,
A man of your knowne iudgement?

Y. Lio. Had you but heard,
The damn'd Erronious Doctrine that ſhee taught,
You would haue iudg'd her to the Stake.

Bla. But Sweet heart,
Shee now Recants thoſe Errours, once more Number her
Amongſt your Houſhold ſeruants.
Rio. Shall ſhe beg, and be denyed ought from you?
Bla. Come this Kiſſe, Shall end all former quarells.
Rio. 'Tis not poſsible,
Thoſe Lippes ſhould mooue in vaine, that two wayes plead;
Both in their Speech, and Silence.
Y. Lio. You haue preuail'd,
But vpon this Condition, noway elſe,
Ile Senſure her, as ſhee hath Sentenc'd thee;
But with ſome ſmall Inuerſion.
Rio. Speake, how's that?
Bla. Not too ſeuere, I prethee, ſee poore wretch,
Shee at the barre, ſtands quaking.
Y. Lio. Now, hold vp?
Rio. How man, how?
Y. Lio. Her hand, I meane; And now il'e ſentence thee,
According to thy Councell giuen to her:
Saile by one Winde; Thou ſhalt, to one tune Sing,
Lie at one Guard, and Play but on one String,
Hencefoorth, I will Confine thee to one Garment,
And that ſhall be a caſt one, Like thy ſelfe
Iuſt, paſt all Wearing, as thou paſt all Vſe,
And not to be renewed, til't be as Ragged,
As thou art Rotten.
Bla. Nay ſweet.
Y. Lio. That for her Habbit.
Sca. A cold Sute, I haue on't.
Y. Lio. To preuent Surfit,
Thy Diet, ſhall bee to one Diſh confin'd,
And that too Rifled, with as vncleane hands,
As ere were laid on thee.
Sca. What hee ſcants me in Victuals, would he but alow mee in Drinke.

Y. Lio. That ſhall be the refuſe of the Flagons, Iacks,
And Snuffes, ſuch as the naſtieſt Breathes ſhall leaue;
Of Wine, and Strong-water, neuer hope,
Hencefoorth to Smell.

Sca. Oh me, I Faint already.

Y. Lio. If I ſincke in my State, of all the reſt,
Be thou excuſed, what thou propoſed to her,
Beldam, is now againſt thy ſelfe decreed,
Drinke from drie ſprings, from empty Knap-ſacks feede.

Sca. No burnt Wine, nor Hot-waters.

She Swounds.

Y. Lio. Take her hence.

Bla. Indeede you are too cruell.

Y. Lio. Yes to her,
Onely of purpoſe, to be kind to thee;
Are any of my Gueſts come?

Rio. Feare not Sir,
You will haue a full Table.

Y. Lio. What, and Muſicke?

Rio. Beſt Conſort in the Citie, for ſixe parts.

Y. Lio. Wee ſhall haue Songs then?

Rio. Bith' eare. *Whiſpers.*

Y. Lio. And Wenches?

Rio. Yes bith' eye.

Bla. Ha, what was that you ſaid?

Rio. We ſhall haue ſuch to beare you company,
As will no doubt content you.

Y. Lio. Euer then:
In Youth there is a Fate, that ſwayes vs ſtill,
To know what's Good, and yet purſue what's Ill.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter old Maſter Wincott, *and his* Wife.

Winc. And what's this Dalauill?

Wife. My apprehenſion,
Can giue him no more true expreſsion,
Then that he firſt appeares, a Gentleman,
And well conditioned.
Winc. That for outward ſhew;
But what in him haue you obſerued elſe,
To make him better knowne?
Wife. I haue not Eyes,
To ſearch into the inward Thoughts of Men,
Nor euer was I ſtudied in that Art,
To iudge of Mens affection by the face;
But that which makes me beſt opinion'd of him,
Is, That he's the Companion, and the Friend
Beloued of him, whom you ſo much commend,
The Noble Maſter Geraldine.
Winc. Thou haſt ſpoke,
That which not onely crownes his true deſert,
But now inſlates him in my better thoughts,
Making his Worth, vnqueſtioned.
Wife. Hee pretends
Loue to my ſiſter Pru. I haue obſerv'd him,
Single her out, to priuate conference.
Winc. But I could rather, for her owne ſake, wiſh
Young Geraldine would fixe his thoughts that way,
And ſhee towards him; In ſuch Affinity,
Truſt me, I would not vſe a ſparing hand.
Wife. But Loue in theſe kindes, ſhould not be compel'd,
Forc'd, nor Perſwaded; When it freely Springs,
And of it ſelfe, takes voluntary Roote,
It Growes, it Spreads, it Ripens, and brings foorth,
Such an Vſurious Crop of timely Fruit,
As crownes a plentious Autume.

Enter *Clowne*

Winc. Such a Harueſt,
I ſhould not be th' vngladdeſt man to ſee,
Of all thy ſiſters friends: Now, vhence come you?
Clo. Who, I Sir, From a Loging of Lardgeſſe, a

Houſe of Hoſpitality, and a Pallace of Plenty; Where there's Feeding like Horſes, and Drinking like Fiſhes; Where for Pints, w'are ſerued in Pottles; and in ſtead of Pottle-pots, in Pailes; in ſtead of Siluer-tanckards, we drinke out of Water-tanckards; Clarret runs as freely, as the Cocks; and Canarie, like the Conduits of a Coronation day; Where there's nothing but Feeding and Frollicking; Caruing in Kiſsing; Drinking, and Dauncing; Muſicke and Madding; Fidling and Feaſting.

Winc. And where, I pray thee, are all theſe Reuels kept?

Clo. They may be rather called Reakes then Reuells; As I came along by the doore, I was call'd vp amongſt them; Hee-Gallants, and Shee-Gallants, I no ſooner look'd out, but ſaw them out with their Kniues, Slaſhing of Shoulders, Mangling of Legs, and Lanching of Loynes, till there was ſcarce a whole Limbe left amongſt them.

Winc. A fearefull Maſſacre.

Clo. One was Hacking to cut off a Necke, this was Mangling a Breſt, his Knife ſlip from the Shoulder, and onely cut of a Wing, one was picking the Braines out of a Head, another was Knuckle deepe in a Belly, one was Groping for a Liuer, another Searching for the Kidneyes; I ſaw one plucke the Sole from the Body (Gooſe that ſhe was to ſuffer't) another prickt into the Breaſt with his one Bill, Woodcocke to indure it.

Wife. How fell they out at firſt?

Clo. I know not that, but it ſeemes, one had a Stomacke, and another had a Stomacke; But there was ſuch biting and tearing with their teeths, that I am ſure, I ſaw ſome of their poore Carcaſſes pay for't.

Winc. Did they not ſend for Surgeons?

Clo. Alas no, Surgeons helpe was too late; There was no ſtitching vp of thoſe Wounds, where Limbe was pluckt from Limbe; Nor any Salue for thoſe Scarrs, which all the Plaiſter of Paris cannot Cure.

Winc. Where grew the quarrell firſt ?

Clo. It ſeemes it was firſt Broacht in the Kitchin; Certaine creatures being brought in thither, by ſome of the Houſe ; The Cooke being a Collericke fellow, did ſo Towſe them and Toſſe them, ſo Plucke them and Pull them. till hee left them as naked as my Naile, Pinioned ſome of them like Fellons ; Cut the Spurres from others of their Heeles ; Then downe went his Spits, Some of them he ranne in at the Throat, and out at the Back-ſide : About went his Baſting-Ladle, where he did ſo beſawce them, that many a ſhrode turne they had amongſt them.

Wife. But in all this, How did the Women ſcape ?

Clo. They fared beſt, and did the leaſt hurt that I ſaw ; But for quietneſſe ſake, were forc'd to ſwallow what is not yet digeſted, yet euery one had their ſhare, and ſhee that had leaſt, I am ſure by this time, hath her belly full.

Winc. And where was all this hauocke kept ?

Clo. Marry Sir, at your next neighbours, Young Maſter Lionell, Where there is nothing but Drinking out of Dry-Fats, and Healthing in Halfe-Tubs, his Gueſts are fed by the Belly, and Beggers ſerued at his Gate in Baskets ; Hee's the Adamant of this Age, the Daffadill of theſe dayes, the Prince of Prodigallity, and the very Cæſar of all young Citizens.

Winc. Belike then, 'twas a Maſſacre of meat, not as I apprehended ?

Clo. Your grauity hath geſt aright ; The chiefeſt that fell in this Battell, were wild Fowle and tame Fowle ; Pheſſants were wounded in ſtead of Alfareſſe, and Capons for Captaines, Anchoues ſtood for Antiants, and Cauiare for Corporals, Diſhes were aſſaulted in ſtead of Ditches, and Rabbets were cut to pieces vpon the rebellings, ſome loſt their Legs, whil'ſt other of their wings were forc'd to flie ; The Pioner vndermind nothing but Pie-cruſt ; And——

Winc. Enough, enough, your wit hath plai'd too long vpon our patience ;

Wife, it grieues me much both for the yong and old man, the one,
Graces his head with care, endures the parching heat and biting cold,
The terrours of the Lands, and feares at Sea in trauell, onely to gaine
Some competent eſtate to leaue his ſonne;
Whiles all that Merchandiſe, through Gulfes, Croſſe-Tides,
Pirats and Stormes, he brings ſo farre, Th' other
Heere Shipwrackes in the Harbour.
Wife. 'Tis the care of Fathers; and the weakeneſſe
Incident to youth, that wants experience.

Enter Y. Geraldine, Dallauill, Prudentilla, *laughing.*

Clo. I was at the beginning of the Battell,
But heere comes ſome, that it ſeemes
Were at the rifling of the dead Carcaſſes;
For by their mirth, they haue had part of the Spoile.
Winc. You are pleaſant, Gentlemen, what I entreat,
Might be the Subiect of your pleaſant ſport,
It promiſeth ſome pleaſure?
Prud. If their recreation
Bee, as I make no queſtion, on truth grounded,
'twill beget ſudden laughter.
Wife. What's the Proiect?
Dal. Who ſhall relate it.
Winc. Maſter Geraldine, if there be any thing can pleaſe my Eare,
With pleaſant ſoundes, your Tongue muſt be the Inſtrument,
On which the String muſt ſtrike.
Dal. Bee't his then.
Prud. Nay heare it, 'tis a good one.
Wife. Wee intreat you, Poſſeſſe vs oth' Nouell.
Winc. Speake, good Sir.
Y. Ger. I ſhall then, with a kind of Barbariſme,

Shaddow a Ieaſt, that askes a ſmoother Tongue,
For in my poore diſcourſe, I doe proteſt,
'twill but looſe his luſter.

Wife. You are Modeſt.

Winc. Howeuer, ſpeake, I pray; For my ſake doo't?

Clo. This is like a haſtie Pudding, longer in eating, then it was in making.

Y. Ger. Then thus it was, this Gentleman and I,
Paſt but iuſt now, by your next Neighbours houſe,
Where as they ſay, dwels one Young Lionell.

Clo. Where I was to night at Supper.

Winc. An vnthrift Youth, his Father now at Sea.

Y. Ger. Why that's the very Subiect. vpon which
It ſeemes, this Ieſt is grounded, there this Night,
Was a great feaſt.

Clo. Why ſo I told you, Sir.

Winc. Bee thou ſtill dumbe, 'tis hee that I would heare.

Y. Ger. In the height of their Carowſing, all their braines,
Warm'd with the heat of Wine; Diſcourſe was offer'd,
Of Ships, and Stormes at Sea; when ſuddenly,
Out of his giddy wildneſſe, one conceiues
The Roome wherein they quafft, to be a Pinnace,
Moouing and Floating; and the confuſed Noiſe,
To be the murmuring Windes, Guſts, Marriners;
That their vnſtedfaſt Footing, did proceed
From rocking of the Veſſell: This conceiu'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to looke out for ſafety, flie ſaith one
Vp to the Maine-top, and diſcouer; Hee
Climbes by the bed poſt, to the Teaſter, there
Reports a Turbulent Sea and Tempeſt towards;
And wills them if they'le ſaue their Ship and liues,
To caſt their Lading ouer-board; At this
All fall to Worke, and Hoyſte into the Street,
As to the Sea, What next come to their hand,
Stooles, Tables, Treſſels, Trenchers, Bed-ſteds, Cups.

Pots, Plate, and Glaſſes ; Heere a fellow Whiſtles,
They take him for the Boat-ſwaine, one lyes ſtrugling
Vpon the floore, as if he ſwome for life,
A third, takes the Baſe-violl for the Cock-boate,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and Rowes ;
His Oare, the Sticke with which the Fidler plaid ;
A fourth, beſtrides his Fellowes, thinking to ſcape
As did Arion, on the Dolphins backe,
Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Clo. Excellent Sport.

Winc. But what was the concluſion ?

Y. Ger. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the ſpoyle
Caſt from the windowes, went bith' eares about it ;
The Conſtable is called to Attone the broyle,
Which done, and hearing ſuch a noiſe within,
Of eminent Ship-racke ; enters the houſe, and finds them
In this confuſion, They Adore his ſtaffe,
And thinke it Neptunes Trident, and that hee
Comes with his Tritons, (ſo they cal'd his watch)
To calme the Tempeſt, and appeaſe the Waues ;
And at this point, wee left them.

Clo. Come what will, ile ſteale out of Doores,
And ſee the end of it, that's certaine. *Exit.*

Winc. Thanks Maſter Geraldine, for this diſcourſe,
Introath it hath much pleaſed mee, but the night
Begins to grow faſte on vs, for your parts,
You are all young, and you may ſit vp late,
My eyes begin to ſummon mee to ſleepe,
And nothing's more offenſiue vnto Age,
Then to watch long and late.

Y. Ger. Now good Reſt with you.

Dal. What ſaies faire Prudentilla ? Maids and Widdows,
And wee young Batchelors, ſuch as indeed
Are forc'd to lie in Solitary beds,
And ſleepe without diſturbance, wee methinks,
Should deſire later houres ; when Married Wiues,

That in their amorous armes, hug their delights ;
To often wakings ſubiect ; their more haſt,
May better bee excuſed.
Prud. How can you,
That are as you confeſſe, a ſingle man,
Enter ſo farre into theſe Miſticall ſecrets
Of Mariage, which as yet you neuer prooued.
Dal. There's Lady, an inſtinct innate in man,
Which prompts vs to the apprehenſions
Of th' vſes wee were borne to ; Such we are
Apteſt to learne ; Ambitious moſt to know,
Of which our chiefe is Marriage.
Prud. What you Men
Moſt meditate, wee Women ſeldome dreame of.
Dal. When dreame Maids moſt ?
Prud. When thinke you ?
Dal. When you lie vpon your Backs, come come, your Eare. *Exit* Dal. *and* Prud.
Y. Ger. Wee now are left alone.
Wife. Why ſay wee be who ſhould be iealous of vs ?
This is not firſt of many hundred Nights,
That wee two haue beene priuate, from the firſt
Of our acquaintance, when our Tongues but clipt
Our Mothers-tongue, and could not ſpeake it plaine,
Wee knew each other ; As in ſtature, ſo
Increaſt our ſweet Societie ; Since your trauell,
And my late Marriage, Through my Husbands loue,
Mid-night hath beene as Mid-day, and my Bed-chamber,
As free to you, as your owne Fathers houſe,
And you as welcome too't.
Y. Ger. I muſt confeſſe,
It is in you, your Noble Courteſie,
In him, a more then common confidence,
And in this Age, can ſcarce find preſident.
Wife. Moſt trew, it is withall an Argument,
That both our vertues are ſo deepe impreſt
In his good thoughts, hee knowes we cannot erre.

Y. Ger. A villaine were hee, to deceiue ſuch truſt,
Or (were there one) a much worſe Carracter.
Wife. And ſhe no leſſe, whom either Beauty, Youth,
Time, Place, or opportunity could tempt,
To iniure ſuch a Husband.
Y. Ger. You deſerue, euen for his ſake, to be for euer young;
And hee for yours, to haue his Youth renew'd;
So mutuall is your trew coniugall Loue;
Yet had the Fates ſo pleaſ'd
Wife. I know your meaning.
It was once voyc'd, that wee two ſhould haue Matcht,
The World ſo thought, and many Tongues ſo ſpake,
But Heauen hath now diſpoſ'd vs otherwayes;
And being as it is, (a thing in me,
Which I proteſt, was neuer wiſht, nor ſought)
Now done, I not repent it.
Y. Ger. In thoſe times,
Of all the Treaſures of my Hopes and Loue,
You were th' Exchequer, they were Stor'd in you;
And had not my vnfortunate Trauell croſt them,
They had bin heere reſerued ſtill.
Wife. Troath they had,
I ſhould haue beene your truſty Treaſurer.
Y. Ger. Howeuer let vs Loue ſtill, I intreat:
That, Neighbour-hood and breeding will allow;
So much the Lawes Diuine and Humaine both,
Twixt Brother and a Siſter will approue;
Heauen then forbid, that they ſhould limit vs
Wiſh well to one another.
Wife. If they ſhould not,
Wee might proclaime, they were not Charitable,
Which were a deadly ſin but to conceiue.
Y. Ger. Will you reſolue me one thing?
Wife. As to one,
That in my Boſome hath a ſecond place,
Next my deere Husband.
Y. Ger. That's the thing I craue,
And onely that, to haue a place next him.

Wife. Preſume on that already, but perhaps,
You meane to ſtretch it further.
Y. Ger. Onely thus farre,
Your Husbands old, to whom my Soule doth wiſh,
A Neſters age, So much he merits from me ;
Yet if (as proofe and Nature daily teach)
Men cannot alwayes liue, eſpecially
Such as are old and Crazed ; Hee be cal'd hence,
Fairely, in full maturity of time,
And we two be referu'd to after life,
Will you conferre your Widow-hood on mee ?
Wife. You aske the thing, I was about to beg ;
Your tongue hath ſpake mine owne thoughts.
Y. Ger. Vow to that.
Wife. As I hope Mercy.
Y. Ger. 'Tis enough, that word
Alone, inſtates me happy ; Now ſo pleaſe you,
Wee will diuide, you to your priuate Chamber,
I to find out my friend.
Wife. Nay Maſter Geraldine,
One Ceremonie reſts yet vnperform'd,
My Vow is paſt, your oath muſt next proceed,
And as you couet to be ſure of me,
Of you I would be certaine.
Y. Ger. Make ye doubt ?
Wife. No doubt ; but Loue's ſtill Iealous, and in that
To be excuſed ; You then ſhall ſweare by Heauen,
And as in all your future Acts, you hope
To thriue and proſper ; As the Day may yeeld
Comfort, or the Night reſt, as you would keepe
Entire, the Honour of your Fathers houſe,
And free your Name from Scandall and Reproach,
By all the Goodneſſe that you hope to enioy,
Or ill to ſhun——
Y. Ger. You charge me deeply Lady.
Wife. Till that day come, you ſhall referue your ſelfe

A ſingle man ; Conuerſe nor company
With any Woman, Contract nor Combine,
With Maid, or Widow ; which expected houre,
As I doe wiſh not haſte, ſo when it happens,
It ſhall not come vnwelcome ; You heare all,
Vow this.

Y. Ger. By all that you haue ſaid, I ſweare,
And by this Kiſſe Confirme.

Wife. Y'are now my Brother,
But then, my ſecond Husband. *Exeunt.*

Enter Y. Lionell, Rioter, Blanda, Scapha, *two* Gallants, *and two* Wenches, *as newly wak'd from ſleepe.*

Y. Lio. Wee had a ſtormy night on't.

Bla. The Wine ſtill workes,
And with the little reſt they haue tooke to night,
They are ſcarce come to themſelues.

Y. Lio. Now 'tis a Calme,
Thankes to thoſe gentle Sea-gods, that haue brought vs
To this ſafe Harbour ; Can you tell their names ?

Sca. He with the Painted-ſtaffe, I heard you call Neptune.

Y. Lio. The dreadfull god of Seas,
Vpon whoſe backe neere ſtucke March flees.

1. *Gall.* One with the Bill, keepes Neptunes Porpoſes,
So *Ouid* ſayes in 's Metamorphoſis.

2. *Gall.* A third the learned Poets write on,
And as they ſay, His name is Triton.

Y. Lio. Theſe are the Marine gods, to whom my father
In his long voyage prayes too ; Cannot they
That brought vs to our Hauen, bury him
In their Abiſſe ? For if he ſafe ariue,
I with theſe Sailors, Syrens, and what not,
Am ſure heere to be ſhipwrackt.

1. *Wen.* Stand vp ſtiffe.

Rio. But that the ſhip ſo totters : I ſhall fall.

1. *Wen.* If thou fall, Ile fall with thee.

Rio. Now I fincke,
And as I diue and drowne, Thus by degrees,
Ile plucke thee to the bottome. *They fall.*

Enter Reignald.

Y. Lio. Amaine for England, See, fee,
The Spaniard now ftrikes Saile.
Reig. So muft you all.
1. *Gall.* Whence is your fhip, from the *Bermoothes*?
Reig. Worfe, I thinke from Hell:
We are all Loft, Split, Shipwrackt, and vndone,
This place is a meere quick-fands.
2. *Gall.* So we feared.
Reig. Wher's my young Maſter?
Y. Sio. Heere man, fpeake, the Newes?
Reig. The Newes is, I, and you——
Y. Lio. What?
Reig. Shee, and all theſe——
Bla. I?
Reig. We and all ours, are in one turbulent Sea
Of Feare, Diſpaire, Diſaſter and miſchance ſwallowed:
Your father, Sir——
Y. Lio. Why, what of him?
Reig. He is, Oh I want breath.
Y. Lio. Where?
Reig. Landed, and at hand.
Y. Lio. Vpon what coaſt? Who ſaw him?
Reig. I, theſe eyes.
Y. Lio. Oh Heauen, what ſhall I doe then?
Reig. Aske ye me
What ſhall become of you, that haue not yet
Had time of ſtuddy to diſpoſe my ſelfe;
I ſay againe, I was vpon the Key,
I ſaw him land, and this way bend his courſe;
What drunkard's this, that can out ſleepe a ſtorme
Which threatens all our ruines? Wake him.
Bla. Ho, Rioter, awake.
Rio. Yes, I am wake;

How dry hath this Salt-water made me ; Boy,
Giue me th' other Glaſſe.
Y. Lio. Ariſe, I ſay,
My Fathers come from Sea.
Rio. If he be come, Bid him be gone againe.
Reig. Can you trifle
At ſuch a time, when your Inuentions, Braines,
Wits, Plots, Deuices, Stratagems, and all
Should be at one in action ? each of you
That loue your ſafeties, lend your helping hands,
Women and all, to take this drunkard hence,
And to beſtow him elſe where.
Bla. Lift for Heauens ſake. *They carry him in.*
Reig. But what am I the neerer, were all theſe
Conuey'd to ſundry places and vnſeene ;
The ſtaine of our diſorders ſtill remaine,
Of which, the houſe will witneſſe, and the old man
Muſt finde when he enters ; And for theſe

Enter againe.

I am here left to anſwere : What is he gone ?
Y. Lio. But whither ? But into th' ſelfe ſame houſe
That harbours him ; my Fathers, where we all
Attend from him ſurpriſeall.
Reig. I will make
That Priſon of your feares, your Sanctuary ;
Goe get you in together.
Y. Lio. To this houſe ?
Reig. Your Fathers, with your Sweet-heart, theſe and all ;
Nay, no more words but doo 't.
Bla. That were to betray vs to his fury.
Reig. I haue 't heere,
To Baile you hence at pleaſure ; and in th' interim,
Ile make this ſuppoſed Goale, to you, as ſafe
From the iniur'd old mans iuſt incenſed ſpleene,
As were you now together ith' Low-Countreyes,

Virginia, or ith' Indies.
Bla. Preſent feare,
Bids vs to yeeld vnto the faint beliefe
Of the leaſt hoped ſafety.
Reig. Will you in?
Omn. By thee we will be counſell'd.
Reig. Shut them faſt.
Y. Lio. And thou and I to leaue them?
Reig. No ſuch thing,
For you ſhall beare your Sweet-heart company,
And helpe to cheere the reſt.
Y. Lio. And ſo thou
Meaneſt to eſcape alone?
Reig. Rather without,
Ile ſtand a Champion for you all within;
Will you be ſwai'd? One thing in any caſe
I muſt aduiſe; The gates boulted and lockt,
See that 'mongſt you no liuing voyce be heard;
No not ſo much as a Dog to howle,
Or Cat to mewe, all ſilence, that I charge;
As if this were a meere forſaken houſe,
And none did there inhabite.
Y. Lio. Nothing elſe?
Reig. And though the old man thunder at the gates
As if he meant to ruine what he had rear'd,
None on their liues to anſwere.
Y. Lio. 'Tis my charge;
Remaines there nothing elſe?
Reig. Onely the Key;
For I muſt play the goaler for your durance,
To bee the Mercurie in your releaſe,
Y. Lio. Me and my hope, I in this Key deliuer
To thy ſafe truſt.
Reig. When you are faſt you are ſafe,
And with this turne 'tis done: What fooles are theſe,
To truſt their ruin'd fortunes to his hands
That hath betrai'd his owne; And make themſelues

Priſoner to one deſerues to lie for all,
As being cauſe of all ; And yet ſomething prompts me,
Ile ſtand it at all dangers ; And to recompence
The many wrongs vnto the yong man done :
Now, if I can doubly delude the old,
My braine, about it then ; All's huſht within,
The noiſe that ſhall be, I muſt make without ;
And he that part for gaine, and part for wit,
So farre hath trauell'd, ſtriue to foole at home :
Which to effect, Art muſt with Knauery ioyne,
And ſmooth Diſſembling meet with Impudence ;
Ile doe my beſt, and howſoere it prooue,
My praiſe or ſhame, 'tis but a ſeruants loue.

Enter old Lionell *like a ciuill Merchant, with Watermen, and two ſeruants with Burdens and Caskets.*

Old Lio. Diſcharge theſe honeſt Sailors that haue brought
Our Cheſts a ſhore, and pray them haue a care,
Thoſe merchandiſe be ſafe we left aboord :
As Heauen hath bleſt vs with a fortunate Voyage,
In which we bring home riches with our healthes,
So let not vs prooue niggards in our ſtore ;
See them paid well, and to their full content.

1. *Ser.* I ſhall Sir.

Old Lio. Then returne : Theſe ſpeciall things,
And of moſt value, weele not truſt aboord ;
Meethinkes they are not ſafe till they ſee home,
And there repoſe, where we will reſt our ſelues,
And bid farewell to Trauell ; for I vow,
After this houre no more to truſt the Seas,
Nor throw mee to ſuch danger.

Reig. I could wiſh
You had tooke your leaue oth' Land too.

Old Lio. And now it much reioyceth me, to thinke
What a moſt ſudden welcome I ſhall bring,
Both to my Friends and priuate Family.

Reig. Oh, but how much more welcome had he beene,
That had brought certaine tidings of thy death.
Old Lio. But ſoft, what's this? my owne gates ſhut vpon me,
And barre their Maſter entrance? Whoſe within there?
How, no man ſpeake, are all aſleepe or dead,
That no ſoule ſtirres to open? *Knocks aloud.*
Reig. What madde man's that, who weary of his life,
Dares once lay hand on theſe accurſed gates?
Old Lio. Whoſe that? my ſeruant Reignald.
Reig. My old Maſter,
Moſt glad I am to ſee you; Are you well Sir?
Old Lio. Thou ſee'ſt I am.
Reig. But are you ſure you are?
Feele you no change about you? Pray you ſtand off.
Old Lio. What ſtrange and vnexpected greetings this,
That thus a man may knocke at his owne gates,
Beat with his hands and feet, and call thus loud,
And no man giue him entrance?
Reig. Said you Sir;
Did your hand touch that hammer?
Old Lio. Why, whoſe elſe?
Reig. But are you ſure you toucht it?
Old Lio. How elſe, I prethee, could I haue made this noiſe?
Reig. You toucht it then?
Old Lio. I tell thee yet I did.
Reig. Oh for the love I beare you,
Oh me moſt miſerable, you, for your owne ſake,
Of all aliue moſt wretched; Did you touch it?
Old Lio. Why, ſay I did?
Reig. You haue then a ſinne committed,
No ſacrifice can expiate to the Dead;
But yet I hope you did not.
Old Lio. 'Tis paſt hope,

The deed is done, and I repent it not.
Reig. You and all yours will doo't. In this one raſhnes,
You haue vndone vs all; Pray be not deſperate,
But firſt thanke Heauen that you haue eſcapt thus well;
Come from the gate, yet further, further yet,
And tempt your fate no more; Command your ſeruants
Giue off and come no neerer, they are ignorant,
And doe not know the danger, therefore pity
That they ſhould periſh in 't; 'Tis full ſeuen moneths,
Since any of your houſe durſt once ſet foot
Ouer that threſhold.
Old Lio. Preethee ſpeake the cauſe?
Reig. Firſt looke about, beware that no man heare,
Command theſe to remooue.
Old Lio. Be gone. *Exit* Seruants. Now ſpeake.
Reig. Oh Sir, This houſe is growne Prodigious,
Fatall, Diſaſterous vnto you and yours.
Old Lio. What Fatall? what Diſaſterous?
Reig. Some Hoſt that hath beene owner of this houſe,
In it his Gueſt hath ſlaine; And we ſuſpect
'Twas he of whom you bought it.
Old Lio. How came this
Diſcouer'd to you firſt?
Reig. Ile tell you Sir,
But further from the gate: Your ſonne one night
Suppt late abroad, I within; Oh that night,
I neuer ſhall forget; Being ſafe got home,
I ſaw him in his chamber laid to reſt;
And after went to mine, and being drowſie,
Forgot by chance, to put the Candle out;
Being dead aſleepe; Your ſonne affrighted, calls
So loud, that I ſoone waken'd; Brought in light,
And found him almoſt drown'd in fearefull ſweat;
Amaz'd to ſee't, I did demand the cauſe:
Who told me, that this murdered Ghoſt appeared,

His body gaſht, and all ore-ſtucke with wounds ;
And ſpake to him as followes.

Old Lio. Oh proceed,
'Tis that I long to heare.

Reig. I am, quoth he,
A Tranſ-marine by birth, who came well ſtored
With Gold and Iewels, to this fatall houſe ;
Where ſeeking ſafety, I encounter'd death :
The couetous Merchant, Land-lord of this rent,
To whom I gaue my life and wealth in charge ;
Freely to enjoy the one, rob'd me of both :
Heere was my body buried, here my Ghoſt
Muſt euer walke, till that haue Chriſtian right ;
Till when, my habitation muſt be here :
Then flie yong man, Remooue thy family,
And ſeeke ſome ſafer dwelling : For my death,
This manſion is accurſt ; 'Tis my poſſeſsion,
Bought at the deere rate of my life and blood,
None enter here, that aymes at his owne good.
And with this charge he vaniſht.

Old Lio. Oh my feare,
Whither wilt thou tranſport me ?

Reig. I intreat keepe further from the gate, and flie.

Old Lio. Flie whither ? Why doeſt not thou flie too ?

Reig. What need I feare, the Ghoſt and I am friends.

Old Lio. But Reignald.

Reig. Tuſh, I nothing haue deſerued,
Nor ought tranſgreſt : I came not neere the gate.

Old Lio. To whom was that thou ſpakeſt ?

Reig. Was 't you Sir nam'd me ?
Now as I liue, I thought the dead man call'd,
To enquire for him that thunder'd at the gate
Which he ſo dearely pai'd for : Are you madd,
To ſtand a fore-ſeene danger ?

Old Lio. What ſhall I doe ?

Reig. Couer your head and flie ; Leſt looking backe,

You ſpie your owne confuſion.
Old Lio. Why doeſt not thou flie too?
Reig. I tell you Sir,
The Ghoſt and I am friends.
Old Lio. Why didſt thou quake then?
Reig. In feare leſt ſome miſchance may fall on you,
That haue the dead offended; For my part,
The Ghoſt and I am friends: Why flie you not,
Since here you are not ſafe?
Old Lio. Some bleſt powers guard me.
Reig. Nay Sir, ile not forſake you: I haue got the ſtart;
But ere the goale, 'twill aske both Braine and Art.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter old Maſter Geraldine, Y. Geraldine, *Maſter* Wincott, *and* Wife, Dalauill, Prudentilla.

Winc. We are bound to you, kind Maſter Geraldine,
For this great entertainement; Troath your coſt
Hath much exceeded common neighbour-hood:
You haue feaſted vs like Princes.
Old Ger. This, and more
Many degrees, can neuer counteruaile
The oft and frequent welcomes giuen my ſonne:
You haue tooke him from me quite, and haue I thinke,
Adopted him into your family,
He ſtaies with me ſo ſeldome.
Win. And in this,
By truſting him to me, of whom your ſelfe
May haue both vſe and pleaſure, y'are as kind
As money'd men, that might make benefit
Of what they are poſſeſt, yet to their friends

In need, will lend it gratis.
Wife. And like ſuch,
As are indebted more then they can pay ;
Wee more and more confeſſe our ſelues engaged
To you, for your forbearance.
Prud. Yet you ſee,
Like Debtors, ſuch as would not breake their day ;
The Treaſure late receiued, wee tender backe,
The which, the longer you can ſpare, you ſtill
The more ſhall binde vs to you.
Old Ger. Moſt kind Ladies,
Worthy you are to borrow, that returne
The Principall, with ſuch large vſe of thanks.
Dal. What ſtrange felicitie theſe Rich men take,
To talke of borrowing, lending, and of vſe ;
The vſurers language right.
Winc. Y'aue Maſter Geraldine,
Faire walkes and gardens, I haue praiſed them,
Both to my Wife and Siſter.
Old Ger. You would ſee them,
There's no pleaſure that the Houſe can yeeld,
That can be debar'd from you ; prethee Sonne,
Be thou the Vſher to thoſe Mounts and Proſpects
May one day call thee Maſter.
Y. Ger. Sir I ſhall ;
Pleaſe you to walke.
Prud. What Maſter Dalauill,
Will you not beare vs company.
Dal. 'Tis not fit
That wee ſhould leaue our Noble hoſt alone,
Be you my Friends charge, and this old man mine.
Prud. Well, bee't then at your pleaſure. *Exeunt.*

Manet Dalauill *and* Old Geraldine.

Dal. You to your Proſpects, but there's proiect heere
That's of another Nature ; Worthy Sir,
I cannot but approue your happineſſe,
To be the Father of ſo braue a Sonne,

So euery way accompliſh't and made vp,
In which my voice is leaſt : For I alaſſe,
Beare but a meane part in the common quier,
When with much lowder accents of his praiſe,
So all the world reports him.
Old Ger. Thanke my Starres,
They haue lent me one, who as he alwayes was,
And is my preſent ioy ; If their aſpect
Be no wayes to our goods Maleuolent,
May be my Future comfort.
Dal. Yet muſt I hold him happie aboue others,
As one that Solie to himſelfe inioyes
What many others aime at ; But in vaine.
Old Ger. How meane you that ?
Dal. So Beautifull a Miſtreſſe.
Old Ger. A Miſtreſſe, ſaid you ?
Dal. Yes Sir, or a Friend,
Whether you pleaſe to ſtile her.
Old Ger. Miſtreſſe ? Friend ?
Pray be more open languag'd.
Dal. And indeed,
Who can blame him to abſent himſelfe from home,
And make his Fathers houſe but as a grange,
For a Beautie ſo Attractiue ? Or blame her,
Huging ſo weake an old Man in her armes,
To make a new choice, of an equall youth,
Being in him ſo Perfect ? yet introath,
I thinke they both are honeſt.
Old Ger. You haue Sir,
Poſſeſt me with ſuch ſtrange fancies.
Dal. For my part,
How can I loue the perſon of your Sonne,
And not his reputation ? His repaire
So often to the Houſe, is voyct by all,
And frequent in the mouthes of the whole Countrey,
Some equally addicted, praiſe his happineſſe ;
But others, more Cenſorious and Auſtere,
Blame and reprooue a courſe ſo diſolute ;
Each one in generall, pittie the good man,

As one vnfriendly dealt with, yet in my conſcience,
I thinke them truely Honeſt.
Old Ger. 'Tis ſuſpitious.
Dal. True Sir, at beſt; But what when ſcandalous tongues
Will make the worſt? and what good in it ſelfe,
Sullie and ſtaine by fabulous miſ-report;
For let men liue as charie as they can,
Their liues are often queſtioned; Then no wonder,
If ſuch as giue occaſion of ſuſpition,
Be ſubiect to this ſcandall: What I ſpeake,
Is as a Noble Friend vnto your Sonne;
And therefore, as I glory in his Fame,
I ſuffer in his wrong; for as I liue,
I thinke, they both are honeſt.
Old Ger. Howſoeuer,
I wiſh them ſo.
Dal. Some courſe might be deuiſ'd,
To ſtop this clamor ere it grow too wrancke;
Leſt that which yet but inconuenience ſeemes,
May turne to greater miſchiefe; This I ſpeake
In Zeale to both, in ſoueraine care of him
As of a Friend; And tender of her Honour,
As one to whom I hope to be allyed,
By Marriage with her Siſter.
Old Ger. I much thanke you,
For you haue cleerely giuen me light of that,
Till now I neuer dreamt on.
Dal. 'Tis my Loue,
And therefore I intreat you, make not mee
To be the firſt reporter.
Old Ger. You haue done
The office of a Noble Gentleman,
And ſhall not be ſo iniur'd.

Enter againe as from Walking Winc. Wife, Y. Ger. Prud.

Winc. See Maſter Geraldine,
How bold wee are, eſpecially theſe Ladies

Play little better then the theeues with you,
For they haue robb'd your Garden.
Wife. You might Sir,
Better haue term'd it ſaucenes, then theft;
You ſee we bluſh not, what we tooke in priuate,
To weare in publicke view.
Prud. Beſides, theſe cannot
Be miſt out of ſo many; In full fields,
The gleanings are allow'd.
Old Ger. Theſe and the reſt,
Are Ladies, at your ſeruice.
Winc. Now to horſe,
But one thing ere wee part, I muſt intreat;
In which my Wife will be ioynt ſuter with me,
My Siſter too.
Old Ger. In what I pray.
Winc. That hee
Which brought vs hither, may but bring vs home;
Your much reſpected Sonne.
Old Ger. How men are borne,
To woe their owne diſaſters?
Wife. But to ſee vs
From whence he brought vs Sir, that 's all.
Old Ger. This ſecond motion makes it Palpable:
To note a Womans cunning; Make her husband
Bawde to her owne laciuious appetite,
And to Solicite his owne ſhame.
Prud. Nay Sir,
When all of vs ioyne in ſo ſmall a ſuit,
It were ſome iniurie to be deni'd.
Old Ger. And worke her Siſter too; What will not woman
To accompliſh her owne ends: But this diſeaſe,
Ile ſeeke to Phiſicke ere it grow too farre:
I am moſt ſorrie to be vrg'd ſweet Friends,
In what at this time I can no wayes grant;
Moſt, that theſe Ladies ſhould be ought deni'd,
To whom I owe all Seruice, but occaſions
Of weighty and important conſcquence,

Such as concerne the beſt of my Eſtate,
Call him aſide ; excuſe vs both this once,
Preſume this buſineſſe is no ſooner ouer,
But hee's at his owne freedome.
Winc. 'Twere no manners
In vs to vrge it further, wee will leaue you,
With promiſe Sir, that he ſhall in my will,
Not be the laſt remembred.
Old Ger. Wee are bound to you ;
See them to Horſe, and inſtantly returne,
Wee haue Imployments for you.
Y. Ger. Sir I ſhall.
Dal. Remember your laſt promiſe.
Old Ger. Not to doo 't,
I ſhould forget my ſelfe : If I finde him falſe
To ſuch a friend, be ſure he forfeits me ;
In which to be more punctually reſolu'd,
I haue a proiect how to ſift his ſoule,
How 'tis enclin'd ; whether to yonder place,

Enter Y. Geraldine.

The cleare bright Pallace, or blacke Dungeon : See,
They are onward on the way, and hee return'd.
Y. Ger. I now attend your pleaſure.
Old Ger. You are growne perfect man, and now you float
Like to a well built Veſſell ; 'Tweene two Currents,
Vertue and Vice ; Take this, you ſteere to harbour
Take that, to eminent ſhipwracke.
Y. Ger. Pray your meaning.
Old Ger. What fathers cares are, you ſhall neuer know,
Till you your ſelfe haue children, Now my ſtuddy,
Is how to make you ſuch, that you in them
May haue a feeling of my loue to you.
Y. Ger. Pray Sir expound your ſelfe ; for I proteſt
Of all the Languages I yet haue learn'd,
This is to me moſt forraine.

Old Ger. Then I ſhall;
I haue liued to ſee you in your prime of youth
And height of Fortune, ſo you will but take
Occaſion by the forehead; to be briefe,
And cut off all ſuperfluous circumſtance,
All the ambition that I ayme at now,
Is but to ſee you married.
Y. Ger. Married Sir.
Old Ger. And to that purpoſe, I haue found out one,
Whoſe Youth and Beauty may not onely pleaſe
A curious eye; But her immediate meanes,
Able to ſtrengthen a ſtate competent,
Or raiſe a ruined Fortune.
Y. Ger. Of all which,
I haue beleeue me, neither need nor vſe;
My competence beſt pleaſing as it is;
And this my ſingularity of life,
Moſt to my mind contenting.
Od Ger. I ſuſpect, but yet muſt proue him further;
Say to my care I adde a Fathers charge,
And couple with my counſell my command;
To that how can you anſwere?
Y. Ger. That I hope:
My duty and obedience ſtill vnblam'd,
Did neuer merit ſuch auſterity;
And from a father neuer yet diſpleas'd.
Old Ger. Nay, then to come more neere vnto the point;
Either you muſt reſolue for preſent marriage,
Or forfeit all your intereſt in my loue.
Y. Ger. Vn-ſay that language, I intreat you Sir,
And doe not ſo oppreſſe me; Or if needs
Your heauy impoſition ſtand in force,
Reſolue me by your counſell; With more ſafety
May I infringe a ſacred vow to heauen,
Or to oppoſe me to your ſtrict command?
Since one of theſe I muſt.
Old Ger. Now Dalauill,

I finde thy words too true.
Y. Ger. For marrie, Sir, I neither may, nor can.
Old Ger. Yet whore you may ;
And that's no breach of any vow to Heauen :
Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall finne ;
Aſperſe the honour of a noble friend ;
Forfeit thy reputation, here below,
And th' intereſt that thy Soule might claime aboue,
In yon bleſt City : Theſe you may, and can,
With vntoucht conſcience : Oh, that I ſhould liue
To ſee the hopes that I haue ſtor'd ſo long,
Thus in a moment ruin'd : And the ſtaffe,
On which my old decrepite age ſhould leane ;
Before my face thus broken : On which truſting,
I thus abortiuely, before my time,
Fall headlong to my Graue. *Falls on the earth.*
Y. Ger. It yet ſtands ſtrong ;
Both to ſupport you vnto future life,
And fairer comfort.
Old Ger. Neuer, neuer ſonne :
For till thou canſt acquit thy ſelfe of ſcandall,
And me of my ſuſpition ; Heere, euen heere,
Where I haue meaſur'd out my length of earth ;
I ſhall expire my laſt.
Y. Ger. Both theſe I can :
Then riſe Sir, I intreat you ; And that innocency,
Which poyſon'd by the breath of Calumnie,
Caſt you thus low, ſhall, theſe few ſtaines wipt off,
With better thoughts erect you.
Old Ger. Well, Say on.
Y. Ger. There's but one fire from which this ſmoake may grow ;
Namely, the vnmatcht yoake of youth ; And
In which, If euer I occaſion was,
Of the ſmalleſt breach ; the greateſt implacable miſchiefe
Adultery can threaten, fall on me ;
Of you may I be diſauow'd a ſonne ;

And vnto Heauen a ſeruant: For that Lady,
As ſhe is Beauties mirror, ſo I hold her
For Chaſtities examples: From her tongue,
Neuer came language, that ariued my eare,
That euen cenſurious *Cato*, liu'd he now,
Could miſ-interpret; Neuer from her lips,
Came vnchaſte kiſſe; Or from her conſtant eye,
Looke ſauouring of the leaſt immodeſty:
Further——

Old Ger. Enough; One onely thing remaines,
Which on thy part perform'd, aſſures firme credit
To theſe thy proteſtations.

Y. Ger. Name it then.

Old Ger. Take hence th' occaſion of this common fame;
Which hath already ſpread it ſelfe ſo farre,
To her diſhonour and thy preiudice,
From this day forward, to forbeare the houſe:
This doe vpon my bleſsing.

Y. Ger. As I hope it,
I will not faile your charge.

Old Ger. I am ſatisfied. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore an Vſurer and his Man, *at the other*, Old Lionell *with his ſeruant*: *In the midſt* Reignald.

Reig. To which hand ſhall I turne me; Here's my Maſter
Hath bin to enquire of him that ſould the houſe,
Touching the murder; Here's an Vſuring-Raſcall,
Of whom we haue borrowed money to ſupply
Our prodigall expences; Broke our day,
And owe him ſtill the Principall and Vſe:
Were I to meet them ſingle, I haue braine
To oppoſe both, and to come off vnſcarr'd;
But if they doe aſſault me, and at once,
Not *Hercules* himſelfe could ſtand that odds:
Therefore I muſt encounter them by turnes;
And to my Maſter firſt: Oh Sir, well met.

Old Lio. What Reignald; I but now met with the man,

Of whom I bought yon houſe.
Reig. What, did you Sir?
But did you ſpeake of ought concerning that
Which I laſt told you.
Old Lio. Yes, I told him all.
Reig. Then am I caſt: But I pray tell me Sir,
Did he confeſſe the murder?
Old Lio. No ſuch thing;
Moſt ſtiffely he denies it.
Reig. Impudent wretch;
Then ſerue him with awarrant, let the Officer
Bring him before a Iuſtice, you ſhall heare
What I can ſay againſt him; Sfoot deni't:
But I pray Sir excuſe me, yonder's one
With whom I haue ſome buſineſſe; Stay you here,
And but determine what's beſt courſe to take,
And note how I will follow't.
Old Lio. Be briefe then.
Reig. Now, If I can aſwell put off my Vſe-man,
This day, I ſhall be maſter of the field.
Vſu. That ſhould be Lionells man.
Man. The ſame, I know him.
Vſu. After ſo many friuolous delaies,
There's now ſome hope. He that was wont to ſhun vs,
And to abſent himſelfe, accoaſts vs freely;
And with a pleaſant countenance: Well met Reignald,
What's this money ready?
Reig. Neuer could you
Haue come in better time.
Vſu. Where's your maſter,
Yong Lionell, it ſomething troubles me,
That hee ſhould breake his day.
Reig. A word in priuate.
Vſu. Tuſh, Priuate me no priuates, in a word,
Speake, are my moneys ready?
Reig. Not ſo loud.
Vſu. I will be louder yet; Giue me my moneys,
Come, tender me my moneys.
Reig. We know you haue a throat, wide as your
conſcience;

You need not vſe it now——Come, get you home.
Vſu. Home?
Reig. Yes, home I ſay, returne by three a Clocke,
And I will ſee all cancell'd.
Vſu. 'Tis now paſt two, and I can ſtay till three,
Ile make that now my buſineſſe, otherwayes,
With theſe lowd clamors, I will haunt thee ſtill;
Giue me my Vſe, giue me my Principall.
Reig. This burre will ſtill cleaue to me; what, no meanes
To ſhake him off; I neere was caught till now:
Come come, y'are troubleſome.
Vſu. Preuent that trouble,
And without trifling, pay me downe my caſh;
I will be fool'd no longer.
Reig. So ſo ſo.
Vſu. I haue beene ſtill put off, from time to time,
And day to day; theſe are but cheating tricks,
And this is the laſt minute Ile forbeare
Thee, or thy Maſter: Once againe, I ſay,
Giue me my Vſe, giue me my Principall.
Reig. Pox a this vſe, that hath vndone ſo many;
And now will confound mee.
Old Lio. Haſt thou heard this?
Ser. Yes Sir, and to my griefe.
Old Lio. Come hither Reignald.
Reig. Heere Sir; Nay, now I am gone.
Old Lio. What vſe is this?
What Principall hee talkes of? in which language
Hee names my Sonne; And thus vpbraideth thee,
What is't you owe this man?
Reig. A trifle Sir,
Pray ſtop his mouth; And pay't him.
Old Lio. I pay, what?
Reig. If I ſay pay't him; Pay't him.
Old Lio. What's the Summe?
Reig. A toy, the maine about fiue hundred pounds;
And the vſe fiftie.
Old Lio. Call you that a toy?

To what vſe was it borrowed? At my departure,
I left my Sonne ſufficient in his charge,
With ſurplus, to defray a large expence,
Without this neede of borrowing.
Reig. 'Tis confeſt,
Yet ſtop his clamorous mouth; And onely ſay,
That you will pay't to morrow.
Old Lio. I paſſe my word.
Reig. Sir, if I bid you doo't; Nay, no more words,
But ſay you'le pay't to morrow.
Old Lio. Ieaſt indeed,
But tell me how theſe moneys were beſtowed?
Reig. Safe Sir, I warrant you.
Old Lio. The Summe ſtill ſafe,
Why doe you not then tender it your ſelues?
Reig. Your eare ſir; This ſumme ioyn'd to the reſt,
Your Sonne hath purchaſt Land and Houſes.
Old Lio. Land, do'ſt thou ſay?
Reig. A goodly Houſe, and Gardens.
Old Lio. Now ioy on him,
That whil'ſt his Father Merchandis'd abroad,
Had care to adde to his eſtate at home:
But Reignald, wherefore Houſes?
Reig. Now Lord Sir,
How dull you are; This houſe poſſeſt with ſpirits,
And there no longer ſtay; Would you haue had
Him, vs, and all your other family,
To liue, and lie ith' ſtreets; It had not Sir,
Beene for your reputation.
Old Lio. Bleſsing on him,
That he is growne ſo thriftie.
Vſu. 'Tis ſtrooke three,
My money's not yet tender'd.
Reig. Pox vpon him,
See him diſcharged, I pray Sir.
Old Lio. Call vpon me
To morrow Friend, as early as thou wilt;
Ile ſee thy debt defraid.

Vſu. It is enough, I haue a true mans word.
Exit. Vſurer and man.
Old Lio. Now tell me Reignald,
For thou haſt made me proud of my Sonnes thrift;
Where, in what Countrey, doth this faire Houſe ſtand.
Reig. Neuer in all my time, ſo much to ſeeke;
I know not what to anſwere.
Old Lio. Wherefore ſtuddieſt thou?
Vſe men to purchaſe Lands at a deere rate,
And know not where they lie?
Reig. 'Tis not for that;
I onely had forgot his name that ſould them,
'Twas let me ſee, ſee.
Old Lio. Call thy ſelfe to minde.
Reig. Non-pluſt or neuer now; Where art thou braine?
O Sir, where was my memory; 'Tis this houſe
That next adioynes to yours.
Old Lio. My Neighbour Ricots.
Reig. The ſame, the ſame Sir; Wee had peniworths in't;
And I can tell you, haue beene offer'd well
Since, to forſake our bargaine.
Old Lio. As I liue,
I much commend your choice.
Reig. Nay, 'tis well ſeated,
Rough-caſt without, but brauely lined within;
You haue met with few ſuch bargaines.
Old Lio. Prethee knocke,
And call the Maſter, or the ſeruant on't;
To let me take free view on't.
Reig. Puzzle againe on Puzzle; One word Sir,
The Houſe is full of Women, no man knowes,
How on the inſtant, they may be imploy'd;
The Roomes may lie vnhanſome; and Maids ſtand
Much on their cleanlineſſe and huſwiferie;
To take them vnprouided, were diſgrace,
'Twere fit they had ſome warning; Now, doe you

Fetch but a warrant, from the Iuſtice Sir;
You vnderſtand mee.
Old Lio. Yes, I doe.
Reig. To attach
Him of ſuſpected murder, Ile ſee't ſeru'd;
Did he deny't? And in the intrim, I
Will giue them notice, you are now ariu'd,
And long to ſee your purchaſe.
Old Lio. Councell'd well;
And meet ſome halfe houre hence.
Reig. This plunge well paſt,
All things fall euen, to Crowne my Braine at laſt.
Exeunt.

Enter Dalauill *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. Where ſhall we dine to day?
Dal. At th' Ordinarie.
I ſee Sir, you are but a ſtranger heere;
This Barnet, is a place of great reſort;
And commonly vpon the Market dayes,
Heere all the Countrey Gentlemen Appoint,
A friendly meeting; Some about affaires
Of Conſequence and Profit; Bargaine, Sale,
And to conferre with Chap-men, ſome for pleaſure,
To match their Horſes; Wager in their Dogs,
Or trie their Hawkes; Some to no other end,
But onely meet good Company, diſcourſe,
Dine, drinke, and ſpend their Money.

Enter Old Geraldine *and* Yong Geraldine.

Gent. That's the Market, Wee haue to make this day.
Dal. 'Tis a Commoditie, that will be easily vented:
What my worthy Friend,
You are happily encounter'd; Oh, y'are growne ſtrange,
To one that much reſpects you; Troath the Houſe

Hath all this time ſeem'd naked without you;
The good Old Man doth neuer ſit to meat,
But next his giuing Thankes, hee ſpeakes of you;
There's ſcarce a bit, that he at Table taſtes,
That can digeſt without a Geraldine,
You are in his mouth ſo frequent: Hee and Shee
Both wondering, what diſtaſte from one, or either,
So ſuddenly, ſhould alianate a Gueſt,
To them, ſo deerely welcome.

Old Ger. Maſter Dalauill,
Thus much let me for him Apoligie;
Diuers deſignes haue throng'd vpon vs late,
My weakeneſſe was not able to ſupport
Without his helpe; He hath bin much abroad,
At London, or elſe where; Beſides 'tis Terme;
And Lawyers muſt be followed, ſeldome at home,
And ſcarcely then at leaſure.

Dal. I am ſatisfied,
And I would they were ſo too, but I hope Sir,
In this reſtraint, you haue not vs'd my name?

Old Ger. Not, as I liue.

Dal. Y'are Noble——Who had thought
To haue met with ſuch good Company; Y'are it ſeeme
But new alighted; Father and Sonne, ere part,
I vow weele drinke a cup of Sacke together;
Phiſicians ſay, It doth prepare the appetite
And ſtomacke againſt dinner.

Old Ger. Wee old men,
Are apt to take theſe courteſies.

Dal. What ſay you Friend?

Y. Ger. Ile but enquire for one, at the next Inne,
And inſtantly returne.

Dal. 'Tis enough. *Exit.*

Enter Beſſe *meeting* Y. Geraldine.

Y. Ger. Beſſe: How do'ſt thou Girle?

Beff. Faith we may doe how we liſt for you, you are growne ſo
Great a ſtranger: We are more beholding
To Maſter Dalauill, Hee's a conſtant Gueſt:
And howſoere to ſome, that ſhall bee nameleſſe,
His preſence may be gracefull; Yet to others——
I could ſay ſomewhat.

Y. Ger. Hee's a noble fellow,
And my choice friend.

Beff. Come come, he is, what he is; and that the end will prooue.

Y. Ger. And how's all at home?
Nay, weele not part without a glaſſe of wine,
And meet ſo ſeldome: Boy.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Anon, anon Sir.

Y. Ger. A Pint of Clarret, quickly. *Exit* Drawer.
Nay, ſit downe: The newes, the newes, I pray thee;
I am ſure, I haue beene much enquir'd of
Thy old Maſter, and thy young Miſtris too.

Beff. Euer your name is in my Maſters mouth, and ſometimes too
In hers, when ſhe hath nothing elſe to thinke of:
Well well, I could ſay ſomewhat.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Heere's your wine Sir. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. Fill Boy: Here Beſſe, this glaſſe to both their healths;
Why do'ſt weepe my wench?

Beff. Nay, nothing Sir.

Y. Ger. Come, I muſt know.

Beff. Introath I loue you Sir,
And euer wiſht you well; You are a Gentleman,
Whom alwayes I reſpected; Know the paſſages
And priuate whiſperings, of the ſecret loue

Betwixt you and my Miſtris ; I dare ſweare,
On your part well intended : But——
Y. Ger. But what ?
Beſſ. You beare the name of Land-lord, but another
Inioyes the rent ; You doate vpon the ſhadow,
But another he beares away the ſubſtance.
Y. Ger. Bee more plaine.
Beſſ. You hope to inioy a vertuous widdow-hood ;
But Dalauill, whom you eſteeme your friend,
Hee keepes the wife in common.
Y. Ger. Y'are too blame,
And Beſſe, you make me angry ; Hee's my friend,
And ſhe my ſecond ſelfe ; In all their meetings,
I neuer ſaw ſo much as caſt of eye
Once entertain'd betwixt them.
Beſſ. That's their cunning.
Y. Ger. For her ; I haue beene with her at all houres,
Both late and early ; In her bed-chamber,
And often ſingly vſher'd her abroad :
Now, would ſhe haue bin any mans aliue,
Shee had bin mine ; You wrong a worthy Friend,
And a chaſte Miſtris, y'are not a good Girle ;
Drinke that, ſpeake better of her, I could chide you,
But I'le forbeare ; What you haue raſhly ſpoke,
Shall euer heere be buried.
Beſſ. I am ſorry my freeneſſe ſhould offend you,
But yet know, I am her Chamber-maid.
Y. Ger. Play now the Market-maid,
And prethee bout thy buſineſſe.
Beſſ. Well, I ſhall——that man ſhould be ſo fool'd.
Exit.
Y. Ger. Shee a Proſtitute ?
Nay, and to him my troath plight, and my Friend ;
As poſsible it is, that Heauen and Earth
Should be in loue together, meet and kiſſe,
And ſo cut off all diſtance : What ſtrange frenſie
Came in this wenches braine, ſo to ſurmiſe ?

Were ſhe ſo baſe? his nobleneſſe is ſuch,
He would not entertaine it for my ſake:
Or he ſo bent? His hot and luſt burnt appetite
Would be ſoone quencht, at the meere contemplation
Of her moſt Pious and Religious life.
The Girle was much too blame; Perhaps her Miſtris
Hath ſtirr'd her anger, by ſome word or blow,
Which ſhe would thus reuenge; Not apprehending
At what a high price Honour's to be rated;
Or elſe ſome one that enuies her rare vertue,
Might hire her thus to brand it; Or, who knowes
But the yong wench may fixe a thought on me;
And to diuert me from her Miſtris loue,
May raiſe this falſe aſperſion? howſoeuer,

Enter Clo. *with a letter.*

My thoughts on theſe two columnes fixed are,
She's good as freſh, and purely chaſte as faire.

Clo. Oh Sir, you are the Needle, and if the whole County of Middleſex had bin turn'd to a meere Bottle of Hay, I had bin inioyn'd to haue found you out, or neuer more return'd backe to my old Maſter: There's a Letter Sir.

Y. Ger. I know the hand that ſuperſcrib'd it well;
Stay but till I peruſe it, and from me
Thou ſhalt returne an anſwere.

Clo. I ſhall Sir: This is Market-day, and heere acquaintance commonly meet; and whom haue I encounter'd? my goſsip Pint-pot, and brim full; nay, I meane to drinke with you before I part, and how doth all your worſhipfull kindred? your ſiſter Quart, your pater-Pottle, (who was euer a Gentlemans fellow) and your old grandſier Gallon; they cannot chuſe but be all in health, ſince ſo many healthes haue beene drunke out of them: I could wiſh them all heere, and in no worſe ſtate then I ſee you are in at this preſent; howſoeuer goſsip, ſince I haue met you hand to hand, I'le make bould to drinke to you——Nay, either you muſt pledge me, or get one to doo't for you; Doe you open your mouth towards me? well, I know what you

would ſay; Heere Roger, to your Maſter and Miſtris, and all our good friends at home; gramercy goſsip, if I ſhould not pledge thee, I were worthy to be turn'd out to Graſſe, and ſtand no more at Liuery; And now in requitall of this courteſie I'le begin one health to you and all your ſociety in the Celler, to Peter Pipe, Harry Hogſhead, Bartholomew Butt and little maſter Randall Rundlet, to Timothy Taſter, and all your other great and ſmall friends.

Y. Ger. Hee writes mee heere,
That at my diſcontinuance hee's much grieu'd;
Deſiring me, as I haue euer tender'd
Or him or his, to giue him ſatisfaction
Touching my diſcontent; and that in perſon,
By any priuate meeting.

Clo. I Sir, 'tis very true; The Letter ſpeakes no more
Then he wiſht me to tell you by word of mouth.

Y. Ger. Thou art then of his councell?

Clo. His Priuy and pleaſe you.

Y. Ger. Though neere ſo ſtrict hath bin my fathers charge,
A little I'le diſpenſe with't, for his loue;
Commend me to thy Maſter, tell him from me,
On Munday night (then will my leaſure ſerue)
I will by Heauens aſsiſtance viſit him.

Clo. On Munday Sir:
That's as I remember, iuſt the day before Tueſday.

Y. Ger. But 'twill be midnight firſt, at which late houre,
Pleaſe him to let the Garden doore ſtand ope,
At that I'le enter; But conditionally,
That neither Wife, Friend, Seruant, no third ſoule
Saue him, and thee to whom he truſts this meſſage,
Know of my comming in, or paſsing out:
When, tell him, I will fully ſatisfie him
Concerning my forct abſence.

Clo. I am ſomething obliuious; Your meſſage

would bee the truelier deliuered if it were ſet downe in blacke and white.

Y. Ger. I'le call for Pen and Incke,
And inſtantly diſpatch it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Reignald.

Reig. Now impudence, but ſteele my face this once,
Although I neere bluſh after; Heere's the houſe,
Ho, whoſe within? What, no man to defend
Enter Mr. Ricot.
Theſe innocent gates from knocking?

Ric. Whoſe without there?

Reig. One Sir that euer wiſht your worſhips health;
And thoſe few houres I can find time to pray in,
I ſtill remember it.

Ric. Gramercy Reignald,
I loue all thoſe that wiſh it: You are the men
Leade merry liues, Feaſt, Reuell, and Carowſe;
You feele no tedious houres; Time playes with you,
This is your golden age.

Reig. It was, but now Sir,
That Gould is turned to worſe then Alcamy,
It will not ſtand the teſt; Thoſe dayes are paſt,
And now our nights come on.

Ric. Tell me Reignald, is he return'd from Sea?

Reig. Yes, to our griefe already, but wē feare
Hereafter, it may prooue to all our coſt's.

Ric. Suſpects thy Maſter any thing?

Reig. Not yet Sir;
Now my requeſt is, that your worſhip being
So neere a Neighbour, therefore moſt diſturb'd,
Would not be firſt to peach vs.

Ric. Take my word;

With other Neighbours make what peace you can,
I'le not be your accuſer.
Reig. Worſhipfull Sir;
I ſhall be ſtill your Beads-man; Now the buſineſſe
That I was ſent about, the Old Man my Maſter
Claiming ſome intereſt in acquaintance paſt,
Deſires (might it be no way troubleſome)
To take free view of all your Houſe within.
Ric. View of my Houſe? Why 'tis not ſet to Sale,
Nor bill vpon the doore; Looke well vpon't:
View of my Houſe?
Reig. Nay, be not angry Sir,
Hee no way doth diſable your eſtate;
As farre to buy, as you are loath to ſell;
Some alterations in his owne hee'd make,
And hearing yours by worke-men much commended,
Hee would make that his Preſident.
Ric. What fancies
Should at this age poſſeſſe him; Knowing the coſt,
That hee ſhould dreame of Building.
Reig. 'Tis ſuppos'd,
He hath late found a Wife out for his Sonne;
Now Sir, to haue him neere him, and that neereneſſe
Too, without trouble, though beneath one roofe,
Yet parted in two Families; Hee would build
And make what's pickt, a perfit quadrangle,
Proportioned iuſt with yours, were you ſo pleaſed,
To make it his example.
Rio. Willingly; I will but order ſome few things within,
And then attend his comming. *Exit.*
Reig. Moſt kind cox-combe,
Great *Alexander*, and *Agathocles*,
Cæſar, and others, haue bin Fam'd, they ſay,
And magnified for high Facinerous deeds;
Why claime not I, an equall place with them?
Or rather a preſedent: Theſe commanded
Their Subiects, and their ſeruants; I my Maſter,
And euery way his equalls, where I pleaſe,

Lead by the noſe along; They plac'd their burdens
On Horſes, Mules, and Camels; I, old Men
Of ſtrength and wit, loade with my knauerie,

Enter Old Lionell.

Till both their backs and braines ake; Yet poore animalls,
They neere complaine of waight; Oh are you come Sir?
Old Lio. I made what haſte I could.
Reig. And brought the warrant?
Old Lio. See heere, I hau't.
Reig. 'Tis well done, but ſpeake, runs it
Both without Baile and Maineprize?
Old Lio. Nay, it carries both forme and power.
Reig. Then I ſhall warrant him;
I haue bin yonder Sir.
Old Lio. And what ſayes hee?
Reig. Like one that offers you
Free ingreſſe, view and regreſſe, at your pleaſure;
As to his worthy Land-lord.
Old Lio. Was that all?
Reig. Hee ſpake to me, that I would ſpeake to you,
To ſpeake vnto your Sonne; And then againe,
To ſpeake to him, that he would ſpeake to you;
You would releaſe his Bargaine.
Old Lio. By no meanes,
Men muſt aduiſe before they part with Land,
Not after to repent it; 'Tis moſt iuſt,
That ſuch as hazzard, and diſburſe their Stockes,
Should take all gaines and profits that accrew,

Enter Mr. Ricot *againe walking before the gate.*

As well in Sale of Houſes, as in Barter,
And Traficke of all other Merchandize.
Reig. See, in acknowledgement of a Tenants duty,
Hee attends you at the gate; Salute him Sir.

Old Lio. My worthy Friend.
Ric. Now as I liue, all my beſt thoughts and wiſhes
Impart with yours, in your ſo ſafe returne ;
Your ſeruant tels me, you haue great deſire
To take ſuruiew of this my houſe within.
Old Lio. Bee 't Sir, no trouble to you.
Ric. None, enter bouldly ;
With as much freedome, as it were your owne.
Old Lio. As it were mine ; Why Reignald, is it not ?
Reig. Lord Sir, that in extremity of griefe,
You'le adde vnto vexation ; See you not
How ſad hee's on the ſuddaine,
Old Lio. I obſerue it.
Reig. To part with that which he hath kept ſo long ;
Eſpecially his Inheritance ; Now as you loue
Goodneſſe, and Honeſty, torment him not
With the leaſt word of Purchaſe.
Old Lio. Councell'd well ;
Thou teacheſt me Humanitie.
Ric. Will you enter ?
Or ſhall I call a ſeruant, to conduct you
Through euery Roome and Chamber ?
Old Lio. By no means ;
I feare wee are too much troubleſome of our ſelues.
Reig. See what a goodly Gate ?
Old Lio. It likes me well.
Reig. What braue caru'd poaſts ; Who knowes but heere,
In time Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie ;
And I be one oth' Serjants.
Old Lio. They are well Caru'd.
Ric. And coſt me a good price Sir ; Take your pleaſure,
I haue buſineſſe in the Towne. *Exit.*
Reig. Poore man, I pittie him ;
H 'ath not the heart to ſtay and ſee you come,

As 'twere, to take Poſſeſsion ; Looke that way Sir,
What goodly faire Baye windowes ? *Bayes.*
Old Lio. Wondrous ſtately.
Reig. And what a Gallerie, How coſtly Seeled ;
What painting round about ?
Old Lio. Euery freſh obiect to good, adds better-neſſe.
Reig. Tarraſt aboue, and how below ſupported ; doe they pleaſe you ?
Old Lio. All things beyond opinion ; Truſt me Reignald,
I'le not forgoe the Bargaine, for more gaine
Then halfe the price it coſt me.
Reig. If you would ? I ſhould not ſuffer you ; Was not the
Money due to the Vſurer, tooke vpon good ground,
That prou'd well built vpon ? Wee were no fooles
That knew not what wee did.
Old Lio. It ſhall be ſatisfied.
Reig. Pleaſe you to truſt me with 't, I'le ſee 't diſcharged.
Old Lio. Hee hath my promiſe, and I'le doo 't my ſelfe :
Neuer could Sonne haue better pleas'd a Father,
Then in this Purchaſe : Hie thee inſtantly
Vnto my houſe ith' Countrey, giue him notice
Of my arriue, and bid him with all ſpeede
Poaſte hither.
Reig. Ere I ſee the warrant ſeru'd ?
Old Lio. It ſhall be thy firſt buſineſſe ; For my Soule
Is not at peace, till face to face, I approoue
His Husbandrie, and much commend his Thrift ;
Nay, without pauſe, be gone.
Reig. But a ſhort iourney ;
For hee's not farre, that I am ſent to ſeeke :
I haue got the ſtart, the beſt part of the Race
Is runne already, what remaines, is ſmall,
And tyre now, I ſhould but forfeit all.

Old Lio. Make haſte, I doe intreat thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the Garden gate; And heere am I ſet to ſtand Centinell, and to attend the comming of Young Maſter Geraldine: Maſter Dalauill's gone to his Chamber; My Miſtreſſe to hers; 'Tis now about Mid-night; A Banquet prepared, bottles of Wine in readineſſe, all the whole Houſhold at their reſt; And no creature by this, honeſtly ſtirring, ſauing I and my Old Maſter; Hee in a bye Chamber, prepared of purpoſe for their priuate Meeting; And I heere to play the Watchman, againſt my will; Chauelah,

Enter Young Geraldine.

Stand; Who goes there?

Y. Ger. A Friend.

Clo. The Word?

Y. Ger. Honeſt Roger.

Clo. That's the Word indeed; You haue leaue to paſſe freely
Without calling my Corporall.

Y. Ger. How goe the affaires within?

Clo. According to promiſe, the buſineſſe is compoſed, and the ſeruants diſpoſed, my young Miſtris repoſed, my old Maſter according as you propoſed, attends you if you bee expoſed to giue him meeting; Nothing in the way being interpoſed, to tranſpoſe you to the leaſt danger: And this I dare be depoſed, if you will not take my word, as I am honeſt Roger.

Y. Ger. Thy word ſhall be my warrant, but ſecur'd
Moſt in thy Maſters promiſe, on which building;
By this knowne way I enter.

Clo. Nay, by your leaue,
I that was late but a plaine Centinell will now be your Captaine conducter: Follow me. *Exeunt.*

Table and Stooles ſet out; Lights: a Banquet, Wine.

Enter Maſter Wincott.

Winc. I wonder whence this ſtrangeneſſe ſhould proceed,
Or wherein I, or any of my houſe,
Should be th' occaſion of the leaſt diſtaſte;
Now, as I wiſh him well, it troubles me;

Enter Clow. *and* Y. Ger.

But now the time growes on, from his owne mouth
To be reſolu'd; And I hope ſatisfied:
Sir, as I liue, of all my friends to me
Moſt wiſhedly, you are welcome: Take that Chaire,
I this: Nay, I intreat no complement;
Attend——Fill wine.

Clo. Till the mouthes of the bottles yawne directly vpon the floore, and the bottomes turne their tayles vp to the ſeeling; Whil'ſt there's any blood in their bellies, I'le not leaue them.

Winc. I firſt ſalute you thus.

Y. Ger. It could not come
From one whom I more honour; Sir, I thanke you.

Clo. Nay, ſince my Maſter begun it, I'le ſee 't goe round
To all three.

Winc. Now giue vs leaue.

Clo. Talke you by your ſelues, whileſt I find ſomething to ſay to this: I haue a tale to tell him ſhall make his ſtony heart relent. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. Now, firſt Sir, your attention I intreat:
Next, your beliefe, that what I ſpeake is iuſt,
Maugre all contradiction.

Winc. Both are granted.

Y. Ger. Then I proceed; With due acknowledgement

Of all your more then many curteſies:
Y'aue bin my ſecond father, and your wife,
My noble and chaſte Miſtris; All your ſeruants
At my command; And this your bounteous Table,
As free and common as my Fathers houſe;
Neither 'gainſt any, or the leaſt of theſe,
Can I commence iuſt quarrell.

Winc. What might then be
The cauſe of this conſtraint, in thus abſenting
Your ſelfe from ſuch as loue you?

Y. Ger. Out of many,
I will propoſe ſome few: The care I haue
Of your (as yet vnblemiſhed) renowne;
The vntoucht honour of your vertuous wife;
And (which I value leaſt, yet dearely too)
My owne faire reputation.

Winc. How can theſe,
In any way be queſtioned?

Y. Ger. Oh deare Sir,
Bad tongues haue bin too buſie with vs all;
Of which I neuer yet had time to thinke,
But with ſad thoughts and griefes vnſpeakeable:
It hath bin whiſper'd by ſome wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my fathers eares,
By ſome that haue malign'd our happineſſe;
(Heauen, if it can brooke ſlander, pardon them)
That this my cuſtomary comming hither,
Hath bin to baſe and ſorded purpoſes:
To wrong your bed; Iniure her chaſtity;
And be mine owne vndoer: Which, how falſe?

Wenc. As Heauen is true, I know't.

Y. Ger. Now this Calumny
Ariuing firſt vnto my fathers eares,
His eaſie nature was induc'd to thinke,
That theſe things might perhaps be poſsible:
I anſwer'd him, as I would doe to Heauen:
And cleer'd my ſelfe in his ſuſpitious thoughts,
As truely, as the high all-knowing Iudge
Shall of theſe ſtaines acquit me; which are meerely

Aſperſions and vntruthes: The good old man
Poſſeſt with my ſincerity, and yet carefull
Of your renowne, her honour, and my fame;
To ſtop the worſt that ſcandall could inflict;
And to preuent falſe rumours, charges me,
The cauſe remoou'd, to take away the effect;
Which onely could be, to forbeare your houſe
And this vpon his bleſsing: You heare all.

Winc. And I of all acquit you: This your abſence,
With which my loue moſt cauell'd; Orators
In your behalfe. Had ſuch things paſt betwixt you,
Not threats nor chidings could haue driuen you hence:
It pleads in your behalfe, and ſpeakes in hers;
And armes me with a double confidence,
Both of your friendſhip, and her loyalty:
I am happy in you both, and onely doubtfull
Which of you two doth moſt impart my loue:
You ſhall not hence to night.

Y. Ger. Pray pardon Sir.

Winc. You are in your lodging.

Y. Ger. But my fathers charge.

Winc. My coniuration ſhall diſpence with that;
You may be vp as early as you pleaſe;
But hence to night you ſhall not.

Y. Ger. You are powerfull.

Winc. This night, of purpoſe, I haue parted beds,
Faining my ſelfe not well, to giue you meeting;
Nor can be ought ſuſpected by my Wife,
I haue kept all ſo priuate: Now 'tis late,
I'le ſteale vp to my reſt; But howſoeuer,
Let 's not be ſtrange in our writing, that way dayly
We may conferre without the leaſt ſuſpect,
In ſpight of all ſuch baſe calumnious tongues

So, Now good-night ſweet friend. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. May he that made you
So iuſt and good, ſtill guard you. Not to bed,
So I perhaps might ouer-ſleepe my ſelfe,
And then my tardy wakeing might betray me
To the more early houſhold; Thus as I am,
I'le reſt me on this Pallat; But in vaine,
I finde no ſleepe can faſten on mine eyes,
There are in this diſturbed braine of mine
So many mutinous fancies: This, to me,
Will be a tedious night; How ſhall I ſpend it?
No Booke that I can ſpie? no company?
A little let me recollect my ſelfe;
Oh, what more wiſht company can I find,
Suiting the apt occaſion, time and place;
Then the ſweet contemplation of her Beauty;
And the fruition too, time may produce,
Of what is yet lent out? 'Tis a ſweet Lady,
And euery way accompliſht: Hath meere accident
Brought me thus neere, and I not viſit her?
Should it ariue her eare, perhaps might breed
Our laſting ſeparation; For 'twixt Louers,
No quarrell's to vnkindneſſe, Sweet opportunity
Offers preuention, and inuites me too't:
The houſe is knowne to me, the ſtaires and roomes;
The way vnto her chamber frequently
Trodden by me at mid-night, and all houres:
How ioyfull to her would a meeting be,
So ſtrange and vnexpected; Shadowed too
Beneath the vaile of night; I am reſolu'd
To giue her viſitation, in that place
Where we haue paſt deepe vowes, her bed-chamber:
My fiery loue this darkeneſſe makes ſeeme bright,
And this the path that leades to my delight.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

And this the gate vntoo't; I'le liſten firſt,
Before too rudely I diſturbe her reſt:
And gentle breathing; Ha? ſhee's ſure awake,

For in the bed two whiſper, and their voyces
Appeare to me vnequall ;——One a womans——
And hers ;——Th' other ſhould be no maids tongue,
It beares too big a tone ; And harke, they laugh ;
(Damnation) But liſt further ; 'Tother ſounds——
Like——'Tis the ſame falſe periur'd traitor, Dalauill,
To friend and goodneſſe : Vnchaſt impious woman,
Falſe to all faith, and true coniugall loue ;
There's met, a Serpent and a Crockadell ;
A Synon and a Circe : Oh, to what
May I compare you ?——But my Sword,
I'le act a noble execution,
On two vnmatcht for ſordid villanie :——
I left it in my Chamber, And thankes Heauen
That I did ſo ; It hath preuented me
From playing a baſe Hang-man ; Sinne ſecurely,
Whilſt I, although for many, yet leſſe faults,
Striue hourely to repent me ; I once loved her,
And was to him intir'd ; Although I pardon,
Heauen will find time to puniſh, I'le not ſtretch
My iuſt reuenge ſo farre, as once by blabbing,
To make your brazen Impudence to bluſh ;
Damne on, reuenge too great ; And to ſuppreſſe
Your Soules yet lower, without hope to riſe,
Heape Oſſa vpon Pelion ; You haue made mee
To hate my very Countrey, becauſe heere bred :
Neere two ſuch monſters ; Firſt I'le leaue this Houſe,
And then my Fathers, Next I'le take my leaue,
Both of this Clime and Nation, Trauell till
Age ſnow vpon this Head : My paſsions now,
Are vnexpreſſable, I'le end them thus ;
Ill man, bad Woman, your vnheard of trecherie,
This vniuſt cenſure, on a Iuſt man giue,
To ſeeke out place, where no two ſuch can liue.
Exit.

Enter Dalauill *in a Night-gowne*: Wife *in a night-tyre, as comming from Bed.*

Dal. A happy Morning now betide you Lady,

To equall the content of a ſweet Night.
Wife. It hath bin to my wiſh, and your deſire;
And this your comming by pretended loue
Vnto my Siſter Pru. cuts off ſuſpition
Of any ſuch conuerſe 'twixt you and mee.
Dal. It hath bin wiſely carried.
Wife. One thing troubles me.
Dal. What's that my Deareſt?
Wife. Why your Friend Geraldine,
Should on the ſudden thus abſent himſelfe?
Has he had thinke you no intelligence,
Of theſe our priuate meetings.
Dal. No, on my Soule,
For therein hath my braine exceeded yours;
I ſtuddying to engroſſe you to my ſelfe,
Of his continued abſence haue bin cauſe;
Yet hee of your affection no way iealous,
Or of my Friendſhip——How the plot was caſt,
You at our better leaſure ſhall partake;
The aire growes cold, haue care vnto your health,
Suſpitious eyes are ore vs, that yet ſleepe,
But with the dawne, will open; Sweet retire you
To your warme Sheets; I now to fill my owne,
That haue this Night bin empty.
Wife. You aduiſe well;
Oh might this Kiſſe dwell euer on thy Lips,
In my remembrance.
Dal. Doubt it not I pray,
Whileſt Day frights Night, and Night purſues the day:
Good morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Reignald, Y. Lionell, Blanda, Scapha, Rioter, *and two* Gallants, Reig. *with a Key in his hand.*

Reig. Now is the Goale deliuerie; Through this backe gate
Shift for your ſelues, I heere vnpriſon all.
Y. Lio. But tell me, how ſhall we diſpoſe our ſelues?

Wee are as farre to ſeeke now, as at the firſt;
What is it to repreeue vs for few houres,
And now to ſuffer, better had it bin
At firſt, to haue ſtood the triall, ſo by this,
Wee might haue paſt our Pennance.
Bla. Sweet Reignald.
Y. Lio. Honeſt rogue.
Rio. If now thou faileſt vs, then we are loſt for euer.
Reig. This ſame ſweete Reignald, and this honeſt rogue,
Hath bin the Burgeſſe, vnder whoſe protection
You all this while haue liu'd, free from Arreſts,
But now, the Seſsions of my power's broake vp,
And you expos'd to Actions, Warrants, Writs;
For all the helliſh rabble are broke looſe,
Of Seriants, Sheriffes, and Baliffes.
Omn. Guard vs Heauen.
Reig. I tell you as it is; Nay, I my ſelfe
That haue bin your Protector, now as ſubiect
To euery varlots Peſtle, for you know
How I am engag'd with you——At whoſe ſuit ſir.
Omn. Why didſt thou Start. *All Start.*
Reig. I was afraid ſome Catchpole ſtood behind me,
To clap me on the Shoulder.
Rio. No ſuch thing;
Yet I proteſt thy feare did fright vs all.
Reig. I knew your guilty conſciences.
Y. Lio. No Braine left?
Bla. No crotchet for my ſake?
Reig. One kiſſe then Sweete,
Thus ſhall my crotchets, and your kiſſes meete.
R. Lio. Nay, tell vs what to truſt too.
Reig. Lodge your ſelues
In the next Tauerne, ther's the Caſh that's left,
Goe, health it freely for my good ſucceſſe;
Nay, Drowne it all, let not a Teaſter ſcape
To be conſum'd in rot-gut; I haue begun,

And I will ſtand the period.
Y. Lio. Brauely ſpoke.
Reig. Or periſh in the conflict.
Rio. Worthy Reignald.
Reig. Well, if he now come off well, Fox you all;
Goe, call for Wine; For ſinglie of my ſelfe
I will oppoſe all danger; But I charge you,
When I ſhall faint or find my ſelfe diſtreſt;
If I like braue *Orlando*, winde my Horne,
Make haſte vnto my reſcew.
Y. Lio. And die in't.
Reig. Well haſt thou ſpoke my noble Charlemaine,
With theſe thy Peeres about thee.
Y. Lio. May good Speede
Attend thee ſtill.
Reig. The end ſtill crownes the deede. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Lionell, *and the firſt Owner of the Houſe.*

Own. Sir ſir, your threats nor warrants, can fright me;
My honeſtie and innocency's knowne
Alwayes to haue bin vnblemiſht; Would you could
As well approue your owne Integrity,
As I ſhall doubtleſſe acquit my ſelfe
Of this ſurmiſed murder.
Old Lio. Rather Surrender
The price I paid, and take into thy hands
This haunted manſion, or I'le proſecute
My wrong, euen to the vtmoſt of the Law,
Which is no leſſe then death.
Own. I'le anſwere all
Old Lionell, both to thy ſhame and ſcorne;
This for thy Menaces.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the Houſe, but where's the noyſe that

was wont to be in't? I am ſent hither, to deliuer a Noate, to two young Gentlemen that heere keepe Reuell-rout; I remember it, ſince the laſt Maſſacre of Meat that was made in't; But it ſeemes, that the great Storme that was raiſed then, is chaſt now; I haue other Noates to deliuer, one to Maſter Rycott——and ——I ſhall thinke on them all in order; My Old Maſter makes a great Feaſt, for the parting of young Maſter Geraldine, who is preſently vpon his departure for Trauell, and the better to grace it, hath inuited many of his Neighbours and Friends; Where will be Old Maſter Geraldine——his Sonne, and I cannot tell how many; But this is ſtrange, the Gates ſhut vp at this time a day, belike they are all Drunke and laid to ſleepe, if they be, I'le wake them, with a Murraine.

Knockes.

Old Lio. What deſperate fellowe's this, that ignorant
Of his owne danger, thunders at theſe Gates?

Clo. Ho, Reignald, Riotous Reignald, Reuelling Reignald.

Old Lio. What madneſſe doth poſſeſſe thee, honeſt Friend,
To touch that Hammers handle?

Clo. What madneſſe doth poſſeſſe thee, honeſt Friend,
To aske me ſuch a queſtion?

Old Lio. Nay, ſtirre not you?

Own. Not I; The game begins.

Old Lio. How doeſt thou, art thou well?

Clo. Yes very well, I thanke you, how doe you Sir?

Old Lio. No alteration; What change about thee?

Clo. Not ſo much change about me at this time,
As to change you a Shilling into two Teaſters.

Old Lio. Yet I aduiſe thee Fellow, for thy good,
Stand further from the Gate.

Clo. And I aduiſe thee Friend, for thine owne good, ſtand not betwixt mee and the Gate, but giue

me leaue to deliuer my errant; Hoe, Reignald, you mad Raſcall.

Old Lio. In vaine thou thunder'ſt at theſe ſilent Doores,
Where no man dwels to anſwere, ſauing Ghoſts, Furies, and Sprights.

Clo. Ghoſts; Indeed there has bin much walking, in and about the Houſe after Mid-night.

Old Lio. Strange noyſe oft heard.

Clo. Yes, terrible noiſe, that none of the neighbours could take any reſt for it, I haue heard it my ſelfe.

Old Lio. You heare this; Heere's more witneſſe.

Own. Very well Sir.

Old Lio. Which you ſhall dearely anſwere—— whooping.

Clo. And hollowing.

Old Lio. And ſhouting.

Clo. And crying out, till the whole houſe rung againe.

Old Lio. Which thou haſt heard?

Clo. Oftner then I haue toes and fingers.

Old Lio. Thou wilt be depos'd of this?

Clo. I'le be ſworne too't, and that's as good.

Old Lio. Very good ſtill; Yet you are innocent:
Shall I intreat thee friend, to auouch as much
Heere by, to the next Iuſtice.

Clo. I'le take my ſouldiers oath on't.

Old Lio. A ſouldiers oath, What's that?

Clo. My corporall oath; And you know Sir, a Corporall is an office belonging to a ſouldier.

Old Lio. Yet you are cleere?
Murder will come to light.

Enter Robin, *the old ſeruing-man.*

Own. So will your gullery too.

Rob. They ſay my old Maſter's come home; I'le

ſee if hee will turne me out of doores, as the young man has done: I haue laid rods in piſſe for ſomebody, ſcape Reignald as hee can, and with more freedome then I durſt late, I bouldly now dare knocke.

Robin knocks.

Old Lio. More mad-men yet; I thinke ſince my laſt voyage,
Halfe of the world's turn'd franticke: What do'ſt meane,
Or long'ſt thou to be blaſted?

Rob. Oh Sir, you are welcome home; 'Twas time to come
Ere all was gone to hauocke.

Old Lio. My old ſeruant? before I ſhall demand of further buſines,
Reſolue me why thou thunder'ſt at theſe doores,
Where thou know'ſt none inhabits?

Rob. Are they gone Sir?
'Twas well they haue left the houſe behind;
For all the furniture, to a bare bench,
I am ſure is ſpent and waſted.

Old Lio. Where's my ſonne,
That Reignald poaſting for him with ſuch ſpeed,
Brings him not from the Countrey?

Rob. Countrey Sir?
'Tis a thing they know not; Heere they Feaſt,
Dice, Drinke, and Drab; The company they keepe,
Cheaters and Roaring-Ladds, and theſe attended
By Bawdes and Queanes: Your ſonne hath got a Strumpet,
On whom he ſpends all that your ſparing left,
And heere they keepe court; To whoſe damn'd abuſes,
Reignald giues all encouragement.

Old Lio. But ſtay ſtay;
No liuing ſoule hath for theſe ſixe moneths ſpace
Heere enter'd, but the houſe ſtood deſolate.

Rob. Laſt weeke I am ſure, ſo late, and th' other day,

Such Reuells were here kept.
Old Lio. And by my ſonne?
Rob. Yes, and his ſervant Reignald.
Old Lio. And this houſe at all not haunted?
Rob. Saue Sir with ſuch Sprights.

Enter Maſter Ricott.

Own. This Murder will come out.
Old Lio. But ſee, in happy time heere comes my Neighbour
Of whom he bought this manſion; He, I am ſure
More amply can reſolue me: I pray Sir,
What ſummes of moneys haue you late receiued
Of my young ſonne?
Ric. Of him? None I aſſure you.
Old Lio. What of my ſeruant Reignald?
Ric. But deuiſe
What to call leſſe then nothing, and that ſumme
I will confeſſe receiu'd.
Old Lio. Pray Sir, be ſerious;
I doe confeſſe my ſelfe indebted to you,
A hundred pound.
Ric. You may doe well to pay't then, for heere's witneſſe
Sufficient of your words.
Old Lio. I ſpeake no more
Then what I purpoſe; Iuſt ſo much I owe you,
And ere I ſleepe will tender.
Ric. I ſhall be
As ready to receiue it, and as willing,
As you can bee to pay't.
Old Lio. But prouided,
You will confeſſe ſeuen hundred pounds receiued
Before hand of my ſonne?
Ric. But by your fauour;
Why ſhould I yeeld ſeuen hundred [pounds] receiu'd
Of them I neuer dealt with? Why? For what?

What reaſon? What condition? Where or when
Should ſuch a ſumme be paid mee?
Old Lio. Why? For this bargaine: And for what? This houſe:
Reaſon? Becauſe you ſold it: The conditions? Such
As were agreed betweene you: Where and When?
That onely hath eſcapt me.
Ric. Madneſſe all.
Old Lio. Was I not brought to take free view thereof,
As of mine owne poſſeſsion?
Ric. I confeſſe;
Your ſeruant told me you had found out a wife
Fit for your ſonne, and that you meant to build;
Deſir'd to take a friendly view of mine,
To make it your example: But for ſelling,
I tell you Sir, my wants be not ſo great,
To change my houſe to Coyne.
Old Lio. Spare Sir your anger,
And turne it into pity; Neighbours and friends,
I am quite loſt, was neuer man ſo fool'd,
And by a wicked ſeruant; Shame and bluſhing
Will not permit to tell the manner how,
Leſt I be made ridiculous to all:
My feares are to inherit what's yet left;
He hath made my ſonne away.
Rob. That's my feare too.
Old Lio. Friends, as you would commiſerate a man
Depriu'd at once, both of his wealth and ſonne;
And in his age, by one I euer tender'd
More like a ſonne then ſeruant: By imagining
My caſe were yours, haue feeling of my griefes
And helpe to apprehend him; Furniſh me
With Cords and Fetters, I will lay him ſafe
In Priſon within Priſon.
Ric. Weel aſsiſt you.

Rob. And I.
Clo. And all;
But not to doe the leaſt hurt to my old friend Reignald.
Old Lio. His Leggs will be as nimble as his Braine,
And 'twill be difficult to ſeaze the ſlaue,

Enter Reignald *with a Horne in his pocket: they withdraw behind the Arras.*

Yet your endeauours, pray peace, heere hee comes.
Reig. My heart miſ-giues, for 'tis not poſsible
But that in all theſe windings and indents
I ſhall be found at laſt: I'le take that courſe
That men both troubled and affrighted doe,
Heape doubt on doubt, and as combuſtions riſe,
Try if from many I can make my peace,
And worke mine owne atonement.
Old Lio. Stand you cloſe,
Be not yet ſeene, but at your beſt aduantage
Hand him, and bind him faſt: Whil'ſt I diſſemble
As if I yet knew nothing.
Reig. I ſuſpect
And find there's trouble in my Maſters lookes;
Therefore I muſt not truſt my ſelfe too farre
Within his fingers.
Old Lio. Reignald?
Reig. Worſhipfull Sir.
Old Lio. What ſayes my ſonne ith' Countrey?
Reig. That to morrow,
Early ith' morning, heele attend your pleaſure,
And doe as all ſuch dutious children ought;
Demand your bleſsing Sir.
Old Lio. Well, 'tis well.
Reig. I doe not like his countenance.
Old Lio. But Reignald? I ſuſpect the honeſty
And the good meaning of my neighbour heere,
Old maſter Ricott; Meeting him but now,
And hauing ſome diſcourſe about the houſe,
He makes all ſtrange, and tells me in plaine termes,

Hee knowes of no ſuch matter.
Reig. Tell mee that Sir?
Old Lio. I tell thee as it is: Nor that ſuch moneys,
Tooke vp at vſe, were euer tender'd him
On any ſuch conditions.
Reig. I cannot blame your worſhip to bee pleaſant,
Knowing at what an vnder-rate we bought it, but you euer
Were a moſt merry Gentleman.
R. Lio. (Impudent ſlaue)
But Reignald, hee not onely doth denie it,
But offers to depoſe Himſelfe and Seruants,
No ſuch thing euer was.
Reig. Now Heauen, to ſee to what this world's growne too.
I will make him——
Old Lio. Nay more, this man will not confeſſe the Murder.
Reig. Which both ſhall deerely anſwere; You haue warrant
For him already; But for the other Sir,
If hee denie it, he had better——
Old Lio. Appeare Gentlemen, *Softly.*
'Tis a fit time to take him.
Reig. I diſcouer the Ambuſh that's laid for me.
Old Lio. Come neerer Reignald.
Reig. Firſt ſir reſolue me one thing, amongſt other Merchandize
Bought in your abſence by your Sonne and me,
Wee ingroſt a great comoditie of Combes,
And how many ſorts thinke you?
Old Lio. You might buy
Some of the bones of Fiſhes, ſome of Beaſts,
Box-combes, and Iuory-combes.
Reig. But beſides theſe, we haue for Horſes Sir,
Mayne-combes, and Curry-combes; Now Sir for men,
Wee haue Head-combes, Beard-combes, I and Cox-combes too;

Take view of them at your pleaſure, whil'ſt for my part,
I thus beſtow my ſelfe.

They all appeare with Cords and Shackels, Whileſt hee gets vp.

Clo. Well ſaid Reignald, nobly put off Reignald, Looke to thy ſelfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Why doſt thou climbe thus?

Reig. Onely to practice
The nimbleneſſe of my Armes and Legges,
Ere they prooue your Cords and Fetters.

Old Lio. Why to that place?

Reig. Why? becauſe Sir 'tis your owne Houſe; It hath bin my Harbour long, and now it muſt bee my Sanctuary; Diſpute now, and I'le anſwere.

Own. Villaine, what deuiliſh meaning had'ſt thou in't,
To challenge me of Murder?

Reig. Oh ſir, the man you kil'd is aliue at this preſent to iuſtifie it:
I am, quoth he, a Tranſ-marine by birth——

Ric. Why, challenge me receipt of Moneys, and to giue abroad,
That I had ſold my Houſe?

Reig. Why? becauſe ſir,
Could I haue purchaſt Houſes at that rate,
I had meant to haue bought all London.

Clo. Yes, and Middleſex too, and I would haue bin thy halfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Yours are great,
My wrongs inſufferable; As firſt, to fright mee
From mine owne dwelling, till they had conſumed
The whole remainder of the little left;
Beſides, out of my late ſtocke got at Sea,
Diſcharge the clamorous Vſurer; Make me accuſe
This man of Murder; Be at charge of warrants;
And challenging this my worthy Neighbour of

Forſwearing Summes hee neuer yet receiued ;
Foole mee, to thinke my Sonne that had ſpent all,
Had by his thrift bought Land ; I and him too,
To open all the ſecrets of his Houſe
To mee, a Stranger ; Oh thou inſolent villaine,
What to all theſe canſt anſwere ?

Reig. Guiltie, guiltie.

Old Lio. But to my Sonnes death, what thou ſlaue ?

Reig. Not Guiltie.

Old Lio. Produce him then ; Ith' meane time, and——

Honeſt Friends, get Ladders.

Reig. Yes, and come downe in your owne Ropes.

Own. I'le fetch a Peece and ſhoote him.

Reig. So the warrant in my Maſters pocket, will ſerue for my Murder ; And euer after ſhall my Ghoſt haunt this Houſe.

Clo. And I will ſay like Reignald,
This Ghoſt and I am Friends.

Old Lio. Bring faggots, I'le ſet fire vpon the Houſe,
Rather then this indure.

Reig. To burne Houſes is Fellony, and I'le not out
Till I be fir'd out ; But ſince I am Beſieged thus,
I'le ſummon ſupplies vnto my Reſcue.

Hee windes a Horne. Enter Young Lionell, Rioter, *two* Gallants Blanda, &c.

Y. Lio. Before you chide, firſt heere mee, next your Bleſsing,
That on my knees I begge ; I haue but done
Like miſ-ſpent youth, which after wit deere bought,
Turnes his Eyes inward, ſorrie and aſhamed ;
Theſe things in which I haue offended moſt,
Had I not prooued, I ſhould haue thought them ſtill

Eſſential things, delights perdureable;
Which now I find meere Shaddowes, Toyes and Dreames,
Now hated more then earſt I doated on;
Beſt Natures, are ſooneſt wrought on; Such was mine;
As I the offences, So the offendors throw
Heere at your feete, to puniſh as you pleaſe;
You haue but paid ſo much as I haue waſted,
To purchaſe to your ſelfe a thrifty Sonne;
Which I from hencefoorth, Vow.

Old Lio. See what Fathers are,
That can three yeeres offences, fowle ones too,
Thus in a Minute pardon; And thy faults
Vpon my ſelfe chaſtiſe, in theſe my Teares;
Ere this Submiſsion, I had caſt thee off;
Riſe in my new Adoption: But for theſe——

Clo. The one you haue nothing to doe withall, here's his Ticket for his diſcharge; Another for you Sir, to Summon you to my Maſters Feaſt, For you, and you, where I charge you all to appeare, vpon his diſpleaſure, and your owne apperils.

Y. Lio. This is my Friend, the other one I loued,
Onely becauſe they haue bin deere to him
That now will ſtriue to be more deere to you;
Vouchſafe their pardon.

Old Lio. All deere, to me indeed, for I haue payd for't ſoundly,
Yet for thy ſake, I am atton'd with all; Onely that wanton,
Her, and her Company, abandon quite;
So doing, wee are friends.

Y. Lio. A iuſt Condition, and willingly ſubſcrib'd to.

Old Lio. But for that Villaine; I am now deuiſing
What ſhame, what puniſhment remarkable,

To inflict on him.

Reig. Why Maſter? Haue I laboured,
Plotted, Contriued, and all this while for you,
And will you leaue me to the Whip and Stockes;
Not mediate my peace.

Old Lio. Sirra, come downe.

Reig. Not till my Pardon 's ſealed, I'le rather ſtand heere
Like a Statue, in, in the Fore-front of your houſe
For euer; Like the picture of Dame Fortune
Before the Fortune Play-houſe.

Y. Lio. If I haue heere
But any Friend amongſt you, ioyne with mee
In this petition.

Clo. Good Sir, for my ſake, I reſolued you truly
Concerning Whooping, the Noyſe, the Walking, and the Sprights,
And for a need, can ſhew you a Ticket for him too.

Own. I impute my wrongs rather to knauiſh Cunning,
Then leaſt pretended Malice.

Ric. What he did,
Was but for his Young Maſter, I allow it
Rather as ſports of Wit, then iniuries;
No other pray eſteeme them.

Old Lio. Euen as freely,
As you forget my quarells made with you;
Rais'd from the Errours firſt begot by him;
I heere remit all free; I now am Calme,
But had I ſeaz'd vpon him in my Spleene——

Reig. I knew that, therefore this was my Inuention,
For Pollicie 's the art ſtill of Preuention.

Clo. Come downe then Reignald, firſt on your hands and feete, and then on your knees to your Maſter; Now Gentlemen, what doe you ſay to your inuiting to my Maſters Feaſt.

Ric. Wee will attend him.

Old Lio. Nor doe I loue to breake good company;
For Maſter Wincott is my worthy Friend,

Enter Reignald.

And old acquaintance; Oh thou crafty Wag-ſtring,
And could'ſt thou thus delude me? But we are Friends;
Nor Gentlemen, let not what's heere to paſt,
In your leaſt thoughts diſable my Eſtate;
This my laſt Voyage hath made all things good,
With ſurplus too; Be that your comfort Sonne:
Well Reignald——But no more.

Reig. I was the Fox,
But I from hencefoorth, will no more the Cox——Combe, put vpon your pate.

Old Lio. Let 's walke Gentlemen.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Old Geraldine, *and* Young Geraldine.

Old Ger. Sonne, let me tell you, you are ill aduiſed;
And doubly to be blam'd, by vndertaking
Vnneceſſary trauell; Grounding no reaſon
For ſuch a raſh and giddy enterpriſe:
What profit aime you at, you haue not reapt;
What Nouelty affoords the Chriſtian world,
Of which your view hath not participated
In a full meaſure; Can you either better
Your language or experience? Your ſelfe-will
Hath onely purpoſe to depriue a father

Of a loued ſonne, and many noble friends,
Of your much wiſht acquaintance.
Y. Ger. Oh, deare Sir,
Doe not, I doe intreat you, now repent you
Of your free grant; Which with ſuch care and ſtuddy,
I haue ſo long, ſo often laboured for.
Old Ger. Say that may be diſpens'd with, ſhew me reaſon
Why you deſire to ſteale out of your Countrey,
Like ſome Malefactor that had forfeited
His life and freedome; Heere's a worthy Gentleman
Hath for your ſake inuited many gueſts,
To his great charge, onely to take of you
A parting leaue: You ſend him word you cannot,
After, you may not come: Had not my vrgence,
Almoſt compulſion, driuen you to his houſe,
Th' vnkindneſſe might haue forfeited your loue,
And raced you from his will; In which he hath giuen you
A faire and large eſtate; Yet you of all this ſtrangeneſſe,
Show no ſufficient ground.
Y. Ger. Then vnderſtand;
The ground thereof tooke his firſt birth from you;
'Twas you firſt charg'd me to forbeare the houſe,
And that vpon your bleſſing: Let it not then
Offend you Sir, if I ſo great a charge
Haue ſtriu'd to keepe ſo ſtrictly.
Old Ger. Mee perhaps,
You may appeaſe, and with ſmall difficulty,
Becauſe a Father; But how ſatisfie
Their deare, and on your part, vnmerited loue?
But this your laſt obedience may ſalue all:
Wee now grow neere the houſe.
Y. Ger. Whoſe doores, to mee,
Appeare as horrid as the gates of Hell:
Where ſhall I borrow patience, or from whence?

Enter Wincott, Wife, Ricott, *the two* Lionells, Owner, Dalauill, Prudentilla, Reignald, Rioter.

To giue a meeting to this viperous brood,
Of Friend and Miſtris.
Winc. Y'aue entertain'd me with a ſtrange diſcourſe
Of your mans knauiſh wit, but I reioyce,
That in your ſafe returne, all ends ſo well:
Moſt welcome you, and you, and indeed all;
To whom I am bound, that at ſo ſhort a warning,
Thus friendly, you will deigne to viſit me.
Old Lio. It ſeemes my abſence hath begot ſome ſport,
Thanke my kinde ſeruant heere.
Reig. Not ſo much worth Sir.
Old Lio. But though their riots tript at my eſtate,
They haue not quite ore-throwne it.
Winc. But ſee Gentlemen,
Theſe whom we moſt expected, come at length;
This I proclaime the maſter of the Feaſt,
In which to expreſſe the bounty of my loue,
I'le ſhew my ſelfe no niggard.
Y. Ger. Your choiſe fauours
I ſtill taſte in abundance.
Wife. Methinks it would not miſ-become me Sir,
To chide your abſence; That haue made your ſelfe,
To vs, ſo long a ſtranger.

Hee turnes away ſad, as not being minded.

Y. Ger. Pardon mee Sir,
That haue not yet, ſince your returne from Sea,
Voted the leaſt fit opportunity,
To entertaine you with a kind ſalute.
Old Lio. Moſt kindly Sir I thanke you.
Dal. Methinks friend,

You ſhould expect greene ruſhes to be ſtrow'd,
After ſuch diſcontinuance.
Y. Ger. Miſtris Pru,
I haue not ſeene you long, but greet you thus,
May you be Lady of a better husband
Then I expect a wife.
Winc. I like that greeting:
Nay, enter Gentlemen; Dinner perhaps
Is not yet ready, but the time we ſtay,
Weele find ſome freſh diſcourſe to ſpend away.
Exeunt.

Manet Dalauill.

Dal. Not ſpeake to me? nor once vouchſafe an anſwere,
But ſleight me with a poore and baſe neglect?
No, nor ſo much as caſt an eye on her,
Or leaſt regard, though in a ſeeming ſhew
Shee courted a reply? 'twixt him and her,
Nay him and mee, this was not wont to be;
If ſhe haue braine to apprehend as much

Enter Young Geraldine *and* Wife.

As I haue done, ſheele quickly find it out:
Now as I liue, as our affections meete,
So our conceits, and ſhee hath ſingled him
To ſome ſuch purpoſe: I'le retire my ſelfe,
Not interrupt their conference. *Exit.*
Wife. You are ſad Sir.
Y. Ger. I know no cauſe.
Wife. Then can I ſhew you ſome;
Who could be otherwayes, to leaue a Father
So carefull, and each way ſo prouident?
To leaue ſo many, and ſuch worthy Friends?
To abandon your owne countrey? Theſe are ſome,
Nor doe I thinke you can be much the merrier
For my ſake?

Y. Ger. Now your tongue ſpeakes Oracles;
For all the reſt are nothing, 'tis for you,
Onely for you I cannot.
Wife. So I thought;
Why then haue you bin all this while ſo ſtrange?
Why will you trauell? ſuing a diuorce
Betwixt vs, of a loue inſeperable;
For heere ſhall I be left as deſolate
Vnto a frozen, almoſt widdowed bed;
Warm'd onely in that future, ſtor'd in you;
For who can in your abſence comfort me?
Y. Ger. Shall my oppreſſed ſufferance yet breake foorth
Into impatience, or endure her more?
Wife. But ſince by no perſwaſion, no intreats,
Your ſetled obſtinacy can be ſwai'd,
Though you ſeeme deſperate of your owne deare life,
Haue care of mine, for it exiſts in you.
Oh Sir, ſhould you miſcarry I were loſt,
Loſt and forſaken; Then by our paſt vowes,
And by this hand once giuen mee, by theſe teares,
Which are but ſprings begetting greater floods,
I doe beſeech thee, my deere Geraldine,
Looke to thy ſafety, and preſerue thy health;
Haue care into what company you fall;
Trauell not late, and croſſe no dangerous Seas;
For till Heauens bleſſe me in thy ſafe returne,
How will this poore heart ſuffer?
Y. Ger. I had thought
Long ſince the Syrens had bin all deſtroy'd;
But one of them I find furuiues in her;
Shee almoſt makes me queſtion what I know,
An Hereticke vnto my owne beliefe:
Oh thou mankinds ſeducer.
Wife. What? no anſwere?
Y. Ger. Yes, thou haſt ſpoke to me in Showres,
I will reply in Thunder; Thou Adultreſſe,
That haſt more poyſon in thee then the Serpent,

Who was the firſt that did corrupt thy ſex,
The Deuill.
Wife. To whom ſpeakes the man?
Y. Ger. To thee,
Falſeſt of all that euer man term'd faire;
Hath Impudence ſo ſteel'd thy ſmooth ſoft skin,
It cannot bluſh? Or ſinne ſo obdur'd thy heart,
It doth not quake and tremble? Search thy conſcience,
There thou ſhalt find a thouſand clamorous tongues
To ſpeake as loud as mine doth.
Wife. Saue from yours,
I heare no noiſe at all.
Y. Ger. I'le play the Doctor
To open thy deafe eares; Munday the Ninth
Of the laſt Moneth; Canſt thou remember that?
That Night more blacke in thy abhorred ſinne,
Then in the gloomie darkneſſe; That the time.
Wife. Munday?
Y. Ger. Wouldeſt thou the place know? Thy polluted Chamber,
So often witneſſe of my ſin-leſſe vowes;
Wouldeſt thou the Perſon? One not worthy Name,
Yet to torment thy guilty Soule the more,
I'le tell him thee, That Monſter Dalauill;
Wouldeſt thou your Bawd know? Mid-night, that the houre:
The very words thou ſpake; Now what would Geraldine
Say, if he ſaw vs heere? To which was anſwered,
Tuſh hee's a Cox-combe, fit to be ſo fool'd:
No bluſh? What, no faint Feauer on thee yet?
How hath thy blacke ſins chang'd thee? Thou *Meduſa*,
Thoſe Haires that late appeared like golden Wyers,
Now crawle with Snakes and Adders; Thou art vgly.
Wife. And yet my glaſſe, till now, neere told me ſo;

Who gaue you this intelligence?
Y. Ger. Onely hee,
That pittying ſuch an Innocencie as mine,
Should by two ſuch delinquents bee betray'd,
Hee brought me to that place by mirracle;
And made me an eare witneſſe of all this.
Wife. I am vndone.
Y. Ger. But thinke what thou haſt loſt
To forfeit mee; I not withſtanding theſe,
(So fixt was my loue and vnutterable)
I kept this from thy Husband, nay all eares,
With thy tranſgreſsions ſmothering mine owne wrongs,
In hope of thy Repentance.
Wife. Which begins
Thus low vpon my knees.
Y. Ger. Tuſh, bow to Heauen,
Which thou haſt moſt offended; I alas,
Saue in ſuch (Scarce vnheard of) Treacherie,
Moſt ſinfull like thy ſelfe; Wherein, Oh wherein,
Hath my vnſpotted and vnbounded Loue
Deſeru'd the leaſt of theſe? Sworne to be made a ſtale
For terme of life; And all this for my goodneſſe;
Die, and die ſoone, acquit me of my Oath,
But prethee die repentant; Farewell euer,
'Tis thou, and onely thou haſt Baniſht mee,
Both from my Friends and Countrey.
Wife. Oh, I am loſt. *Sinkes downe.*

Enter Dalauill *meeting* Young Geraldine *going out.*

Dal. Why how now, what's the buſineſſe?
Y. Ger. Goe take her Vp, whom thou haſt oft throwne Downe,
Villaine.
Dal. That was no language from a Friend,
It had too harſh an accent; But how's this?
My Miſtreſſe thus low caſt vpon the earth
Grauelling and breathleſſe, Miſtreſſe, Lady, Sweet——

Wife. Oh tell me if thy name be Geraldine,
Thy very lookes will kill mee?
Dal. View me well,
I am no ſuch man; See, I am Dalauill.
Wife. Th'art then a Deuill, that preſents before mee
My horrid ſins; perſwades me to diſpaire;
When hee like a good Angel ſent from Heauen,
Beſought me of repentance; Swell ſicke Heart,
Euen till thou burſt the ribs that bound thee in;
So, there's one ſtring crackt, flow, and flow high,
Euen till thy blood diſtill out of mine eyes,
To witneſſe my great ſorrow.
Dal. Faint againe,
Some helpe within there, no attendant neere?
Thus to expire, in this I am more wretched,
Then all the ſweet fruition of her loue
Before could make me happy.

Enter Wincott, Old Geraldine, Young Geraldine, *the two* Lionells, Ricott, Owner, Prudentilla, Reignald, Clowne.

Winc. What was hee
Clamor'd ſo lowd, to mingle with our mirth
This terrour and affright?
Dal. See Sir, your Wife in theſe my armes expiring.
Winc. How?
Prud. My ſiſter?
Winc. Support her, and by all meanes poſsible
Prouide for her deere ſafety.
Old Ger. See, ſhee recouers.
Winc. Woman, looke vp.
Wife. Oh Sir, your pardon;
Conuey me to my Chamber, I am ſicke,
Sicke euen to death, away thou Sycophant,
Out of my ſight, I haue beſides thy ſelfe,

Too many ſinnes about mee.
Clo. My ſweet Miſtreſſe.
Dal. The ſtorme's comming, I muſt prouide for harbour. *Exit.*
Old Lio. What ſtrange and ſudden alteration's this,
How quickly is this cleere day ouercaſt;
But ſuch and ſo vncertaine are all things,
That dwell beneath the Moone.
Y. Lio. A Womans qualme,
Frailties that are inherent to her ſex,
Soone ſicke, and ſoone recouer'd.
Winc. If ſhee misfare,
I am a man more wretched in her loſſe,
Then had I forfeited life and eſtate;
Shee was ſo good a creature.
Old Ger. I the like
Suffer'd, when I my Wife brought vnto her graue;
So you, when you were firſt a widower;
Come arme your ſelfe with patience.
Ric. Theſe are caſualties
That are not new, but common.
Reig. Burying of Wiues,
As ſtale as ſhifting ſhirts, or for ſome ſeruants,
To flout and gull their Maſters.
Own. Beſt to ſend
And ſee how her fit holds her.

Enter Prudentilla *and* Clowne.

Prud. Sir, my Siſter
In theſe few Lines commends her laſt to you,
For ſhe is now no more; What's therein writ,
Saue Heauen and you, none knowes; This ſhe deſir'd
You would take view of; and with theſe words expired.
Winc. Dead?

Y. Ger. She hath made me then a free releaſe,
Of all the debts I owed her.
Winc. My feare is beyond pardon, Dalauill
Hath plaid the villaine, but for Geraldine,
Hee hath bin each way Noble——Loue him ſtill,
My peace already I haue made with Heauen;
Oh be not you at warre with me; My Honour
Is in your hands to puniſh, or preſerue;
I am now Confeſt, and only Geraldine
Hath wrought on mee this vnexpected good;
The Inke I write with, I wiſh had bin my blood,
To witneſſe my Repentance——Dalauill?
Where's hee? Goe ſeeke him out.
Clo. I ſhall, I ſhall Sir. *Exit.*
Winc. The Wills of Dead folke ſhould be ſtill obeyed;
How euer falſe to mee, I'le not reueale't;
Where Heauen forgiues, I pardon Gentlemen,
I know you all commiſerate my loſſe;
I little thought this Feaſt ſhould haue bin turn'd

Enter Clowne.

Into a Funerall; What's the newes of him?
Clo. Hee went preſently to the Stable, put the Sadle vpon his Horſe, put his Foote into the Stirrup, clapt his Spurres into his ſides, and away hee's Gallopt, as if hee were to ride a Race for a Wager.
Winc. All our ill lucks goe with him, farewell hee;
But all my beſt of wiſhes wait on you,
As my chiefe Friend; This meeting that was made
Onely to take of you a parting leaue,
Shall now be made a Marriage of our Loue,
Which none ſaue onely Death ſhall ſeparate.
Y. Ger. It calles me from all Trauell, and from hencefoorth,
With my Countrey I am Friends.
Winc. The Lands that I haue left,

You lend mee for the ſhort ſpace of my life;
As ſoone as Heauen calles mee, they call you Lord;
Firſt feaſt, and after Mourne; Wee'le like ſome Gallants
That Bury thrifty Fathers, think't no ſinne,
To weare Blacks without, but other Thoughts within.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A Pleaſant Comedy, called

A

MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST.

As it hath beene publickly Acted at the *Cocke-pit in Drury-lane, with much Applauſe*: *By her* Maieſties *Seruants.*

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent, aut delectare.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Iohn Iackſon* and *Francis Church*, and are to be ſold at the *Kings Armes* in *Cheape-ſide.* 1634.

76967

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader, (of what ſexe ſoever) let not the Title of this Play any way deterre thee from the peruſall thereof: For there is nothing herein contained, which doth deuiate either from Modeſty, *or good* Manners. *For though the Argument be drawne from a* Maydenhead *loſt, yet to be well loſt, cleares it from all aſperſion. Neither can this be drawne within the Criticall cenſure of that moſt horrible* Hiſtriomaſtix, *whoſe vncharitable doome having damned all ſuch to the flames of Hell, hath it ſelfe already ſuffered a moſt remarkeable fire here vpon Earth. This hath beene frequently, and publickly Acted without exception, and I preſume may be freely read without diſtaſte; and of all in*

generall: excepting ſuch, whoſe prepared palats, diſguſting all Poems *of this nature, are poyſoned with the bitter iuice of that* Coloquintida *and* Hemlocke, *which can neither reliſh the peace of the* Church *nor* Common-weale. *Nothing remaineth further to be ſaid, but read charitably, and then cenſure without preiudice.*

By him who hath beene euer ſtudious of thy fauour,

Thomas Heywood.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

The Duke of *Florence.*
The Prince of *Florence.*
Mounſieur, the Tutor to the Prince.
The Widdow of the Generall.
Sforſa.
Their Daughter *Lauretta.*
The Clowne their Seruant.
A Huntſman.
A Lord of *Florence.*
The Duke of *Millaine.*
The Prince of *Parma.*
Julia Daughter to *Millain.*
Stroza Secretary to the Duke.
A Souldier of *Sforza'es.*
Three maimed Souldiers.
A Lord of *Millaine.*
Attendants.
Other Lords, *&c.*

The Prologue.

PRologues to Playes *in vſe, and common are,*
As Vſhers to Great Ladies ; *Both walke bare,*
And comely both ; conducting Beauty they
And wee appeare, to vſher in our Play.
Yet, be their faces foule, or featur'd well,
Be they hard-fauoured, or in lookes excell,
Yet being Vſher, he owes no leſſe duty
Vnto the moſt deformed, then the choiſe Beautie.
It is our caſe ; we vſher Acts *and* Scenes,
Some honeſt, and yet ſome may proue like Queanes.
(*Looſe and baſe ſtuffe*) *yet that is not our fault,*
We walke before, but not like Panders hault
Before ſuch cripled ware : Th' Acts we preſent
We hope are Virgins, drawne for your content
Vnto this Stage : Maides gratefull are to Men,
Our Scenes *being ſuch,* (*like ſuch*) *accept them then.*

A MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iulia and Stroza.

Iulia.

THat ſhee ſhould doo't?
Stroza. Shee?
Iul. May we build vpon't?
St. As on a baſe of Marble; I have ſeene
Strange paſſages of loue, looſe enterchanges
Of hands and eyes betwixt her and the Prince,
Madame looke too't.
Iul. What hope hath he in one
So meanly bred? or ſhee t'obtaine a Prince
Of ſuch diſcent and linnage?
Str. What but this
That you muſt vndergoe the name of wife,
And ſhe to intercept the ſweetes of loue
Due to your bed.
Iul. To be his ſtrumpet *Stroza*?
Str. Madame a woman may gueſſe vnhappily.

Iul. Thou ſhouldſt be honeſt *Stroza.*
Str. Yes, many ſhould
Be what they are not: but I alwayes was,
And euer will be one, (that's ſtill my ſelfe.)
Iul. The Generall *Sforſaes* daughter? is't not ſhe?
Str. Is that yet queſtioned? as if the chaſte Court
Had ſaue her ſelfe one ſo degenerate,
So diſſolutely wanton, ſo profuſe
In proſtitution too, ſo impudent
And bluſhleſſe in her proud ambitious aime,
As if no man could her intemperance pleaſe,
Saue him whom Heaven hath deſtin'd to your bed.
Iul. I never ſaw them yet familiar.
Str. Ha, ha, as if they'd ſend for you to ſee't,
To witneſſe what they moſt ſtriue to conceale,
Be guld? be branded: 'las to me, all's nothing,
I ſhall ne're ſmart for't, what is't to me?
If being a Bride, you haue a widdowed fortune;
If being married, you muſt throw your ſelfe
Vpon a deſolate bed, and in your armes,
Claſpe nought but Ayre, whilſt his armes full of pleaſure
Borrow'd from a ſtolne beauty, ſhall this grieue
Or trouble me? breake my ſleepes? make me ſtarte
At midnight vp, and fill the houſe with clamours?
Shall this bring ſtrange brats to be bred and brought
Vp at my fire, and call me Dad? No: this
Concernes not me more then my loue to you
To your high Soueraignty.
Iul. I now repent
Too late, ſince I too lauiſhly haue giuen him
The vtmoſt he could aske, and ſtretcht my honour
Beyond all lawfull bounds of modeſty.
Hee's couetous of others, and neglects

His owne; but I will part thoſe their ſtolne pleaſures,
And croſſe thoſe luſtfull ſports they haue in chaſe,
Not be the pillow to my owne diſgrace. *Exit.*

Str. The game's on foote, and there's an eaſie path
To my reuenge; this beauteous *Millanois*
Vnto th' Duke ſole heire, ſtill courted, crau'd,
And by the *Parma* Prince ſollicited,
Which I ſtill ſtudy how to breake, and caſt
Aſperſions betwixt both of ſtrange diſlike;
But wherein hath the other innocent Mayde
So iniur'd me, that I ſhould ſcandall her?
Her Father is the Generall to the Duke:
For when I ſtuddied to be rais'd by Armes,
And purchaſe me high eminence in Campe,
He croſt my fortunes, and return'd me home
A Caſhierd Captaine; for which iniury
I ſcandall all his meanes vnto the Duke,
And to the Princeſſe all his daughters vertues
I labour to inuert, and bring them both
Into diſgracefull hatred.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. *Storza?*
Str. My Lord?
Par. Saw you the Princeſſe?
Str. *Iulia?*
Par. She?
Str. I haue my Lord of late no eare of hers,
Nor ſhe a tongue of mine; the time hath bin
Till ſoothing Sycophants and Court Paraſites
Supplanted me.
Par. I haue the power with her
To bring thee into grace.
Str. Haue you the power
To keepe your ſelfe in? doe you ſmile my Lord?

Par. I tell thee *Stroza*, I haue that intereſt
In *Iulias* boſome, that the proudeſt Prince
In *Italy* cannot ſupplant me thence.
Str. Sir,
I no way queſtion it: but haue I not knowne
A Prince hath bin repulſt, and meaneſt perſons
Boſom'd? the Prince would once have lookt vpon me,
When ſmall intreaty would haue gain'd an eye,
An eare, a tongue, to ſpeake yea, and a heart,
To thinke I could be ſecret.
Par. What meanes *Stroza?*
Str. But 'tis the fate of all mortality:
Man cannot long be happy; but my paſſion
Will make me turne blab, I ſhall out with all.
Par. Whence comes this? 'tis ſuſpicious, and I muſt be
Inquiſitiue to know't.
Str. A Ieſt my Lord,
I'le tell you a good Ieſt.
Par. Prithee let's heare it.
Str. What will you ſay, if at your meeting next
With this faire Princeſſe? ſhee begins to raue,
To raile vpon you, to exclaime on your
Inconſtancy, and call the innocent name
Of ſome chaſte Maide in queſtion, whom perhaps
You neuer ey'd my Lord.
Par. What of all this?
Str. What but to excuſe her owne: (I'le not ſay what)
Put off the purpos'd Contract: and my Lord
Come, come, I know you haue a pregnant wit.
Par. We parted laſt with all the kindeſt greeting
Louers could adde fare-well with: but ſhould this change
Suite thy report, I ſhould be forc't to thinke
That, which euen Oracles themſelues could neuer
Force me to that ſhe is.

Str. All women are not
Sincerely conſtant, but obſerue my Lord.

Enter Iulia, *the Generals Wife, and* Lauretta *her Daughter.*

Iul. Minion is'ſt you? there's for you, know your owne.

Iulia meets her and ſtrikes her, then ſpeakes.

Str. Obſeru'd you that my Lord?

Lau. Why did you ſtrike me Madame?

Iul. Strumpet, why?
Dare you conteſt with vs?

Lau. Who dare with Princeſſe? ſubjects muſt forbeare
Each ſtep I treade I'le water with a teare.

Exeunt Mother and Lauretta *weeping.*

Str. I ſpy a ſtorme a comming, Ile to ſhelter.

Exit Stro.

Par. Your meaning Madame?

Iul. Did it Sir with yours
But correſpond, it would be bad indeede.

Par. Why did you ſtrike that Lady?

Iul. Cauſe you ſhould pitty her.

Par. Small cauſe for blowes.

Iul. I ſtrucke her publickly.
You give her blowes in priuate.

Par. *Stroza* ſtill?

Iul. Go periurd and diſpoſe thy falſe allurements
'Mongſt them that will beleeue thee, thou haſt loſt
Thy credit here for euer.

Par. I ſhall finde
Faith elſe-where then.

Iul. Eye ſpread thy ſnares
To catch poore innocent Maides: and hauing tane them
In the like pit-fall, with their ſhipwrackt honours,
Make feaſure of their liues.

Par. Iniurious Lady,
All thou canſt touch my Honour with, I caſt
On thee, and henceforth I will flye thee as
A Baſaliske. I haue found the change of luſt,
Your looſe inconſtancy, which is as plaine
To me, as were it writ vpon thy brow,
You ſhall not caſt me off: I hate thy ſight,
And from this houre I will abiure thee quite.
Exit Parma.

Iul. Ile call him backe: if *Stroza* be no villaine,
He is not worth my clamour. What was that
Startled within me? Oh I am diſhonoured
Perpetually; for he hath left behinde
That pledge of his acquaintance, that will for euer
Cleaue to my blood in ſcandall, I muſt now
Sue, ſend, and craue, and what before I ſcorn'd
By prayers to grant, ſubmiſſiuely implore. *Exit* Iulia.

A flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Millenie, *the Generals wife, and deliuers a petition with* Stroza, Lauretta, *and attendants.*

Duke. Lady your ſuite?
Wife. So pleaſe your Grace peruſe it,
It is included there.
Duk. Our generals Wife?
We know you Lady, and your beauteous Daughter,
Nay you ſhall ſpare your knee.
Str. More plot for mee;
My brain's in labour, and muſt be deliuered
Of ſome new miſcheife?
Duk. You petition heere
For Men and Money! making a free relation
Of all your Husbands fortunes, how ſupplyes
Haue beene delay'd, and what extremities
He hath indurd at *Naples* dreadfull Seige;
Wee know them all, and withall doe acknowledge
All plentious bleſſings by the power of Heauen,
By him wee doe obtaine, and by his valour

Lady we greue he hath beene ſo neglected.
Wife. O Roiall Sir, you ſtill were Gratious,
But twixt your Vertues and his Merits there
Hath beene ſome interception, that hath ſtopt
The current of your fauours.
Duk. All which ſhal bee remou'd, and hee appeare
Henceforth a bright ſtarre in our courtly ſpheare.
Str. But no ſuch Comet here ſhall daze my ſight,
Whilſt I a Cloud am to Eclips that light. *Exit Stroza.*
Duk. We ſent out our Commiſſions two Monthes ſince
For Men and Money, nor was't our intent
It ſhould bee thus delayd: though we are Prince,
We onely can command, to execute
Tis not in vs but in our Officers,
We vnderſtand that by their negligence
He has beene put to much extremity
Of Dearth and Famine, many a ſtormy night
Beene forc'd to roofe himſelfe i'th open field,
Nay more then this, much of his owne reuenue
He hath expended, all to pay his Souldiers:
Yet Reuerend Madame, but forget what's paſt,
Though late, weele quit his merit at the laſt.

Enter Iulia and Stroza whiſpering.

Wife. Your Highneſſe is moſt Royall?
Stro. Her Father ſhall be in the Campe releiu'd,
She grac'd in Court, how will ſhe braue you then?
If ſuffer this take all? why the meaneſt Lady
Would neuer brooke an equall? you a Princeſſe?
And can you brooke a baſe competitor?
Iulia. It ſhall not, we are fixt and ſtand immou'd,
And will be ſwaid by no hand.
Duk. *Iulia?*
Iulia. A Sutor to that Lady Royall Father,
Before ſhe be a widdow that you are
So priuate in diſcourſe?

Duk. O you miſtake,
For ſhee the ſutor is, and hath obtain'd.
Iulia. I am glad I haue found you in the giuing vaine,
Will you grant me one boone to?
Duk. Queſtion not,
To haſt your Marriage with the former Prince,
Or at the leaſt the contract, is't not that?
Iulia. Say twere my Lord?
Duk. It could not be denide.
But ſpeake? thy ſuite?
Iulia. To haue this modeſt Gentlewoman
Baniſht the Court.
Wife. My Daughter Royall princeſſe,
Show vs ſome cauſe I beg it?
Iulia. Lady though
You be i'th begging vaine, I am not now
In the giuing, will you leaue vs?
Lauretta. Wherein O Heauen
Haue I deſeru'd your wrath, that you ſhould thus
Perſue me? I haue ſearcht, indeed beyond
My underſtanding, but yet cannot finde?
Wherein I haue offended by my chaſtity.
Iulia. How chaſtity?
A thing long ſought 'mongſt Captains wiues and daughters,
Yet hardly can bee found.
Duk. Faire Lady yeild
Vnto my daughters ſpleen her rage blowne 'ore,
Feare not, Ile make your peace, as for your ſuite
Touching your husband, that will I ſecure.
Iul. Haſte *Stroza*, vnto the Prince his chamber,
Giue him this letter, it concernes my honor,
My ſtate, my life, all that I can call good
Depends vpon the ſafe deliuery
Of theſe few broken Letters.
Str. Maddam, tis done——— *Exit.*
Iul. What ſtayes ſhe to out-face me?
Lau. Madam, I yeeld

Way to your ſpleene, not knowing whence it growes,
Bearing your words more heauy then your blowes.
Wife. Small hope there is to ſee the Father righted
When the child is thus wrong'd.

Enter a Souldier and Stroza.

Soul. Muſt ſpeake with the Duke.
Str. Muſt fellow? ſtay your howre, and dance attendance
Vntill the Duke's at leiſure.
Soul. Ile doe neither,
I come in haſte with newes.
Str. Why then keepe out ſir.
Soul. Ha Milkſop? know perculliſt gates
Though kept with Pikes & Muskets, could nere kepe me out
And doſt thou thinke to ſhut me out with Wainſcot?
Duk. What's he?
Soul. A Souldier.
Duk. Whence?
Soul. The Campe.
Duk. The newes?
Soul. A mighty loſſe; a glorious victory.
Duke. But which the greater?
Soul. Tis vncertaine ſir:
But will you heare the beſt or bad newes firſt?
Duke. Cheere me with conqueſt firſt, that being arm'd
With thy beſt newes, we better may endure
What ſounds more fatall.
Soul. Heare me then my Lord,
We ſack't the Citty after nine Moneths ſiege,
Furniſht with ſtore of all warres furniture,
Our (neuer to be praiſd enough) braue Generall
Fought in the Cannons face, their number ſtill
Increaſt, but ours diminiſht; their ſouldiers pay
Doubled, and ours kept backe: but we (braue ſpirits)

The leſſe we had of Coyne, the more we tooke
Vnto our ſelues of Courage, but when all
Our furniture was ſpent euen to one day,
And that to morrow we muſt be inforc't
To raiſe a ſhameful ſiege, then ſtood our General
(Our valiant General) vp, and breath'd vpon vs
His owne vndaunted ſpirit, which ſpred through
The Campe, return'd it doubly arm'd againe:
For he did meane to lay vpon one ſhott
His ſtate and fortune, and then inſtantly
He bad vs arme and follow: On then he went,
We after him; oh! 'twas a glorious ſight,
Fit for a Theater of Gods to ſee,
How we made vp and mauger all oppoſure,
Made way through raging ſtormes of ſhowring bullets;
At laſt we came to hooke our ladders, and
By them to skale. The firſt that mounted, was
Our bold couragious Generall: after him
Ten thouſand, ſo we inſtantly were made
Lords of the Citty, purchas'd in two houres
After a nine Moneths ſiege: all by the valour
Of our approued Generall.

Duke. I neuer heard a brauer victory,
But what's our loſſe?

Soul. Oh that, which ten ſuch Conqueſts
Cannot make good, your worthy Generall.

Wife. My Lord and husband? ſpare me paſſion,
I muſt with-draw to death. *Exit.*

Duke. How periſh't he?
What dy'de he by the ſword?

Soul. Sword? No alas,
No ſword durſt byte vpon his noble fleſh,
Nor bullet raze his skinne: he whom War feared,
The Cannon ſpar'd, no ſteele durſt venture on.
No Duke, 'twas thy vnkinde ingratitude
Hath ſlaine braue *Sforza*.

Duke. Speake the cauſe?

Soul. I ſhall:
This Citty feaz'd, his purpoſe was the ſpoyle

To give his Souldiers ; but when his ſeal'd Commiſſion
He had vnript, and ſaw expreſſe command,
To deale no farther then to victory,
And that his great Authority was curb'd,
And giuen to others, that reſpect their profit
More then the worth of ſouldiers : euen for griefe,
That he could neither furniſh vs with pay
Which was kept back, nor guerdon vs with ſpoile,
What was about him he diſtributed,
Euen to the beſt deſeruers, as his garments,
His Armes, and Tent, then ſome few words ſpake,
And ſo oppreſt with griefe, his great heart brake.
Str. There's one gone then.
Duke. Attend for thy reward,
So leaue vs.
Soul. Pray on whom ſhall I attend?
Who is't muſt pay me?
Str. I ſir.
Soul. You ſir? tell me,
Will it not coſt me more the waiting for,
Then the ſumme comes to when it is receiu'd?
I doe but aske the queſtion.
Str. You are a bold
And ſaucy ſouldier.
Soul. You are a cunning ſlaue,
And cowardly Courtier.
Duke. See all things be diſpatcht
Touching conditions of attoned peace
'Twixt vs and *Naples* : ſee that ſouldier to
Haue his reward.
Soul. Come will you pay me ſir? *Exit Soul.*
Str. Sir, will you walke : as for your ſaucineſſe
I'le teach you a Court-tricke : you ſhal be taught
How to attend.
Duke. But that our General's loſt :
Str. Is't not now peace, what ſhould a Generall doe?
Had he return'd, he would haue lookt for honours,
This ſuite and that for ſuch a follower :

Now Royall ſir, that debt is quite diſcharg'd.
Duke. But for his wife, we muſt be mindefull of her,
And ſee we doe ſo. *Exit Duke.*
Iul. Speake, will he come?
Str. Madam, I found him ready to depart
The Court with expedition: but at my vrgence
He promis't you a parley.
Iul. It is well:
If prayers or teares can moue him, Ile make way
To ſaue my owne ſhame, and enforce his ſtay.
Exeunt.

Enter three ſouldiers: one without an arme.

1 *Soul.* Come fellow ſouldiers, doe you know the reaſon
That we are ſummon'd thus vnto the houſe
Of our dead Generall?
2 *Soul.* Sure 'tis about
Our pay.
3 *Soul.* But ſtand aſide, here comes the Lady.

Enter the Mother, Lauretta, *and Clowne.*

Wife. Are all theſe Gentlemen ſummond together,
That were my Husbands followers, and whoſe fortunes
Expir'd in him?
Clo. They are if pleaſe your Ladiſhip: though I was neuer Tawny-coate, I haue playd the ſummoners part, and the reſt are already paide, onely theſe three attend your Ladiſhips remuneration.
Wife. Welcome Gentlemen,
My Husband led you on to many dangers
Two yeares, and laſt to pouerty: His reuenewes
Before hand he ſold to maintaine his Army,
When the Dukes pay ſtill fail'd, you know you were
Stor'd euer from his Coffers.

2 *Soul.* He was a right
And worthy Generall.
2. *Soul.* He was no leſſe.
Clo. He was no leſſe; and all you know hee was no more, well, had he liu'd, I had beene plac't in ſome houſe of office or other ere this time.
Wife. It was his will, which to my vtmoſt power
I will make good, to ſatisfie his ſouldiers
To the vtmoſt farthing. All his Gold and Iewels
I haue already added, yet are we ſtill
To ſcore to ſouldiery? what is your ſumme?
1 *Soul.* Pay for three Moneths.
Wife. There's double that in Gold.
1. *Soul.* I thanke your Ladiſhip.
Wife. What yours?
2. *Soul.* Why Madam,
For foure Moneths pay.
Wife. This Iewell ſurmounts that.
2. *Soul.* I am treble ſatisfied.
Wife. You are behinde hand too.
Clo. Ey but Madam, I thinke he be no true ſouldier.
Wife. No true Souldier? your reaſon?
Clo. Marry becauſe he walkes without his Armes.
Wife. The Dukes Treaſure
Cannot make good that loſſe, yet are we rich
In one thing:
Nothing we haue that were of nothing made,
Nothing we owe, my Husbands debts are payd.
Morrow Gentlemen.
All. Madam, Hearts, Swords and hands, reſt ſtill
At your command.
Wife. Gentlemen I'me ſorry that I cannot pay you better,
Vnto my wiſhes and your owne deſert,
'Tis plainely ſeene great Perſons oft times fall,
And the moſt Rich cannot giue more then all.
Good morrow Gentlemen.

All. May you be euer happy.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Clo. I but Madam, this is a hard caſe being truly conſidered, to giue away all, why your Shoe-maker, though he hath many other Tooles to worke with, he will not giue away his All.

Wife. All ours was his alone, it came by him,
And for his Honour it was paid againe.

Clo. Why, ſay I had a peece of Meate I had a mind to, I might perhaps giue away a Modicum, a Morcell, a Fragment or ſo, but to giue away and bee a hungry my ſelfe, I durſt not doo't for my Guts, or ſay I ſhould meete with a friend that had but one Penny in his Purſe, that ſhould giue mee a Pot of Ale, that ſhould drinke to me, and drinke vp all, I'le ſtand too't there's no Conſcience in't.

Lau. What hath beene done was for my Fathers Honor.

Clo. Shee might haue giuen away a little, and a little, but when all is gone, what's left for me?

Wife. Wee will leaue *Millaine* and to *Florence* ſtraight,
Though wee are poore, yet where we liue vnknowne
'Tis the leſſe griefe, ſirrah, will you conſort
With vs, and beare a part in our misfortunes?

Clo. Troth Madam, I could find in my heart to goe with you but for one thing.

Wife. What's that?

Clow. Becauſe you are too liberall a Miſtreſſe: and that's a fault ſeldome found among Ladies: For looke, you vſe to giue away all, and I am all that is left; and I am affraide when you come into a ſtrange Countrey, you'le give away me too, ſo that I ſhall neuer liue to be my owne man.

Wife. Tuſh, feare it not.

Clo. Why then I'le goe with you in ſpite of your teeth.

Wife. Leaue *Milleine* then, to *Florence* be our guide,
Heauen when man failes, muſt for our helpe prouide.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Parma *reading a Letter*: *after him* Julia.

Par. This Letter came from you, 'tis your Character.
Iul. That hand in Contract you ſo long haue had,
Should not ſeeme ſtrange to you now.
Par. You are with-childe,
So doth your Letter ſay: what change your face?
Iu. My bluſhes muſt ſpeake for me.
Par. And this Childe
You would beſtow on me: y'are very liberall Lady,
You giue me more then I did meane to aske.
Iu. And yet but what's your owne Sir, I am ſerious,
And it will ill become your Oathes and Vowes
To ieſt at my vndoeing.
Par. You would ſay
Rather your doing.
Iu. In doing thus, you ſhould vndoe me quite.
Par. What doe you weepe, that late did rayle in clamor?
Your thunders turnd to ſhowres? It is moſt ſtrange.
Iu. You haue diſhonoured me, and by your flattery
Haue rob'd me of my chaſte Virginity:
Yet ere I yeelded, we were man and wife,
Sauing the Churches outward Ceremony.
Par. But Lady, you that would be wonne by me

To ſuch an act of luſt, would ſoone conſent
Vnto another.

Iu. Can this be found in man?

Par. This *Strozas* language moues me, and I intend
To try what patience, conſtancy, and loue
There can be found in woman: why do you weepe?
You are not hungry, for your bellie's full;
Lady, be rul'd by me: take the aduice
A Doctor gaue a Gentleman of late,
That ſent to him to know, whether Tobacco
Were good for him or no: My friend quoth he,
If thou didſt neuer loue it, neuer take it;
If thou didſt euer loue it, neuer leaue it;
So I to thee; if thou wert as thou haſt
Beene alwayes honeſt, I could wiſh thee ſtill
So to continue; but being a broken Lady,
Your onely way's to make vſe of your Talent,
Farewell, I'le to my Countrey. *Exit Parma.*

Iu. Oh miſerable,
Let me but reckon vp ten thouſand ills
My looſeneſſe hath committed, the aſperſion
And ſcandalous reputation of my Childe,
My Father too, 'tmuſt come vnto his eare,
Oh——

Enter Milleine.

Duke. Iulia.

Iu. Away.

Duke. Come hither, but one word.

Iu. That all thoſe blacke occurrents ſhould conſpire,
And end in my diſgrace.

Duke. Ha! what's the buſineſſe?

Iu. If all men were ſuch,
I ſhould be ſorry that a man begot me,
Although he were my father.

Duke. Iulia, how's that?

Iul. Oh Sir, you come to know whether Tobacco be good for you or no; Ile tell you, if you neuer tooke it, neuer take it then, or if you euer vs'd it, take it ſtill; Nay, I'me an excellent Phiſitian growne of late I tell you.

Duke. What meane theſe ſtrange Anagrams?
I am thy Father and I loue thee ſweete.

Iul. Loue me thou doſt not.

Duke. Why thou doeſt know I doe.

Iul. I ſay thou doeſt not: lay no wager with me,
For if thou doſt, there will be two to one
On my ſide againſt thee.

Duke. Ha! I am thy Father,
Why *Iulia*?

Iu. How my Father! then doe one thing
For me your Daughter.

Duke. One thing? any thing,
Ey all things.

Iu. Inſtantly then draw your ſword,
And pierce me to the heart.

Duke. I loue thee not ſo ill,
To be the Author of thy death.

Iu. Nor I my ſelfe ſo well, as to deſire
A longer life: if you be then my Father,
Puniſh a ſinne that hath diſgrac't your Daughter,
Scandald your blood, and poyſon'd it with mud.

Duke. Be plaine with vs.

Iu. See, I am ſtrumpeted,
A baſtard iſſue growes within my wombe.

Duke. Whoſe fact?

Iu. Prince *Parmaes*.

Duke. *Stroza*.

Str. My Lord.

Duke. Search out
Prince *Parma*, bring the Traytour backe againe
Dead or aliue.

Str. My Lord, he is a Prince.

Duke. No matter; for his head ſhall be the ranſome

Of this foule Treaſon. When I ſay begon.
But as for thee baſe and degenerate——
Iul. Doe ſhew your ſelfe a Prince: let her no longer
Liue, that hath thus diſgrac't your Royall blood.
Duk. Nature preuailes 'boue honour: her offence
Merits my vengeance, but the name of Childe
Abates my Swords keene edge: yet Royalty
Take th' vpper hand of pitty: kill the ſtrumpet,
And be renown'd for Iuſtice.
Iul. Strike, I'le ſtand.
Duke. How eaſie could I period all my care,
Could I her kill, and yet her Infant ſpare:
A double Murder I muſt needes commit,
To ruine that which neuer offended yet.
Oh Heauen! in this I your aſſiſtance craue,
Puniſh the faulter, and the innocent ſaue.
Iul. You are not true to your owne honour Father,
To let me longer liue.
Duke. Oh *Iulia*, *Iulia*,
Thou haſt ouerwhelm'd vpon my aged head
Mountaines of griefe, t'oppreſſe me to my graue.
Is *Parma* found?
Str. My Lord, hee's priuately
Fled from the Court.
Duke. Then flye thou after villaine.
Str. Sir, are you madde?
Duke. What's to be done? Alacke,
I cannot change a father and a Prince
Into a cruell Hang-man: tell me *Iulia*,
Is thy guilt yet but priuate to thy ſelfe?
Iul. It is my Lord.
Duke. Conceale it then: wee'le ſtudy
To ſalue thy honour, and to keepe thy looſeneſſe
From all the world conceal'd, compreſſe thy griefe,
And I will ſtudy how to ſhadow mine.
Wipe from thy cheekes theſe teares: oh curſed Age,

When Children 'gainſt their Parents all things dare,
Yet Fathers ſtill proue Fathers in their care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Lauretta, *and* Clowne.

Moth. Oh miſery beyond compariſon!
When ſaue the Heauens we haue no roofe at all
To ſhelter vs.

Clow. That word all ſtickes more in my ſtomacke then my victuals can: For indeede wee can get none to eate now: I told you, you were ſo prodigall we ſhould pinch for't.

Wife. What place may wee call this? what Clime? what Prouince?

Clow. Why this is the Duke-dome of *Florence*, and this is the Forreſt where the hard-hearted Duke hunts many a Hart: and there's no Deere ſo deare to him, but hee'le kill it: as goodly a large place to ſtarue in, as your Ladiſhip can deſire to ſee in a Summers day.

Wife. Yet here, ſince no man knowes vs, no man can
Deride our miſery: better dye ſtaru'd,
Then baſely begge.

Clow. How better ſtarue then begge; all the Ladies of *Florence* ſhal neuer make me of that beleefe. I had rather beg a thouſand times, then ſtarue once, doe you ſcorne begging? Your betters doe not, no Madam; get me a Snap-ſacke, I'le to *Florence*: I'le make all the high-wayes ring of me with for the Lords ſake. I haue ſtudied a Prayer for him that giues, and a Poxe take him that giues nothing: I haue one for the Horſe-way, another for the Foote-way, and a third for the turning-ſtile. No Madam, begging is growne a gentleman-like Calling here in our Countrey.

Wife. I haue yet one poore piece of Gold reſeru'd, Step to the Village by and fetch ſome Wine.

Clow. You had better keepe your Gold, and truſt

to my begging Oratory, yet this is the worſt they can ſay to mee, that I am my Ladies Bottle-man.

Exit Clowne.

Wife. Here's a ſtrange change: we muſt be patient,
Yet can I not but weepe thinking on thee.

Lau. Madam on me? there is no change of Fortune
Can puffe me or deiect me; I am all one
In rich abundance and penurious want:
So little doe my miſeries vexe me,
Or the faire Princeſſe wrong,
That I will end my paſſions in a Song.

A Song.

Sound Hornes within.

Wife. It ſeemes the Duke is Hunting in the Forreſt,
Here let vs reſt our ſelues, and liſten to
Their Tones, for nothing but miſhap here lies;
Sing thou faire Childe, I'le keepe tune with my eyes.

Winde hornes. And enter the Prince of Florence *& Mounſieur.*

Prince. This way the voyce was, let vs leaue the Chace.

Moun. Behold my Lord two ſad deiected Creatures
Throwne on the humble verdure.

Prince. Here's beauty mixt with teares, that pouerty
Was neuer bred in Cottage: I'le farther queſtion
Their ſtate and fortune.

Wife. Wee're diſcouered,
Daughter ariſe.

Prince. What are you gentle Creatures?

Nay anſwere not in teares.
If you by caſuall loſſe, or by the hand
Of Fortune haue beene cruſht beneath theſe ſorrowes,
He demands your griefe
That hath as much will as ability
To ſuccour you, and for your owne faire ſake;
Nay beautious Damſell, you neede not queſtion that.
Lau. If by the front we may beleeue the heart,
Or by the out-ſide iudge the inward vertue:
You faire Sir, haue euen in your ſelfe alone
All that this world can promiſe; for I ne're
Beheld one ſo compleate; and were I ſure
Although you would not pitty, yet at leaſt
You would not mocke our miſery: I would relate
A Tale ſhould make you weepe.
Prince. Sweete if the Prologue
To thy ſad paſſion mooue thus: what will the Sceane
And tragicke act it ſelfe doe? Is that Gentlewoman
Your Mother ſweete?
Lau. My wretched Mother Sir.
Prince. Pray of what Prouince?
Lau. Milleine.
Prince. What fortune there?
Lau. My Father was a Noble Gentleman,
Rank't with the beſt in Birth, and which did adde
To all his other vertues, a bold Souldier;
But when he dy'de——
Prince. Nay, proceede beauteous Lady,
How was your Father ſtil'd?
Lau. To tell you that,
Were to exclaime vpon my Prince, my Countrey,
And their Ingratitude: For he being dead,
With him our fortunes and our hopes both fail'd;
My Mother loath to liue ignobly baſe,
Where once ſhe flouriſht, hauing ſpent her meanes
Not loofely nor in riot, but in the honour
Of her dead Husband: left th' ingratefull Land,
Rather to ſpend her yeares in pouerty,
Mongſt thoſe that neuer knew her height of Fortune,

Then with her thankeleſſe Friends and Countrey-men,
Fled here to periſh.
Prince. More then her charming beauty
Her paſſion moues me: where inhabit you?
Lau. Here, euery where.
Prince. Beneath theſe Trees?
Lau. We haue
No other roofe then what kinde Heanen lends.
Prince. Gentle Creature,
Had you not told me that your Birth was Noble,
I ſhould haue found it in your face and geſture.
Mounſieur.
Mounſieur. My Lord.
Prince. Goe winde thy Horne abroad, and call to vs
Some of our traine: we pitty theſe two Ladies,
And we will raiſe their hope: Cheere you old Madam,
You ſhall receiue ſome bounty from a Prince.

Enter a Huntſ-man.

Who keepes the Lodge below?
Huntſ. Your Highneſſe Huntſ-man.
Prince. Command him to remoue, and inſtantly
We giue it to theſe Ladies: beſides, adde
Vnto our Gueſt three thouſand pounds a yeare:
We'le ſee it furniſht too with Plate and Hangings.
'Las pretty Maide, your Father's dead you ſay,
We'le take you now to our owne Patronage,
And truſt me Lady, while wee're Prince of *Florence*,
You ſhall not want nor foode, nor harborage.
Wife. Pardon Great Sir, this our neglect of duty
Vnto a Prince ſo gracious and compleate
In vertuous indowments.
Lau. To excuſe
Our former negligence, behold I caſt
Me at your foote.

Prince. Ariſe ſweete, pray your name?
Lau. *Lauretta.*
Prince. Faire *Lauretta*, you ſhall be henceforth ours,
Oh Mounſieur! I ne're ſaw where I could loue
Till now.
Moun. How now my Lord, remember pray,
What you are to this poore deiected Maide.
Prince. Well Mounſieur, well; when e're I match, pray Heauen,
We loue ſo well: but loue and toyle hath made vs
Euen ſomewhat thirſty, would we had ſome Wine.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Nay, now I thinke I haue fitted you with a Cup of Mipſilato.
Movn. How now ſirrah, what are you?
Clow. What am I? Nay what art thou?
I thinke you'le proue little better then a ſmell-ſmocke,
That can finde out a pretty wench in ſuch a Corner.
Wife. Peace ſirrah, 'tis the Prince.
Clow. What if he be? he may loue a Wench as well as another man.
Prince. What haſt thou there?
Clow. A bottle of Wine and a Manchel that my Lady ſent me for.
Prince. Thou ne're couldſt come to vs in better time,
Reach it vs Mounſieur.
Moun. Your bottle quickly ſirrah, come I ſay.
Clow. Yes, when? can you tell? doe you thinke I am ſuch an Aſſe, to part ſo lightly with my liquor? Know thou my friend, before I could get this bottle fill'd, I was glad to change a piece of gold, and call for the reſt againe: And doe you thinke I'le looſe my liquor, and haue no Gold nor reſt againe? Not ſo my Friend, not ſo.

Moun. There's Gold ſir.

Clow. Madam, will you giue me a Licence to ſell Wine? I could get no Plate in the Forreſt but a woodden Diſh.

Wife. Fill to the Prince *Lauretta.*

Lau. Will it pleaſe
Your Highneſſe drinke out of a woodden Mazer?

Prinee. Yes ſweete with thee in any thing: you know
Wee are a Prince, and you ſhall be our taſter.

Lau. Why ſhould I loue this Prince? his bounteous gifts
Exalt me not, but make me much more poore,
I'me more deiected then I was before.

Wife. Sir.

Moun. Lady, thankes: I feare me he is caught,
But if he be, my Counſell muſt diuert him.

Clow. The bottome of the bottle is at your ſeruice Sir,
Shall you and I part ſtakes?

Moun. There's more Gold for you.

Clow. I had rather you had broke my pate then my draught, but harke you Sir, are you as a man ſhould ſay, a belonger to?

Hunt. A belonger to? what's that ſir?

Clow. Oh ignorant! are you a follower?

Hunt. I ſeldome goe before when my betters are in place.

Clow. A Seruing-man I take it.

Hunt. Right ſir.

Clow. I deſire you the more complement: I haue the courteſie of the Forreſt for you.

Hunt. And I haue the courteſie of the Court for you ſir.

Clow. That's to bring me to Buttery hatch, and neuer make me drinke.

Prince. Sirrah, conduct thoſe Ladies to the Lodge,
And tell the keeper we haue ſtor'd for him,
A better fortune: you ſhall heare further from vs,

You vſher them.

Hunt. Come Ladies will you walke?

Clow. How now ſawce-boxe, know your manners: was not I Gentleman vſher before you came? Am not I hee that did the bottle bring? Come Ladies follow me. *Exit Clowne with Ladies, with Huntſman.*

Moun. Your purpoſe Sir, is to loue this Lady,
And hazard all your hopes.

Prince. Oh gentle Friend,
Why was I borne high? but to raiſe their hopes
That are deiected—ſo much for my bounty.

Moun. But for your loue.

Prince. It is with no intent
To make the Maide my wife, becauſe I know
Her fortunes cannot equall mine.

Moun. Then 'twere more diſhonorable
To ſtrumpet her.

Prince. Still thou miſtak'ſt, mine
Is honourable loue, and built on vertue;
Nor would I for the Emperours Diademe
Corrupt her whom I loue.

Moun. Braue Prince I'me glad
That ere I kept thy company.

Prince. Come Mounſieur, night ſteales on, not many yeares
Shall paſſe me, but I purpoſe to reuiſite
This my new Miſtreſſe, my auſpicious fate
To thee my happy loue I conſecrate. *Exeunt.*

A Dumbe ſhow. Enter the Duke *of Milleine, a Midwife with a young Childe, and after them* Stroza: *the Duke ſhewes the Childe to* Stroza, *hee takes it: then the Duke ſweares them both to ſecrecy vpon his Sword, and exit with the Midwife: then* Stroza *goes to hide it, and* Parma *dogs him: when hee hath laid the Childe in a Corner, he departs in haſte, and* Parma *takes vp the Childe and ſpeakes.*

Par. Thou ſhouldſt be mine: and durſt I for my Head

Euen in the open Court I'de challenge thee,
But I haue ſo incenſt th' offended Duke,
And layd ſuch heauy ſpots vpon her head,
I cannot doo't with ſafety: methinks this Child
Doth looke me in the face, as if 'twould call
Me Father, and but this ſuſpected *Stroza*
Stuft my too credulous eares with iealouſies.
For thee ſweete Babe I'le ſweare, that if not all,
Part of my blood runnes in thy tender veynes,
For thoſe few drops I will not ſee thee periſh;
Be it for her ſake whom once I lov'd,
And ſhall doe euer: Oh iniurious *Stroza!*
I now begin to feare; for this ſweete Babe
Hath in his face no baſtardy, but ſhewes
A Princely ſemblance: but *Stroza* and the Duke,
This will I keepe as charie as her honour,
The which I prize aboue the Vniuerſe.
Though ſhe were forc't to be vnnaturall,
I'le take to me this Infants pupillage;
Nor yet reſolu'd, till I a way haue found
To make that perfect which is yet vnfound. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus Secundus.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Milleine *with Lords and* Iulia.

Milleine. Forbeare my Lords for a few priuate words:
Faire Daughter, wee'le not chide you farther now,
Nor adde vnto your bluſhes by our rude reproofes:
Your faults are couered with theſe your ſighes,
Since all your fire of luſt is quencht in aſhes.

Iul. Durſt I preſume my Lord, to know
Whither you haue ſent my ſonne?
Mil. I'le not haue it queſtion'd.
I ſtriue to ſalue thy honour, and thou ſeek'ſt
To publiſh thy diſgrace: my ſtudy is
Where I may picke thee out a noble Husband,
To ſhadow theſe diſhonours, and keepe thee
From the like ſcandall.
Iul. Whom but *Parmaes* Prince.
Mil. Oh name him not thou ſtrumpet.
Iul. I haue done.
Mil. There's a Prince of noble hopes and fortunes,
The Prince of *Florence*: what if I ſent to him
About a ſpeedy Marriage? for I feare,
Delay may breed ſtrange doubts.
Iul. Since I haue loſt the name of Child,
I am a ſeruant now and muſt obey.

Enter Stroza *and Lords.*

Mil. *Stroza.*
Str. Your eare my Lord, 'tis done.
Mil. Laid out?
Str. To ſafety as I hope.
Mil. What, and ſuſpectleſſe?
Str. Vnleſſe the ſilent Groue of Trees ſhould blabe,
There is no feare of ſcandall, mantled cloſe,
I left the ſucking Babe where the next paſſenger
Muſt finde it needes, and ſo it hapned for
Some two yeares after,
Paſſing that way to know where 'twas become,
'Twas gone, and by ſome courteous hand I hope
Remou'd to gentle foſterage.
Mil. My excellent friend,
For this wee'le boſome thee: your counſel *Stroza*,
Our Daughter's growne to yeares, and we intend
To picke her out a Husband, in whoſe iſſue

Her name may flouriſh, and her honours liue.
All Lords. Moſt carefully deuis'd.
Mil. But where my Lords
May we prouide a match to equall her?
1. *Lord.* *Ferrara* hath a faire and hopefull Heire.
2. *Lord.* And ſo hath *Mantua.*
3. *Lord.* How do you prize the Noble *Florentine?*
1. *Lord.* In fame no whit inferior.
2. *Lord.* But in ſtate
Many degrees excelling: aime no further Sir,
If that may be accepted.
Duke. To *Florence* then wee'le ſtreight diſpatch Embaſſadours,
Stroza, bee't your care to mannage this high buſineſſe.
Oh to ſee
How Parents loue deſcends: and howſoe're
The Children proue vngratefull and vnkinde,
Though they deride, we weepe our poore eyes blinde.
Exeunt.

Enter Clowne *gallant, and the* Huntſman.

Clow. Nay, nay, the caſe is alter'd with mee ſince you ſaw me laſt: I was neuer in any hope to purchaſe any other ſuite then that I wore yeſterday; but now I can ſay *Ecce ſignum*, the caſe is alter'd. Now euery begger comes vpon me with *good Gentleman, good Gentleman*: when yeſterday Gentlemen would haue ſhun'd the way for feare I ſhould haue begg'd of them. Then comes another vpon mee with *good your Worſhip, good your Worſhip*, then doe I double my ſyles, and caſt him a ſingle two pence.

Hunt. Sirrah, thou mayſt thanke the Prince for this.

Clow. Thou ſay'ſt true; for he hath chang'd our woodden Diſhes to Siluer Goblets: goodly large Arras that neuer yet deſeru'd hanging, he hath caus'd to be hang'd round about the Chamber: My Lady and Miſtreſſe, now my Lady and Miſtreſſe lyes ouer head

and eares in Downe and Feathers: well, if they be rul'd by me, I would haue them to keepe their beds.

Hunt. Why wouldſt thou haue them lye a bed all day?

Clow. Oh dull ignorant! I meane knowing how hard they haue bin lodg'd in the Forreſt; I would not haue them ſell away their beds, and lie vpon the boords.

Hunt. Oh now I vnderſtand you ſir.

Clow. Ey, ey; thou may'ſt get much vnderſtanding by keeping my company: But Sir, does not the new Gowne the Prince ſent my Miſtreſſe, become her moſt incomparably?

Hunt. 'Tis true: 'tis ſtrange to ſee how Apparrell makes or marres.

Clow. Right: for yeſterday thou wouldſt haue taken me for a very Clowne, a very Clowne; and now to ſee, to ſee.—

Enter Mother and the young Lady gallant.

Wife. Sirrah.

Clow. Madam.

Lau. Why doſt view me thus?

Clow. To ſee if the Tayler that made your Gowne, hath put ne're an M. vnder your Girdle, there belongs more to beaten Sattin then ſirrah.

Lau. What thinke you Mother of the Prince his bounty,
His vertue, and perfection?

Wife. He's a mirrour, and deſerues a name
Amongſt the famous Worthies.

Lau. Heighoe.

Wife. Why ſigh you?

Lau. Pray tell me one thing Mother: when you were
Of my yeares, and firſt lou'd, how did you feele
Your ſelfe?

Wife. Loue Daughter?

Clow. Shee talkes now, as if ſhe ſhould be enamored of my comely ſhape; for I haue (as they ſay) ſuch a fooliſh yong and relenting heart, I ſhould neuer ſay her nay, I ſhould neuer weare off this.

Lau. Stand farther off ſir.

Clow. No, I'le aſſure your Ladiſhip 'tis beaten Sattin.

Lau. Then take your Sattin farther.

Clow. Your Ladiſhip hath coniur'd me, and I will auoide Satan.

Lau. Had you not ſometimes muſings, ſometimes extaſies,
When ſome delicate man 'boue other
Was preſent?

Wife. I aduiſe you curbe your ſence in time,
Or you will bring your ſelfe into the way
Of much diſhonour.

Lau. And ſpeake you by experience Mother? then
I doe begin to feare leſt that his ſhape
Should tempt me, or his bounty worke aboue
My ſtrength and patience; pray Mother leaue vs neuer,
Leſt that without your Company, my loue
Contending with my weakeneſſe, ſhould in time
Get of 't the vpper hand.

Wife. For this I loue thee.

Enter Clowne *running.*

Clow. So hoe Miſtris Madam, yonder is the Prince, and two or three Gentlemen come riding vpon the goodlieſt Horſes that euer I ſet my eyes vpon: and the Princes Horſe did no ſooner ſee me, but he weeighed and wagg'd his tayle: now I thinking he had done it to take acquaintance of me, ſaid againe to him, Gramercy Horſe; ſo I left them, and came to tell your Ladiſhip.

Lau. Goe ſee them ſtabled, my ſoule leapt within me
To heare the Prince but named.

Enter Prince *and* Mounſieur.

Prince. Now my faire Friend.
Lau. Your hand-mayd mighty Prince.
Prince. Looke Mounſieur,
Can ſhe be leſſe then Noble? nay deſerues ſhe
Thus habited, to be tearm'd leſſe then Royall,
What thinkſt thou Mounſieur?
Moun. Faith my Lord,
I neuer loue a woman for her habite,
When Sir I loue, I'le ſee my loue ſtarke naked.
Prince. Right courteous Lady,
Our bounty is too ſparing for your worth,
Yet ſuch as 'tis accept it.
Wife. Royall ſir,
'Tis beyond hope or merit.
Prince. I prithee Mounſieur,
A little complement with that old Lady,
Whilſt I conferre with her.
Moun. I thanke you Sir:
See, you would make me a ſir Panderus,
Yet farre as I can ſee you, I will truſt you.
Hee talkes with the old Lady.
Sweete Lady, how long is't—nay keepe that hand,
Since thoſe fierce warres 'twixt *Florence* and great *Millaine*?
Nay that hand ſtill.
Prince. And haue you ne're a loue then?
Lau. Yes my Lord:
I ſhould belye my owne thoughts to deny,
And ſay I had none.
Prince. Pray acquaint me with him,
And for thy ſake I'le giue him ſtate and Honours,
And make him great in *Florence.* Is he of birth?
Lau. A mighty Duke-domes Heire.

Prince. How now my *Lauretta*?
I prithee ſweete where liues he?
Lau. In his Countrey.
Prince. Honour me ſo much
As let me know him.
Lau. In that your Grace muſt pardon me.
Prince. Muſt? then I will. Is he of preſence ſweete?
Lau. As like your Grace as one Prince to another.
Prince. Honour me ſo much then, as let me know him.
Lau. In that excuſe me Sir.
Prince. Thee, loue I will
In all things: wherefore ſtudy you?
Lau. Why my Lord?
I was euen wiſhing you a mighty harme;
But pardon me 'twas out euen vnawares.
Prince. Harme? there's none can come from thee *Lauretta*,
Thou art all goodneſſe, nay confeſſe it ſweete.
Lau. I was wiſhing with my ſelfe that you were poore:
Oh pardon me my Lord, a poore, a poore man.
Prince. Why my *Lauretta*?
Lau. Sir, becauſe that little
I haue, Might doe you good: I would you had
No money, nay, no meanes: but I ſpeake idly,
Pray pardon me my Lord.
Prince. By all my hopes,
I haue in *Florence*, would thou wert a Dutcheſſe,
That I might court thee vpon equall tearmes;
Or that I were of low deiected fortunes,
To ranke with thee in Birth: for to enioy
Thy beauty, were a greater Dowre then *Florence*
Great Duke-dome.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Oh my Lord, my Lord,

Are you cloſe at it ? and you too crabbed Age,
And you—there's Rods in piſſe for ſome of you.
Prince. Now ſir, the newes ?
Clow. Oh my Lord, there's a Nobleman come from the Court to ſpeake with you.
Prince. Mounſieur,
Vpon my life 'tis ſome Embaſſadour.
Moun. Good Sir make haſte, leſt I be challeng'd for you.
Prince. No worthy Friend, for me thou ſhalt not ſuffer,
At our beſt leaſur'd houres we meane to viſite you ;
Now giue me leaue to take a ſhort fare-well.
Exeunt Prince *and* Mounſieur.
Lau. Your pleaſure is your owne,
To part from him I am rent quite aſunder.
Clow. And you can but keepe your leggs cloſe,
Let him rend any thing elſe and ſpare not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Florence *and* Lords *with* Stroza Embaſſadour.

Flo. Speake the true Tenor of your Embaſſie.
Str. If *Florence* prize the Duke of *Millaines* loue,
His indear'd Amity : If he haue minde
To mixe with him in conſanguinity,
To ſtrengthen both your Realmes : he makes this proiect
To your faire Treaty, that your hopefull Heire
Shall with the Princeſſe *Iulia* his faire Daughter,
Be ioyn'd in Marriage ; her large Dowre ſhall be
A ſpacious Duke-dome after his deceaſe.
But which my Lord counts moſt, is a faire League
'Twixt your diuided Duke-domes.
Florence. We doe conceite you :
But for the Dowre you craue ?
Str. Ten thouſand Crownes
By th'yeare.

Flo. 'Tis granted: onely our Sonnes conſent
Is wanting: but ſee here, he wiſht for comes.

Enter Prince and Mounſieur.

Prince. Mounſieur, what are thoſe?
Moun. Embaſſadours my Lord.
Prince. Whence are theſe Lords?
Dake. From *Millaine.*
Prince. Their buſineſſe Royall Sir?
Flo. About a match,
Which if you 't pleaſe, we highly ſhall applaud.
They offer you a faire and vertuous Princeſſe
Vnto your bed.
Prince. Vnto my bed my Lord?
I am not ſo affraide of ſpirits Sir,
But I can lye alone without a bed-fellow.
Flo. 'Tis the faire Princeſſe *Iulia* you muſt marry.
Prince. Marry my Lord?
Flo. I marry muſt you Sir,
Or you diuorce your ſelfe from our deare loue.
Prince. But is ſhe faire?
Stro. As euer *Hellen* was.
Prince. What, and as Chaſte?
Stroza. It were not Princely in you, Royall Sir,
To queſtion ſuch a Princeſſe Chaſtity:
I could haue inſtanc'd *Lucrece.*
Prince. Would you had,
For both were rauiſht.
Moun. How's this my Lord?
They offer loue and beauty, which being both
So freely offer'd, doe deſerue acceptance.
Stroza. Your anſwere Sir?
Prince. That I am yours: the States;
And if you pleaſe ſo to diſpoſe me, hers,
What ere ſhe be: come friend, I muſt impart
My Loue this newes, or it will rend my heart.
Exit Prince.

Stroza. I ſhall returne this anſwere.
Flo. Faithfully
As we intend it: But you firſt ſhall taſte
The bounty of our Court, with royall Preſents
Both to the Duke your maſter, and the Princeſſe;
It done, prepare we for this great ſolemnity,
Of Hymeneall Iubilies. Fixt is the day,
Wherein rich *Florens* ſhall her pompe diſplay.
Exeunt.

Enter Parma *and a Lord of* Millaine.

Parm. Onely to you, of all the *Millaine* Peeres,
I dare expoſe my ſafety.
Lord. In theſe armes
My Lord, you are Sanctuared.
Parm. I doe not doubt it:
But I pray you tell me, ſince I left the Court,
How is my abſence taken?
Lord. Of the Duke,
With much diſtaſte.
Parm. But of the Princeſſe *Iulia?*
Lord. Full two Moneths
Shee kept her Chamber, grieuouſly diſtracted,
They ſay, meere griefe for your departure hence.
Parm. Brauely manag'd,
The Duke I ſee was more kind to her fame,
Then to his prettie grand-childe; well Ile ſalt it all,
But what thinke you if after all I ſhould
Send Letters to her, or Ambaſſadors?
I ſhould not win her, for I know
They haue her heart in bondage.
Lord. Why worthy Prince,
Haue you not heard the newes: Shee hath beene offered
Vnto the Florentine, the match accepted,
And the Nuptiall day the tenth of the next Moneth.
Parm. No more: Pray leaue mee Sir.
Lord. I will: Pray Sir

Regard your ſafety. Exit *Lord.*

Parm. To bee married, *Ruimus in veſtitum ſemper,*
I did neglect her, but being deni'd,
I doate upon her beautie : Methinkes 'tis fit,
If I begot the Child ? I wed the Mother :
The Prince, I pitie hee ſhould bee ſo wrong'd,
And I the Inſtrument : Now helpe mee braine,
That neare was wont to fayle mee : 'Tis decreed
Something to Plot, although I fayle to ſpeede.
Exit *Parma.*

Enter Clowne, Mother, *and* Lauretta.

Clowne. I wonder you ſhould bee ſo ſad and melancholie, Ile lay a yeeres wages before hand Ile tell your diſeaſe, as well as any Doctor in *Florence*, and let me but feele your pulſe.

Lauret. Away, you are a foole, and trouble vs.

Clowne. That's no matter whether I bee a foole or a phiſitian, if I looſe, Ile pay, that's certain.

Wife. Try the fooles counſell daughter, but bee ſure
To forfit, and to pay.

Lauret. Now ſir, your skill.

Clowne. Nay I muſt feele your pulſe firſt, for if a Womans pulſe bee neere a place, I know there's few heere of my yeeres but would bee glad to turne Doctors.

Lauret. Now ſir, you ſee I doe not ſmile.

Clawne. Nay, if it bee nothing elſe, Ile fetch that will cure you preſently. Exit *Clowne.*

Wife. Child I muſt chide you, you giue too much way
Vnto this humour ; It alters much your beautie.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. Oh young Miſtris, where are you, the Prince,

The Prince.

Lauret. Oh Mother, doe you heare the newes, the Prince,
The Prince is comming: Where is hee, oh where?

Clowne. Where is hee? Why at the Court; where ſhould hee bee? I did but doo't to make you ſmile: Nay, Ile tickle you for a Doctor: Madam I haue a yeeres wages before hand.

Lauret. Is hee not come then?

Clowne. No marrie is hee not.

Lauret. My ſoule did leape within, to heare the Prince
But nam'd: It ſtarted every ioynt.

Clowne. Nay Madam, the Prince is come.

Wife. Away, your foolerie's vnſeaſonable,
Weele not beleeve you.

Enter the Prince *and* Mounſieur.

Clowne. If you will not belieue mee, will you beleeue theſe?

Lauret. Welcome my Lord: And wherefore doe you ſigh?

Prince. I ſigh *Lauretta*, cauſe I cannot chuſe.

Lauret. Nor could I chuſe, ſhould you but ſigh againe.

Prince. Ile tell thee Loue, ſtrange newes: I muſt be married.

Lauret. Married my Lord!

Prince. Why doe you weepe? You blam'd mee now for ſighing:
Why doe you melt in teares? Sweet what's the cauſe?

Lauret. Nay, nothing.

Prince. And as I told thee Sweete; I muſt bee married,
My Father and the State will haue it ſo;
And I came inſtantly to tell the newes

To thee *Lauretta* ; As to one, from whom
I nothing can conceale.
Lauret. Why ſhould you grieue
For that? For I, my Lord, muſt haue a Husband too.
Prince. Muſt you? But when's the day?
Lauret. When's yours my Lord?
Prince. The tenth of the next moneth.
Lauret. The ſelfe ſame day,
And ſelfe ſame houre that you inioy your loue,
My Princely Husband I muſt then inioy.
Prince. But doe you loue him?
Lauret. Not my ſelfe more deere.
Prince. How happie are you aboue mee faire friend,
That muſt inioy where you affect? When I
Am tide to others fancies : It was your promiſe
That I ſhould know him further.
Lauret. You ſhall ſee him
That day, as richly habited as the great
Heire of *Florence:* But royall Sir, what's ſhee
That you muſt bed then?
Prince. 'Tis *Iulia,*
The Duke of *Millaines* daughter : Why change your Face? *Lauretta ſpeakes to her ſelfe.*
Lauret. That ſhee that hates mee moſt ſhould liue to inioy
Him I affect beſt : O my ominous fate,
I thought to haue hid mee from thee in theſe deſarts,
But thou doſt dogg mee euery where.
Shee Swounes.
Prince. Looke to her ſafety, not for the Crowne
Of *Florence* I would haue her periſh.
Wife. Helpe to ſupport her.
Exit with *Mother* and *Clowne.*
Prince. Oh Friend, that I ſhould change my Royaltie

To weakneſſe now: I doe thinke this lodge
A Pallace, and this Beautious Mayden-head
Of greater worth then *Iulia.*
Moun. Come my Lord,
Lay by theſe idle thoughts, and make you ready
To entertaine your Bride.

Enter Parma *diſguiſed.*

Parm. The Prince, the Prince,
I come to ſeeke the Prince, and was directed
Vnto this place.
Prince. Thy newes.
Parm. A Letter.
Prince. Whence?
Parm. Reade, the Contents will ſhew you; their eyes are from mee, and I muſt hence. Exit *Parma.*

The Prince *reades.*

Prince. The *Millaine* Princeſſe is betroathed; deflowred,
Not worthy of your loue, beleeue this true
Vpon a Prince his word; when you ſhall bed her,
And find her flawd in her Virginitie,
You ſhall haue cauſe to thinke vpon his loue
From whom you had this caution;
But doe it with that Princely management,
Her honour bee not ſlandered: Hee that loues,
Admires, and honours you:
Where's hee that brought this Letter?
Moun. Fled my Lord.
Prince. Poaſt after; bring him backe,
Could hee not ſet his hand to't——
How now, the newes?
Moun. Hee's fled vpon a milke white Gennet Sir,
Seeming t' outſtrip the winde, and I—loſt him.

Prince. Thou haſt loſt mee quite.
Moun. What meanes this paſsion Sir?
Prince. Mounſieur reade there,
What will confound thee: Oh if ſhee bee vnchaſt!
Could they find none but mee to worke vpon.
Moun. It confounds mee my Lord.
Prince. If ſhee bee Chaſt,
How ſhall I wrong her, to queſtion her faire Vertues?
Moun. Right.
Prince. But if ſhee bee not right? I wrong my Honor,
Which after marriage, how ſhall I recall?
Moun. 'Tis certaine.
Prince. Yes: Oh how am I perplext!
Come, Ile to Court,
Ile not bee ſway'd: Were ſhee a Potent Queene,
Where Counſell fayles mee, Ile once truſt to ſpleene.
Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne *with his Table-bookes.*

Clowne. Let me ſee, the *Prince* is to bee married to morrow, and my young Miſtris meanes to keepe a Feaſt in the Forreſt, in honour of his wedding at the Court: Now am I ſent as Caterer into the City to prouide them with victualls, which they charg'd me to buy; no ordinary fare, no more it ſhall, and therefore I haue caſt it thus; Firſt and foremoſt, wee will haue—(yes downe it ſhall) we will haue a Gammon of Bacon roaſted, and ſtufft with Oyſters; And ſixe Black-Puddings to bee ſerued vp in Sorrell-ſops; A pickell'd ſhoulder of Mutton, and a ſurloyne of Beefe in White-broth, ſo much for the firſt courſe. Now for the ſecond, we will haue a Cherry-Tart cut into Raſhers and broyled; A Cuſtard Carbonado'd on the coales; A liue Eele ſwimming in clowted Creame; And ſixe Sheepes-heads baked, with the hornes peering out of the paſty-cruſt. The morrall is, becauſe it is a wedding-dinner.

Enter Stroza *with another Lord.*

Stro. The ioyfull day's to morrow. Paſſe this plunge
And we are made for euer.

Clowne. What, my old Polititian? hee that vndermin'd my old Lady and my yong Miſtris? now that I could find but one ſtratagem to blow him vp; I would toſſe him, I would blanket him i' th Ayre, and make him cut an Italian caper in the Clouds: Theſe Politicians can doe more execution with a pen, in their ſtudies, then a good Souldier with his ſword in the field, but he hath ſpi'd mee.

Stro. Thee friend I ſhould haue knowne?

Clowne. And you too, I ſhould haue knowne, but whether for a friend, or no, ther's the queſtion?

Stro. Thou ſeru'ſt the Generall *Sforza.*

Clow. I confeſſe it; but whether you haue ſeru'd him well, or no, there hangs a Tale.

Stro. How doth thy noble Lady, faire *Lauretta*?
They have left *Millaine* long, reſide they here
Neere to the City *Florence*?

Clow. Some three miles off, here in the Forreſt, not halfe an houres riding.

Stro. I pray thee recommend me to them both,
And ſay, It ſhall goe hard with mine affaires
But Ile find ſeaſon'd houres to viſit them.

Clow. You ſhall not want directions to find the place, come when you will, you ſhall be moſt heartily ——poyſon'd.

Stro. Tell them, The newes that they are well
Is wondrous pleaſing to me, and that power
I haue in *Millaine* is reſeru'd for them,
To worke them into grace: I can but ſmile,
To ſee how cloſe I haue plotted their exile.
Now buſineſſe calls me hence: farewell. *Exit.*

Clow. And be hang'd, Mounſieur *Stroza*, whoſe deſcription my *Muſe* hath included in theſe few lines;

Stroza, *Thy Head is of a comely Block,*
And would ſhew well, crown'd with the combe of Cock:
His Face an Inne, his Brow a ſluttiſh Roome,
His Noſe the Chamberlaine, his Beard the Broome,
Or like New-market Heath, that makes theeues rich,
In which his Mouth ſtands iuſt like Deuills-ditch.
And ſo farewell to your worſhip, graue Mounſieur *Stroza*, for I muſt about my market. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

A Dumbe ſhew. *Enter at one doore, the Duke of* Millaine, Iulia, Stroza, *and a* Biſhop: *At the other doore, the Duke of* Florens, *the* Prince *and* Mounſieur, *with attendants*: *Then the* Biſhop *takes their hands and makes ſignes to marry them, and then the* Prince *ſpeakes.*

Prince. Stay till we be reſolu'd.
Florens. What meanes our ſonne?
Princ. Not to be gull'd by the beſt Prince in *Europe*;
Much leſſe by *Millaine.*
Millaine. Sir, be plaine with vs.
Prin. I much ſuſpect that Ladies Chaſtity.
Millaine. Hers.
Prin. I haue ſaid.
Stroza. Ther's Worme-wood.
Millaine. I came in termes of Honour,
Brought with me, all my comforts here on earth,
My daughter; to beſtow her on thy ſon:
Poore Lady, innocently comming, forſaking all,
Father and Countrey, to betake her ſelfe

Vnto his boſome; and is ſhe for all this,
Branded with ſhame?
Stro. Who can accuſe her, ſpeake? what probabilities?
What ground? the place? the meanes? the ſeaſon how
Shee did become corrupt?
Prince. Sir, ſo we haue heard.
Stro. Produce the witneſſe; and behould, I ſtand
The Champion for her honour, and will auerre
Her Chaſte, aboue degree; infinitely honeſt:
Oh Prince! what, can you ground ſuch iniury
Vpon vaine heare-ſay? Speake for your ſelfe, take ſpirit.
Iulia. Came we thus farre, to be thus wrong'd?
Apart to herſelfe.
Stro. Was the ſlaue neuer Chriſten'd, hath hee no name?
Iulia. Haue you ſent for me, to accuſe me heere
In this ſtrange Clime? It is not Princely done.
Prince. O Heauen, how am I perplext!
Floren. Sonne, Sonne, you wrong
Your ſelfe and me too, to accuſe a Lady
Of ſuch high birth and fame; vnleſſe you confeſſe
You ſelfe to haue err'd, you needs muſt forfeit vs.
Moun. My Lord, yeeld to your father, leſt you draw
His wrath vpon you.
Prince. Well, ſince I muſt, I will:
Your pardon, Royall Father: Yours faire Princeſſe:
And yours great Duke;
If I ſhall find my ſelfe truely to haue err'd,
I ſhall confeſſe your chaſtity much iniur'd.
Iulia. Submiſſion is to me full recompence.
Milla. My daughters honour?
Stro. Doe not ſtand off my Lord,
If ſhe be wrong'd, ſhee's not much behind-hand.
Milla. Oh let me alone *Stroza.*
Flor. Nay, good Brother
Accept him as your Sonne:
Milla. My hearts no cloſet for reuenge; 'tis done.

Prin. Now heare my proteſtations: I receiue
This Ladies hand on theſe Conditions;
If you, my Lord, her father, or her ſelfe,
Know her ſelfe faulty, Oh confeſſe it here,
Before the Ceremonies faſten on me: for if hereafter
I find you once corrupted? by this right hand,
My future hopes, my Fathers royalty,
And all the honours due vnto our houſe,
Ile haue as many liues and heads for it,
As he hath Manners, Caſtles, Liues and Towres;
It ſhall be worthy to be lockt in Chronicles
Of all ſtrange tongues: And therefore beautious Lady,
As you eſteeme a Prince his name or honour,
That youd be a *Mecenas* vnto vertue;
If in the leaſt of theſe you guilty be,
Pull backe your hand.

Stro. What if you find her chaſte?

Prin. If chaſte, ſhe ſhall be dearer farre to me
Then my owne ſoule: I will reſpect her honour,
Equall with that of my great Anceſtours;
All this I vow, as I am Prince and vertuous.

Stro. Then ioyne their hands.

Prin. Shee's mine: Set forwards then.

Exeunt all but Stroza.

Stro. All goes not well, This iugling will be found,
Then where am I? would I were ſafe in *Millaine.*
Here Matchiuell thou waſt hatcht: Could not the ſame
Planet inſpire this pate of mine with ſome
Rare ſtratagem, worthy a laſting Character:
No, 'twill not be; my braine is at a non-plus,
For I am dull.

Enter Millaine.

Milla. Stroza.

Stro. My Lord.

Milla. Oh now, or neuer *Stroza*!
Stro. I am turn'd Foole, Aſſe, Iddeot; Are they married?
Milla. Yes, and the Prince after the Ceremonie,
Imbrac'd her louingly.
Stro. But the hell is
That they muſt lie together, ther's the Deuill.
Milla. And then——
Stro. And then we are diſgrac'd and ſham'd.
Milla. Canſt thou not help't man?
Stro. Why you would make
A man—midwife, woo'd you? I haue no skill.
Milla. Stroza, awake, th'art drowſie.
Stro. Peace, interrupt me not,
I ha'te: ſo to reuenge mee vpon her
Whom moſt I hate. To Strumpet her 'twere braue.
Milla. Counſell aduiſe me.
Stro. Youle make me mad my Lord:
And in this ſweet reuenge, I am not onely
Pleas'd (with iuſt ſatisfaction for all wrongs)
But the great Prince moſt palpably deceiu'd.
Milla. The time runs on, thinke on my honor *Stroza.*
Stro. If youle eate grapes vnripe, edge your owne teeth,
Ile ſtay the mellow'd ſeaſon, doo't your ſelfe,
Vnleſſe you giue me time for't.
Milla. But thinke with mine, on thine owne ſafety *Stroza.*
Stro. Peace, giue me way my Lord, ſo ſhall the Prince
Bee palpably deceiu'd, Faire *Iulia's* honor
Moſt proſperouſly preſeru'd, The Duke my maſter,
Freed from all blame, Warre hindred, Peace confirm'd,
And I ſecur'd; Oh I am fortunate
Beyond imagination!
Milla. O deare *Stroza*,
Helpe now, or neuer!

Stro. Hee was a meere Aſſe
That rais'd Troy's Horſe : 'twas a pritty ſtructure.
Milla. Oh mee !
Stro. *Synon*, a foole, I can doe more
With precious Gold, then hee with whining Teares.
Milla. Oh my tormented ſoule !
Stro. Pray my Lord, giue mee
Fiue hundred crownes.
Milla. What to doe with them man ?
Stro. See how you ſtand on trifles ; when our liues,
Your honour ; all our fortunes lie a bleeding ;
What ſhall I haue the Gold ?
Milla. Thy purpoſe preethee ?
Stro. I know a defolate Lady, whom with Gold I can corrupt.
Milla. There are fiue hundred Crownes,
Stroza bethinke thee what thou vndertak'ſt,
Such an Act, would make huge *Atlas* bend his head
Vnto his heele.
Stro. But ſay I cannot win her,
They bide the brunt of all, heere let them ſtay,
With theſe fiue hundred Crownes Ile poaſt away.
Exit Stroza, *and* Duke.

Enter Mother, Daughter, *and* Clowne.

Clow. Maddam, yonder's a Gentleman comes to ſpeake with you in all haſt.
Lauret. Admit him in.

Enter Stroza.

Stro. Lady bee happy, and from this bleſt houre
Euer reioyce faire Virgin, for I bring you
Gold, and Inlargement ; with a recouerie
Of all your former loſſe, and dignitie,
But for a two houres labour : Nay, that no labour
Nor toyle, but a meere pleaſure.

Lau. Your words like muſick, pleaſe me with delight,
Beyond imagination : Offered to vs ?
Being exil'd our Countrey, and our friends,
Therefore good ſir, delay not with long complement ;
But tell theſe hopes more plaine.
Stro. Haue wee not heere
Too many eares ?
Lauret. Wee would bee priuate ſirra,
And therefore leaue vs. Exit *Clowne.*
Stro. You haue ſeene the Prince of *Florence* ?
Lauret. Yes I haue.
Stro. Is he not for his Feature, Beauty, Goodneſſe,
The moſt Compleate ? So abſolute in all things.
Lauret. All this is granted.
Stro. How happy doe you thinke that Lady then
That ſhall Inioy him ? Nay, that ſhall bee the firſt
To prooue him, and exchange Virginitie,
Were't not bright Lady a great happineſſe ?
Lauret. I wiſh that happineſſe were mine alone,
Oh my faint heart : Paſſion ouer-ſwayes me quite,
But hide thy griefe *Lauretta* : Sir, you'le make
Me fall in loue with him : Were I his equall,
I then ſhould iudge him worthy of no leſſe.
Stro. Loue him : What's ſhe doth not, if ſhee haue eyes ?
Were I my ſelfe a Woman : I would lay
My ſelfe a proſtitute vnto the Prince :
Shee is not wiſe that would refuſe him Lady.
Lauret. Good Sir bee briefe :
To what pray tends theſe ſpeeches ?
Stro. To thee ſweete Lady : I offer all theſe pleaſures,
Oh happie fate that hath ſelected mee
To be your raiſer : Lady take this gold,
But that's not all : For there are greater honours

Prepared for you ; the Duke of *Millaine* doth
Commend him to you : *Iulia* his daughter
Hath in her honour late miſcarried,
Now't lies in you to ſalue and make all good.
Wife. Who ? Lies this in my daughter.
Stro. Yes, in her,
Shee hath the power to make the Duke her friend,
Iulia her ſiſter, and all *Millaine* bound
To offer vp for her their Orriſons.
Lauret. Good Sir bee plaine.
Stro. This night lie with the Prince
In *Iulia's* ſtead : There's way made for you,
Who would not woo, for what you are wooed too ?
Lauret. Doe you not bluſh, when you deliuer this
Pray tell the Duke, all Women are not *Iulia*,
And though wee bee deiected, thus much tell him,
Wee hold our honour at too high a price,
For Gold to buy.
Stro. Nay Lady, heare mee out ;
You ſhall preſerue her honour, gaine the Duke,
Redeeme your fortunes : Strengthen you in friends,
You ſhall haue many Townes and Turrets ſtanding,
Which future Warre may ruine : Thinke on that.
Wife. Lauretta, oh behold thy mothers teares !
Thinke on thy Father, and his honour wonne,
And call to mind our exile : All the wrongs
Wee haue indured by her, to whom wee gaue
No cauſe, and now are plundg'd in a deepe ſtreame,
Which not reſiſted, will for euer blemiſh
The name of *Sforſa* thy great Anceſtors,
Thou'lt waken thy dead Father from his graue,
And cauſe his honour'd wounds which hee receiu'd
From that vnthankfull Duke, to bleede afreſh,
Powring out new blood from his griſly wounds,
If thou conſenteſt to this abhorred fact,
Thy Mothers curſe will ſeaze on thee for euer :
Oh child, behold me on my knees : Ile follow thee ;

Oh doe not leaue me thus, and pull on thee
An euerlaſting ſtaine, to ſcandall all
Thy former Vertues, for the momentarie
Short pleaſures of one night.

Stro. She doth not councell well; 'tis fooliſh raſhnes,
Womaniſh Indiſcretion.

Lauret. Sir bee anſwered,
If *Iulia* bee diſloyall: Let her bee found
So by the Prince ſhe wedds: Let her be branded
With the vile name of ſtrumpet: Shee diſgrac'd
Mee, that nere thought her harme; publikely ſtrucke mee,
Nay in the Court: And after that, procur'd
My baniſhment: Theſe Injuries I reap't
By her alone, then let it light on her.

Stro. Now ſee your errour,
What better, ſafer, or more ſweete reuenge,
Then with the Husband? what more could woman aske?

Lauret. My blood rebells againſt my reaſon, and
I no way can withſtand it: 'Tis not the Gold
Mooues mee, but that deere loue I beare the Prince,
Makes me neglect the credit and the honour
Of my deare Fathers houſe: Sir, what the Duke deſires
I am reſolued to doe his vtmoſt will.

Wife. Oh my deare daughter.

Lauret. Good Mother ſpeake not, for my word is paſt,
And cannot bee recall'd, Sir will you away?
I am reſolute.

Stro. Shee yeeldes vnto her ſhame; which makes me bleſt,
Let Millions fall, ſo I bee crown'd with reſt.

Wife. Oh mee, vnhappie, that nere knew griefe till now. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke. A Dumbe Show. *Enter* Millaine, *to him* Stroza, *and brings in* Lauretta *masked*,

the Duke takes her and puts her into the Bed, and Exit.

Enter both the Duke *and* Iulia, *they make ſignes to her and* Exit: Stroza *hides* Iulia *in a corner, and ſtands before her.*

Enter againe with the Prince *to bring him to bed. They cheere him on, and others ſnatch his Pointes, and ſo* Exit. *The* Dukes *Imbrace, and Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Millaine *to* Stroza.

Milla. Thou art our truſty Counſellor; if this paſſe currant
We're paſt all feare: What is ſhe preethee? What?
Stro. What's that to you, bee ſhee what ere ſhe can,
All's one to vs, ſo ſhe be found a Virgin;
I haue hyred her, and ſhee's pleas'd.
Milla. But gaue you charge
Aſſoone as ere the Prince was faſt aſleepe,
That ſhee ſhould riſe and giue place to our daughter?
Stro. Doubt you not that; what, iealous already?
Milla. How long ſhe ſtayes, I faine would be a bed;
Pray heauen ſhee doe not fall
By him aſleepe, and ſo forget her ſelfe.
Stro. Heer's in my heart, a violent Feauer ſtill;

Nor ſhall I find my ſelfe in my true temper,
Vntill this brunt bee paſt.
Milla. What, not yet?
Had ſhe with *Parma* beene a bed ſo long,
It would haue more perplext mee.

Enter Lauretta.

Stro. See, here ſhee is;
The newes?
Lauret. The Prince is faſt, all done.
Milla. Step in her place;
Nay when? and counterfeit ſleepe preſently.
Stro, Away to bed my Lord: You to the For-
reſt,
I'le to my Coach, all's well.
Exeunt Stroza *and the* Duke.
Lauret. And for my part, it was not much amiſſe,
Becauſe my Lord the Prince had ſuch content
Which caus'd him giue his Charter to my hand,
The full aſſurance of faire *Iulia's* dowre:
Day gins to breake, and I muſt to the Lodge.
Oh what a griefe it was to leaue the Prince!
But leaue thoſe thoughts: Theſe Gifts to me aſſign'd,
Are nothing worth the Iem I left behind. *Exit.*

Enter Prince *and* Mounſieur *with a Torch.*

Moun. What doe you not like your bed-fellow, my
Lord,
That you are vp ſo ſoone?
Prin. Oh friend, was neuer man bleſt with a
Bride
So chaſt! I'me ſcarce my ſelfe, till this be knowne
To my faire Forreſt friend: Lett's mount away,
The nights quite ſpent: and now begins the day.

Enter Mother *and* Clowne.

Wife. And what was it you ſaid ſirra?

Clow. Marry, I would intreat your Lady-ſhip to turne away my fellow *Ierom*, for I thinke hee's no true man.

Wife. No true man, Why?

Clo. Marry, we were both in the Tauerne together tother day——

Wife. And hee ſtole ſome Plate?

Clo. No Madam, but there ſtood at our elbow a pottle Pot——

Wife. And hee ſtole the Pot?

Clo. No Madam, but he ſtole the wine in the Pot, and drunke it off,
And made himſelfe ſo drunke hee be-piſt himſelfe:
Your Ladyſhip could not be better be-piſt in a Summers-day.

Enter Prince *and* Mounſieur.

Prin. Good morrow Lady: Wher's your daughter pray?

Wife. She tooke ſo little reſt laſt night, my Lord, I thinke ſhee is ſcarce well.

Prin. Pray may wee ſee her?

Wife. My Lord, you may.

Shee's drawne out vpon a Bed.

Song.

HEnce with Paſsion, Sighes and Teares,
Deſaſters, Sorrowes, Cares and Feares.
See, my Loue (my Loue) appeares,
That thought himſelfe exil'd.
Whence might all theſe loud Ioyes grow?
Whence might Myrth, and Banquet's flow?
But that hee's come (hee's come) I know.
Faire Fortune thou haſt ſmil'd.

2.

Giue to theſe blind windowes, Eyes;
Daze the Stars, and mocke the Skies,

And let vs two (vs two) deviſe,
To laviſh our beſt Treaſures
Crowne our Wiſhes with Content,
Meete our Soules in ſweet conſent,
And let this night (this night) bee ſpent
In all aboundant pleaſvres.

Prince. Oh good morrow Lady,
I come to tell you newes!
Lauret. They are wellcome to me my Lord.
Prin. You know the Princeſſe *Iulia* was ſuppos'd
To bee adulterate———
Lauret. So we haue heard it rumor'd.
Prin. Oh but faire friend, ſhe was indeed bely'd!
And I this morning roſe from her chaſt bed:
But wherefore ſweet caſt you that bluſhing ſmile?
But you haue broak promiſe with me: For you told me
That the ſame day and houre I tooke my Bride,
You ſhould Inioy a Princely Husband.
Lauret. Trew
My Lord, I did.
Prin. And are you married then?
Lauret. And lay with him laſt night.
Prin. Is hee off fortunes?
Lauret. That you may ſoone coniecture by this gift.
Prin. What haue you then, ſome tokens that were his?
Lauret. Some few my Lord, amongſt the reſt, this diamond
Hee put vpon my finger.
Prin. You amaze mee!
Yet Rings may bee alike: If then your husband
Bee of ſuch ſtate and fortunes, What dowre are you allotted.
Lauret. Sir, ten thouſand crownes by th' yeere.
Prin. I gaue no more vnto my *Iulia.*
But where is the ſecurity you haue

For the performance of it?
Lauret. See here, My Lord,
Sir, Is not that ſufficient for a dowry?
Prin. This is the Indenture that I gaue to *Iulia*;
Preethee *Lauretta*, but reſolue me true,
How came you by this Charter?
Lauret. Pardon great Prince; for all that loue you ſpake
To *Iulia*, you whiſper'd in my eare:
Shee is vnchaſt; which, left you ſhould haue found,
Her father ſent mee here, fiue hundred crownes
By *Stroza*; but neither his gold, nor all
His fly temptations, could one whit mooue mee;
Onely the loue I euer bare your honour,
Made me not priſe my owne. No luſtfull appetite
Made me attempt ſuch an ambitious practiſe,
As to aſpire vnto your bed my Lord.
Prin. Riſe, doe not weepe, Oh I am ſtrangely rapt
Into deepe ſtrange confuſion?
Moun. *Millaine* ſhould know, were it my caſe my Lord,
A better Prince then hee ſhould not wrong me.
Prin. I haue bethought already how to beare mee;
This Charter and this Ring, faire Loue, keepe you;
And when I ſend for you, you ſhall repaire
Vnto the Court: This all I ſhall inioyne you.
Lauret. Great Sir, I ſhall.
Prin. Come *Mounſieur*, now 'tis caſt,
Reuenge neere rules, ſo it be found at laſt.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the two Dukes with Iulia, Stroza *and attendants.*

Milla. Who ſaw the Prince laſt? Is't a cuſtome with him
To riſe thus early?

Floren. Sir, hee neuer ſleepes
Longer then th' day, nor keepes his bed by Sunne:
'Tis not the loue of the faireſt Lady liues,
Can make him leaue his morning exerciſe.
Iulia. He neuer exercis'd with me, I'm ſure;
I might haue layne as ſafe, free, and vntoucht,
By any Lady liuing.

Enter the Prince *and* Mounſi.

Prince. Pardon Lords,
I haue ſtay'd you long, your bleſsing royall Father.
My cuſtome is, euer to riſe before
A womans houre: Now heare me ſpeake my Lords,
I'm married to a Lady, whoſe chaſte honour,
Reports and falſe Suggeſtions, did inforce me
To call in publike queſtion; but that we leaue
Vnto our laſt nights reſt.
Stro. True my good Lord;
But did you find me faulty?
Prin. I doe proteſt, my Lords, I boſom'd with
As true and chaſte a Virgin, as ere lodg'd
Within a Princes armes; All this I vow
As I am Royall.
Stro. All's well my Lord?
Milla. All's excellent *Stroza.*
Princ. Now for amends and publike ſatisfaction,
For the foule wrong I did her, queſtioning
Her Vertue, Ile confirme her dowre, and that
Before I eate: Sweet Lady, reach the Charter
I gaue you laſt night, 'fore you were full mine?
Iulia. I receiu'd none Sir.
Prin. Sweet, will you tell mee that?
With which you did receiue a Ring the Duke
My father gaue me.
Iulia. When?
Prince. Laſt night.
Iulia. Where?
Prince. In your Bed.

Iulir. 'Twas in my dreame then.
Prince. Being broad awake.
Stro. I like not this : I ſmell a Rat.
Milla. *Stroza*, I feare too.
Stro. Brazen fore-head, Wilt
Thou leaue me now : 'Tis true my Lord. You did
Receiue them both, Haue you forgot ſweet Lady,
This very morning, that you gaue them both
To me? The Princeſſe ieaſted, to ſee how
You woo'd but take it.
Moun. Excellent Villaine!
Prince. 'Twas well put off:
'Tis ſtrange ſhee's ſo forgetfull : I prethee *Stroza*
Where are they?
Stroza. Where are they? they are——
Prince. Where?
Why ſtuddy you?
Stro. They are there——
Prince. Where man?
Stro. I poaſted them
To *Millaine*, ſent them ſafe, dare you not truſt my word.
Prince. Not till I ſee my deeds.
Stro. By one oth' Princes Traine.
Prince. See which of the Traine is wanting.
Moun. I ſhall my Lord.
Stro. I would I were in *Turkey*.
Milla. Would I were on horſe-backe.
Prin. Nay, looke not you deiected beautious Bride,
For this is done onely to honour you.

Enter a Seruing-man with a child in a couered Diſh.

Gent. The Prince, my Maſter, hearing your ſolemnities,
Hath ſent this diſh, to adde a preſent to
Your royall Feaſts, wiſhing himſelfe therein
To be a wellcome gueſt.

Prince. Your Maſters name?
Gent. Prince *Parma.*
Prince. Giue this Gentleman
A 100. crownes: This will much grace our banquet.
Flo. Ther's in that diſh, ſome Morrall.
Milla. Comming from him,
Meethinks it ſhould be ſeaſon'd with ſome ſtrange
And dangerous poyſon: Touch't not, my Lord.
Flo. There ſhould be more in't, then a feaſting diſh;
What's here, a Child?
Iulia. O my perplexed heart!
Pri. Upon his breſt ther's ſomething writ, Ile read it.

'Tis fit, if Iuſtice bee not quite exil'd
That he that wedds the mother, keepe the child.

This Child was ſent to me.
Stro. From whom? whom, *Parma?* breake the baſtards necke,
As I would doe the Fathers, were hee here.
Prin. Sure ſpare't for the Mothers ſake; t'was ſent to vs: *Enter* Mounſieur.
Which of the trayne is wanting?
Moun. None my Lord.
Prin. *Stroza*, where is this Charter and the Ring?
Stro. I know of none.
Moun. Why, t'was confeſt.
Stro. Right, I confeſt it; but your grace muſt know,
'Twas but to pleaſe your humour, which began
To grow into ſome violence.
Moun. I can forbeare no longer; Impudent *Stroza*,
Thou art a Villaine, periur'd, and forſworne:
That Duke diſhonourable; and ſhee vnchaſt:
Beſides, thou hyredſt a Virgin in her roome;
(Slaue as thou art) to boſome with the Prince;

Gau'ſt her fiue hundred Crownes. That this is true,
I will maintaine by combat.
Stro. That I did this? Hee lies below his entrayles,
That dares to braue mee with ſuch a proud affront:
And in the honour of my Prince and Countrey
I will approoue thee recreant.
Prin. A ſtrife, that nought ſaue combat can deſide,
The cauſe ſo full of doubts, and intricate.
See, they are both arm'd, and euenly, without odds,
Saue what the iuſtice of the cauſe can yeeld.
Exit Mounſieur *and* Stroza.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. Bee't no intruſion held, if a ſtrange Prince
(Setting behind, all complementall leaue)
Amongſt ſtrange Princes enters: Let me know
Which is the Prince of *Florence?*
Prince. Wee are hee.
Parm. And *Parma?*
Iuli. *Parma?*
Prince. Excuſe mee Sir,
I know him not: But if I much miſtake not,
Wee are late indebted to you for a preſent.
Parm. It was a gift, I ſhould bee loath to part with,
But vpon good conditions. Am I then
To all a ſtranger: Doe you not know mee Lady?
Milla. Heare him not ſpeake, I charge thee by thine honor?
Prince. *Parma* ſpeake, and if thy ſpeech was bent to mee?
Parm. Ere I proceede, let mee behold this babe;
Nere a Nurſe heere? Pray hand it you ſweete Lady,
Till I find out a Mother.
Milla. Touch it not,
I charge thee on my bleſsing.

Iulia. Pardon Sir,
It well becomes my handling.
Prince. *Parma* proceede.
Parm. Then *Florence* know, thou haſt wrong'd me beyond thought;
Shipwrackt my Honour, and my Fame; nay ſtrumpeted
Her, whom I tearme my Bride.
Prince. 'Tis falſe, I neuer ſaue with one imbrac'd,
And her, I found to be moſt truely chaſt.
Parm. Then It maintaine: Haſt thou a Wife heere?
Prince. Yes.
Parm. Then Ile approue her to bee none of thine,
That thou haſt fetch't her from anothers armes.
Nay more, that ſhee's vnchaſt?
Prin. Know *Parma*, thou haſt kindled ſuch a Flame,
That all the Oceans billowes ſcarce can quench:
Bee that our quarrells ground.
Florence. Princes, forbeare:
Firſt ſee the Iſſue of the former Combat,
Before more blood you hazard.
Prince. Wee are pleaſed.
Parm. And wee content.

Enter Stroza *and the* Mounſieur, *they fight, and* Stroza *is ouercome.*

Moun. Yeeld thy ſelfe recreant villaine, or thou dy'ſt.
Stro. Saue mee, I will confeſſe; Is *Parma* heere?
Parm. Yes, heere we are.
Stro. I falſely ſtuft thy head with Iealouſies,
And for ſome priuate ends of my reuenge,
Diſgrac'd the Generall, and ſet odds betwixt
Lauretta and the Princeſſe: All theſe miſchiefes
Proceede from my ſuggeſtions.
Milla. Damne him for it.

Stro. Is that your kindneſſe? giue me leaue to liue,
Bee't but to taynt his honour.
Prince. Tell mee *Stroza*,
Was *Iulia* chaſte?
Str. No.
Prince. Did her Father know it?
Str. Yes, and more too: I had the Gold from him,
To bribe the Generalls daughter.
Florence. Iniuries,
Beyond the thought of man.
Milla. Which wee'le no longer ſtriue with, ſince the heauens
Haue laid that ope moſt plaine and palpable,
Which moſt wee thought to conceale.
Prince. Will *Parma* fight?
Parm. Reſolue mee firſt? Was *Iulia* found chaſt?
Priece. I heere proteſt, wee parted both, as cleere,
As at our firſt encounter.
Parm. Then I accept her,
If you my Lord bee pleaſ'd ſo to part with her.
Prince. Willingly.
Iulia. Now haue I my deſires: Had I withall,
The Princely babe I boare.
Parm. See *Iulia*,
Whom thy hard-hearted Father doom'd to death,
My care hath ſtill conſerued, Imbrace it Lady;
Nay, tis thy owne nere feare it.
Prince. Then Prince *Parma*,
With your words Ile proceed.
'Tis fit all Iuſtice bee not quite exil'd,
That hee that wedds the Mother keepe the child.
Florence. But Peeres, the Virgin that this *Stroza* hired
To Iuſtifie theſe wrongs?
Prince. At hand my Lord:
Mounſieur conduct them hither?
Moun. I ſhall Sir.

Milla. The Generalls Wife and Daughter.

Enter Lauretta, Wife, *and* Clowne.

Clow. Yes and their man too; all that's left of him.

Prince. This the Maide,
To whom I am ſo bound?

Lauret. Oh let me lie
As proſtrate at your foot in Vaſſallage,
As I was at your pleaſure.

Prince. Sweete ariſe.

Clow. Your Lordſhip hath bin vp already, when ſhee was downe: I hope if the thing you wott of goe no worſe forward then it hath begun, and that you take charge of my young Lady, you neede not bee altogether vnmindfull of her Gentleman-Vſher.

Florence. Of what birth is that Lady?

Milla. Euen the leaſt
Enuy can ſpeake, Shee is a Souldiers Daughter,
Deſcended from a noble parentage.

Wife. Who with her mother,
Thus kneeles to him, as to their Soueraigne.
Intreating grace and pittie.

Milla. You haue both:
Sure, ſure, the heauens for our Ingratitude,
To noble *Sforza*, our braue generall,
Hath thus croſt our proceedings; which to recompence,
Wee'le take you vnto our beſt patronage.

Wife. *Millaine* is honorable.

Prince. But by your fauour Sir,
This muſt bee our owne charge.

Florence. With which we are pleas'd.

Iulia. *Stroza* was cauſe of all, but his ſubmiſſion
Hath ſau'd him from our hate, ariſe in grace.
Whil'ſt we thus greete *Lauretta.*

Lauret. Royall Princeſſe,
I ſtill ſhall be your hand-maide.

Stroza. Who would ſtriue,
To bee a villaine, when the good thus thriue?
Prince, You crowne me with your wiſhes, Royall father;
My Miſtris firſt, and next my bed-fellow,
And now my Bride moſt welcome. Excellent Sir,
Imbrace the *Millaine* Duke, whil'ſt I change hand
With Princely *Parma*; *Iulia,* once my Wife?
Backe to your husband I returne you chaſt:
Mounſieur, bee ſtill our friend: You our kind Mother:
And let ſucceeding Ages, thus much ſay:
Neuer was Maiden-head better giuen away.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

NEw Playes, are like new Faſhions; If they take?
Followed and worne: And happy's hee can make
Firſt into'th Garbe: But when they once haue paſt
Cenſure, and proue not well, they ſeldome laſt.
Our Play is new, but whether ſhaped well
In Act or Scane, Iudge you, you beſt can tell:
Wee hope the beſt, and 'tis our leaſt of feare,
That any thing but comely ſhould ſhew heere;
Howeuer Gentlemen, 'tis in your powers,
To make it laſt; or weare out, in two houres.

The late Lancashire

VVITCHES.

A well received Comedy, lately
Acted at the *Globe* on the *Banke-ſide*,
by the Kings Majeſties
Actors.

WRITTEN,
By THOM. HEYVVOOD,
AND
RICHARD BROOME.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent, aut delectare.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *Benjamin Fiſher*,
and are to be ſold at his Shop at the Signe of the
Talbot, without *Alderſgate*.
1634.

THE PROLOGVE.

COrrantoes *failing, and no foot poſt late*
Poſſeſſing us with Newes of forraine State,
No accidents abroad worthy Relation
Arriving here, we are forc'd from our owne Nation
To ground the Scene that's now in agitation.
The Project unto many here well knowne;
Thoſe Witches the fat Iaylor brought to Towne,
An Argument ſo thin, perſons ſo low
Can neither yeeld much matter, nor great ſhow.
Expect no more than can from ſuch be rais'd,
So may the Scene paſſe pardon'd, though not prais'd.

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Enter Maſter Arthur, *Mr.* Shakſtone, *Mr.* Bantam : (*as from hunting.*)

Arthur.

Was ever ſport of expectation
Thus croſt in th' height.
Shak. Tuſh theſe are accidents all game is ſubject to.
Arth. So you may call them
Chances, or croſſes, or what elſe you pleaſe,
But for my part, Ile hold them prodigies,
As things tranſcending Nature.
Bantam. O you ſpeake this,
Becauſe a Hare hath croſt you.
Arth. A Hare ? a Witch, or rather a Divell I think.
For tell me Gentlemen, was't poſſible
In ſuch a faire courſe, and no covert neere,
We in purſuit, and ſhe in conſtant view,
Our eyes not wandring but all bent that way,
The Dogs in chaſe, ſhe ready to be ceas'd,
And at the inſtant, when I durſt have layd
My life to gage, my Dog had pincht her, then
To vaniſh into nothing !
Shak. Somewhat ſtrange,
But not as you inforce it.
Arth. Make it plaine
That I am in an error, ſure I am

That I about me have no borrow'd eyes.
They are mine owne, and Matches.
Bant. She might find
Some Muſe as then not viſible to us,
And eſcape that way.
Shak. Perhaps ſome Foxe had earth'd there,
And though it be not common, for I ſeldome
Have knowne or heard the like, there ſquat her ſelfe,
And ſo her ſcape appeare but Naturall,
Which you proclaime a Wonder.
Arth. Well well Gentlemen,
Be you of your own faith, but what I ſee
And is to me apparent, being in ſence,
My wits about me, no way toſt nor troubled,
To that will I give credit.
Bant. Come, come, all men
Were never of one minde, nor I of yours.
Shak. To leave this argument, are you reſolv'd
Where we ſhall dine to day?
Arth. Yes where we purpos'd.
Bant. That was with Maſter *Generous*.
Arth. True, the ſame.
And where a loving welcome is preſum'd,
Whoſe liberall Table's never unprepar'd,
Nor he of gueſts unfurniſht, of his meanes,
There's none can beare it with a braver port,
And keepe his ſtate unſhaken, one who ſels not
Nor covets he to purchaſe, holds his owne
Without oppreſſing others, alwayes preſt
To indeere to him any knowne Gentleman
In whom he finds good parts.
Bant. A Character not common in this age.
Brth. I cannot wind him up
Vnto the leaſt part of his noble worth.
Tis far above my ſtrength.

Enter Whetſtone.

Shak. See who comes yonder,

A fourth, to make us a full Meſſe of gueſts
At Maſter *Generous* Table.
Arth. Tuſh let him paſſe,
He is not worth our luring, a meere Coxcombe,
It is a way to call our wits in queſtion,
To have him ſeene amongſt us.
Baut. He hath ſpy'd us,
There is no way to evade him.
Arth. That's my griefe;
A moſt notorious lyar, out upon him,
Shak. Let's ſet the beſt face on't.
Whet. What Gentlemen? all mine old acquaintance?
A whole triplicity of friends together? nay then
'Tis three to one we ſhall not ſoone part Company.
Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetſtone.*
Bant. Dainty Mr. *Whetſtone.*
Arth. Delicate Maſter *Whetſtone.*
Whet. You ſay right, Mr. *Whetſtone* I have bin, Mr. *Whetſtone* I am, and Mr. *Whetſtone* I ſhall be, and thoſe that know me, know withall that I have not my name for nothing, I am hee whom all the brave Blades of the Country uſe to whet their wits upon; ſweet Mr. *Shakton*, dainty Mr. *Bantham*, and dainty Mr. *Arthur*, and how, and how, what all luſtick, all froligozone? I know, you are going to my Vncles to dinner, and ſo am I too, What ſhall we all make one randevous there, you need not doubt of your welcome.
Shak. No doubt at all kind Mr. *Whetſtone*; but we have not ſeene you of late, you are growne a great ſtranger amongſt us, I deſire ſometimes to give you a viſit; I pray where do you lye?
Whet. Where doe I lye? why ſometimes in one place, and then againe in another, I love to ſhift lodgings; but moſt conſtantly, whereſoere I dine or ſup, there doe I lye?
Arth. I never heard that word proceed from him I durſt call truth till now.

Whet. But where ſo ever I lye 'tis no matter for that,
I pray you ſay, and ſay truth, are not you three now Going to dinner to my Vncles?

Bant. I thinke you are a Witch Maſter *Whetſtone.*

Whet. How? A Witch Gentlemen? I hope you doe not meane to abuſe me, though at this time (if report be true) there are too many of them here in our Country, but I am ſure I look like no ſuch ugly Creature.

Shak. It ſeemes then you are of opinion that there are Witches, for mine own part, I can hardly be induc'd to think there is any ſuch kinde of people.

Whet. No ſuch kinde of people! I pray you tell me Gentlemen, did never any one of you know my Mother?

Arth. Why was your Mother a Witch?

Whet. I doe not ſay as Witches goe now a dayes, for they for the moſt part are ugly old Beldams, but ſhe was a luſty young Laſſe, and by her owne report, by her beauty and faire lookes bewitcht my Father.

Bant. It ſeemes then your Mother was rather a yong wanton wench, than an old wither'd witch.

Whet. You ſay right, and know withall I come of two ancient Families, for as I am a *Whetſtone* by the Mother-ſide, ſo I am a *By-blow* by the Fathers.

Arth. It appeares then by your diſcourſe, that you came in at the window.

Whet. I would have you thinke I ſcorne like my Granams Cat to leape over the Hatch.

Shak. He hath confeſt himſelfe to be a Baſtard.

Arth. And I beleeve't as a notorious truth.

Whet. Howſoever I was begot, here you ſee I am,
And if my Parents went to it without feare or wit,
What can I helpe it.

Arth. Very probable, for as he was got without feare,
So it is apparent he was borne without wit.

Whet. Gentlemen, it ſeemes you have ſome private

buſineſſe amongſt your ſelves, which I am not willing to interrupt, I know not how the day goes with you, but for mine owne part, my ſtomacke is now much upon 12. You know what houre my Vncle keepes, and I love ever to bee ſet before the firſt grace, I am going before, ſpeake, ſhall I acquaint him with your comming after?

Shak. We meane this day to ſee what fare he keepes.

Whet. And you know it is his cuſtome to fare well,
And in that reſpect I think I may be his kinſman,
And ſo farewell Gentlemen, Ile be your fore-runner,
To give him notice of your viſite.

Bant. And ſo intyre us to you.

Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetſtone.*

Arth. Kind Mr. *Byblow.*

Whet. I ſee you are perfect both in my name & ſirname; I have bin ever bound unto you, for which I will at this time be your *Noverint*, and give him notice that you *Vniverſi* will bee with him *per præſentes*, and that I take to be preſently. *Exit.*

Arth. Farewell *As in præſenti.*

Shak. It ſeemes hee's peece of a Scholler.

Arth. What becauſe he hath read a little Scriveners Latine, hee never proceeded farther in his Accidence than to *Mentiri non eſt meum;* and that was ſuch a hard Leſſon to learne, that he ſtucke at *mentiri*; and cu'd never reach to *non eſt meum*: ſince, a meere Ignaro, and not worth acknowledgement.

Bant. Are theſe then the beſt parts he can boaſt of?

Arth. As you ſee him now, ſo ſhall you finde him ever: all in one ſtrain, there is one only thing which I wonder he left out.

Shak. And what might that be.

Arth. Of the ſame affinity with the reſt. At every ſecond word, he is commonly boaſting either of his Aunt or his Vncle.

Enter Mr. Generous.

Bant. You name him in good time, ſee where he comes.

Gener. Gentlemen, Welcome, t'is a word I uſe,
From me expect no further complement:
Nor do I name it often at one meeting,
Once ſpoke (to thoſe that underſtand me beſt,
And know I alwaies purpoſe as I ſpeake)
Hath ever yet ſuffiz'd: ſo let it you;
Nor doe I love that common phraſe of gueſts,
As we make bold, or we are troubleſome,
Wee take you unprovided, and the like;
I know you underſtanding Gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot perſuade your ſelves
With me you ſhall be troubleſome or bold,
But ſtill provided for my worthy friends,
Amongſt whom you are lifted.

Arth. Noble ſir,
You generouſly inſtruct us, and to expreſſe
We can be your apt ſchollers: in a word
Wee come to dine with you.

Gener. And Gentlemen,
Such plainneſſe doth beſt pleaſe me, I had notice
Of ſo much by my kinſman, and to ſhow
How lovingly I tooke it, inſtantly
Roſe from my chayre to meet you at the gate,
And be my ſelfe your uſher; nor ſhall you finde
Being ſet to meat, that i'le excuſe your fare,
Or ſay, I am ſory it falls out ſo poore;
And had I knowne your comming wee'd have had
Such things and ſuch, nor blame my Cooke, to ſay
This diſh or that hath not bin ſauc'ſt with care:
Words, fitting beſt a common Hoſteſſe mouth,
When ther's perhaps ſome juſt cauſe of diſlike,
But not the table of a Gentleman;
Nor is it my wives cuſtome; in a word,
Take what you find, & ſo———

Arth. Sir without flattery
You may be call'd the ſole ſurviving ſonne
Of long ſince baniſht Hoſpitality.
Gener. In that you pleaſe me not: But Gentlemen
I hope to be beholden unto you all,
Which if I proove, Ile be a gratefull debtor.
Bant. Wherein good ſir.
Gener. I ever ſtudied plaineneſſe, and truth withàll.
Shak. I pray expreſſe your ſelfe.
Gener. In few I ſhall. I know this youth to whom my wife is Aunt
Is (as you needs muſt finde him) weake and ſhallow:
Dull, as his name, and what for kindred ſake
We note not, or at leaſt, are loath to ſee,
Is unto ſuch well-knowing Gentlemen
Moſt groſſely viſible: If for my ſake
You will but ſeeme to winke at theſe his wants,
At leaſt at table before us his friends,
I ſhall receive it as a courteſie
Not ſoone to be forgot.
Arth. Preſume it ſir.
Gener. Now when you pleaſe pray Enter Gentlemen.
Arth. Would theſe my friends prepare the way before,
To be reſolved of one thing before dinner
Would ſomething adde unto mine appetite,
Shall I intreat you ſo much.
Bant. O ſir you may command us.
Gener. I'th meane time
Prepare your ſtomackes with a bowle of Sacke.
Exit Bant. & Shak.
My Cellar can affoord it; now Mr. *Arthur*
Pray freely ſpeake your thoughts.
Arth. I come not ſir
To preſſe a promiſe from you, tak't not ſo,
Rather to prompt your memory in a motion

Made to you not long ſince.
Gener. Waſt not about
A Mannor, the beſt part of your eſtate,
Morgag'd to one ſlips no advantages
Which you would have redeem'd.
Arth. True ſir the ſame.
Gener. And as I thinke, I promiſt at that time
To become bound with you, or if the uſurer
(A baſe, yet the beſt title I can give him)
Perhaps ſhould queſtion that ſecurity,
To have the money ready. Waſt not ſo?
Arth. It was to that purpoſe wee diſcourſt.
Gener. Provided, to have the Writings in my cuſtody.
Elſe how ſhould I ſecure mine owne eſtate.
Arth. To denie that, I ſhould appeare to th' World
Stupid, and of no braine.
Gener. Your monie's ready.
Arth. And I remaine a man oblig'd to you.
Beyond all utterance.
Gener. Make then your word good
By ſpeaking it no further, onely this,
It ſeemes your Vncle you truſted in ſo far
Hath failed your expectation.
Arth. Sir he hath, not that he is unwilling or unable,
But at this time unfit to be ſolicited;
For to the Countries wonder, and my ſorrow,
Hee is much to be pitied.
Gener. Why I intreat you.
Arth. Becauſe hee's late become the ſole diſcourſe
Of all the countrey; for of a man reſpected
For his diſcretion and knowne gravitie,
As maſter of a govern'd Family,
The houſe (as if the ridge were fixt below,
And groundſils lifted up to make the roofe)
All now turn'd topſie turvy.

Gener. Strange, but how?
Arth. In ſuch a retrograde & prepoſterous way
As ſeldome hath bin heard of. I thinke never.
Gener. Can you diſcourſe the manner?
Arth. The good man,
In all obedience kneeles vnto his ſon,
Hee with an auſtere brow commands his father.
The wife preſumes not in the daughters ſight
Without a prepared courteſie. The girle, ſhee
Expects it as a dutie; chides her mother
Who quakes and trembles at each word ſhe ſpeaks,
And what's as ſtrange, the Maid ſhe dominiers
O're her yong miſtris, who is aw'd by her.
The ſon to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much feare of the groome his man.
All in ſuch rare diſorder, that in ſome
As it breeds pitty, and in others wonder;
So in the moſt part laughter.
Gener. How thinke you might this come.
Arth. T'is thought by Witchcraft.
Gener. They that thinke ſo dreame,
For my beliefe is, no ſuch thing can be,
A madneſſe you may call it: Dinner ſtayes,
That done, the beſt part of the afternoone
Wee'le ſpend about your buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Seely and Doughty.

Seely. Nay but underſtand me neighbor *Doughty.*
Doughty. Good maſter *Seely* I do underſtand you, and over and over underſtand you ſo much, that I could e'ene bluſh at your fondneſſe; and had I a ſonne to ſerve mee ſo, I would coniure a divell out of him.
See. Alas he is my childe.
Dough. No, you are his childe to live in feare of him, indeed they ſay oldmen become children againe, but before I would become my childes childe, and

make my foot my head, I would ſtand upon my head, and kick my heels at the skies.

Enter Gregory.

See. You do not know what an only ſon is, O ſee, he comes now if you can appeaſe his anger toward me, you ſhall doe an act of timely charity.

Dou. It is an office that I am but weakly verſd in
To plead to a ſonne in the fathers behalfe,
Bleſſe me what lookes the deviliſh young Raſcall
Frights the poore man withall!

Greg. I wonder at your confidence, and how you dare appeare before me.

Doug. A brave beginning.

See. O ſonne be patient.

Greg. It is right reverend councell, I thanke you for it, I ſhall ſtudy patience ſhall I, while you practice waies to begger mee, ſhall I?

Dough. Very handſome.

See. If ever I tranſgreſſe in the like againe—

Greg. I have taken your word too often ſir and neither can nor will forbeare you longer.

Dough. What not your Father Mr. *Gregory*?

Greg. Whats that to you ſir?

Dough. Pray tell me then ſir, how many yeares has hee to ſerve you.

Gre. What do you bring your ſpokeſman now, your advocat,
What fee goes out of my eſtate now, for his Oratory?

Dou. Come I muſt tell you, you forget your ſelfe,
And in this foule unnaturall ſtrife wherein
You trample on your father. You are falne
Below humanitie. Y'are ſo beneath
The title of a ſonne, you cannot clayme

To be a man, and let me tell you were you mine
Thou ſhouldſt not eat but on thy knees before me.
See. O this is not the way.
This is to raiſe Impatience into fury.
I do not ſeek his quiet for my eaſe,
I can beare all his chidings and his threats,
And take them well, very exceeding well,
And finde they do me good on my owne part,
Indeed they do reclaim me from thoſe errors
That might impeach his fortunes, but I feare
Th' unquiet ſtrife within him hurts himſelfe,
And waſtes or weakens Nature by the breach
Of moderate ſleepe and dyet; and I can
No leſſe than grieve to finde my weakneſſes
To be the cauſe of his affliction,
And ſee the danger of his health and being.
Dou. Alas poore man? Can you ſtand open ey'd
Or dry ey'd either at this now in a Father?
Greg. Why, if it grieve you, you may look of ont,
I have ſeen more than this twice twenty times,
And have as often bin deceiv'd by his diſſimulations
I can ſee nothing mended.
Dou. He is a happy ſire that has brought vp his ſon to this.
See. All ſhall be mended ſon content your ſelfe,
But this time forget but this laſt fault.
Greg. Yes, for a new one to morrow.
Dou. Pray Mr. *Gregory* forget it, you ſee how
Submiſſive your poore penitent is, forget it,
Forget it, put it out o' your head, knocke it
Out of your braines. I proteſt, if my Father,
Nay if my fathers dogge ſhould haue ſayd
As much to me, I ſhould have embrac't him.
What was the treſpaſſe? It c'ud not be ſo hainous.
Greg. Wel Sir, you now ſhall be a Iudge for all your jeering.

Was it a fatherly part thinke you having a ſonne
To offer to enter in bonds for his nephew, ſo to indanger
My eſtate to redeeme his morgage.

See. But I did it not ſonne?

Gre. I know it very well, but your dotage had done it,
If my care had not prevented it.

Dou. Is that the buſineſſe: why if he had done it, had hee not bin ſufficiently ſecur'd in having the morgage made over to himſelfe.

Greg. He does nothing but practice waies to undo himſelfe, and me: a very ſpendthrift, a prodigall fire, hee was at the Ale club but tother day, and ſpent a foure-penny.

See. 'Tis gone and paſt ſonne.

Greg. Can you hold your peace ſir? And not long ago at the wine he ſpent his teaſter, and two pence to the piper, that was brave was it not?

See. Truely we were civily merry. But I have left it.

Greg. Your civility have you not? For no longer agoe than laſt holiday evening he gam'd away eight double ring'd tokens on a rubbers at bowles with the Curate, and ſome of his idle companions.

Dou. Fie Mr. *Gregory Seely* is this ſeemely in a ſonne.
You'le have a rod for the childe your father ſhortly I feare.
Alaſſe did hee make it cry? Give me a ſtroke and Ile beat him,
Bleſſe me, they make me almoſt as mad as themſelves.

Greg. 'Twere good you would meddle with your own matters ſir.

See. Sonne, ſonne.

Greg. Sir, Sir, as I am not beholden to you for houſe or Land, for it has ſtood in the name of my an-

ceſtry the *Seelyes* above two hundred yeares, ſo will I look you leave all as you found it.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. What is the matter con yeow tell?

Greg. O *Lawrence*, welcom, Thou wilt make al wel I am ſure.

Law. Yie whick way con yeow tell, but what the foule evill doone yee, heres ſick an a din.

Dou. Art thou his man fellow ha? that talkeſt thus to him.

Law. Yie ſir, and what ma' yoew o'that, he mainteynes me to rule him, and i'le deu't, or ma' the heart weary o'the weambe on him.

Dou. This is quite upſide downe, the ſonne controlls the father, and the man overcrowes his maſters coxſcombe, ſure they are all bewitch'd.

Greg. 'Twas but ſo, truely *Lawrence*; the peeviſh old man vex't me, for which I did my duty, in telling him his owne, and Mr. *Doughty* here maintaines him againſt me.

Law. I forbodden yeow to meddle with the old carle, and let me alone with him, yet yeow ſtill be at him, hee ſerv'd yeow but weell to baſt ye for't, ant he were ſtronk enough, but an I faw foule with yee an I ſwaddle yee not ſavorly may my girts braſt.

See. Prethee good *Lawrence* be gentle and do not fright thy Maſter ſo.

Law. Yie, at your command anon.

See. Enough good *Lawrence*, you have ſaid enough.

Law. How trow yeou that? A fine World when a man cannot be whyet at heame for buſie brain'd neighpors.

Dou. I know not what to ſay to any thing here,
This cannot be but witchcraft.

Enter Ioane and Winny.

Win. I cannot indure it nor I will not indure it.

Dou. Hey day! the daughter upon the mother too.

Win. One of us two, chuſe you which, muſt leave the houſe, wee are not to live together I ſee that, but I will know, if there be Law in *Lancaſhire* for't, which is fit firſt to depart the houſe or the World, the mother or the daughter.

Ioane. Daughter I ſay.

Win. Do you ſay the daughter, for that word I ſay the mother, unleſſe you can prove me the eldeſt, as my diſcretion almoſt warrant it, I ſay the mother ſhall out of the houſe or take ſuch courſes in it as ſhall ſort with ſuch a honſe and ſuch a daughter.

Ioan. Daughter I ſay, I wil take any courſe ſo thou wilt leave thy paſſion ; indeed it hurts.thee childe, I'le ſing and be merry, weare as fine clothes, and as delicate dreſſings as thou wilt have me, ſo thou wilt pacifie thy ſelfe, and be at peace with me.

Wiu. O will you ſo, in ſo doing I may chance to looke upon you, Is this a fit habite for a handſome young Gentlewomans mother, as I hope to be a Lady, you look like one o' the Scottiſh wayward ſiſters, O my hart has got the hickup, and all lookes greene about me, a merry ſong now mother, and thou ſhalt be my white girle.

Ioan. Ha, ha, ha! ſhe's overcome with joy at my converſion.

Dough. She is moſt evidently bewitcht.

Song.

Ioane. There was a deft Lad and a Laſſe fell in love, with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly ;

With kiſſing and toying this Maiden did prove,
with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly ;
So wide i' th waſt, and her Belly ſo high,
That unto her mother the Maiden did cry,
O Langtidowne dilly, O Langtidowne dilly,
fa la la Langtidowne, Langtidowne dilly.

Enter Parnell.

Parn. Thus wodden yeou doone and I were dead, but while I live yoeu fadge not on it, is this aw the warke yeou con fine ?

Dough. Now comes the Mayd to ſet her Miſtreſſes to work.

Win. Nay pri'thee ſweet *Parnell*, I was but chiding the old wife for her unhandſomneſſe, and would have been at my work preſently, ſhe tels me now ſhe will weare fine things, and I ſhall dreſſe her head as I liſt.

Dough. Here's a houſe well govern'd ?

Parn. Dreſſe me no dreſſings, leſſen I dreſſe yeou beth, and learne a new leſſon with a wainon right now, han I bin a ſervant here this halfe dozen o' yeares, and con I ſee yeou idler then my ſelve !

Ioa. Win. Nay prithee ſweet *Parnell* content, & hark thee—

Dough. I have knowne this, and till very lately, as well govern'd a Family as the Country yeilds, and now what a neſt of ſeverall humors it is growne, and all divelliſh ones, ſure all the Witches in the Country, have their hands in this home-ſpun medley ; and there be no few 'tis thought.

Parn. Yie, yie, ye ſhall ye ſhall, another time, but not naw I thonke yeou, yeou ſhall as ſoone piſſe and paddle in't, as flap me in the mouth with an awd Petticoat, or a new paire o ſhoine, to be whyet, I cannot be whyet, nor I wonnot be whyet, to ſee ſicky doings I.

Lawr. Hold thy prattle *Parnell*, aw's com'd about as weene a had it, wotſt thou what *Parnell* ? wotſt thou what ? o deare, wotſt thou what ?

Parn. What's the fond wexen waild trow I.

Lawr. We han bin in love theſe three yeares, and ever wee had not enough, now is it com'd about that our love ſhall be at an end for ever, and a day, for wee mun wed may hunny, we mun wed.

Parn. What the Deowl ayles the lymmer lowne, bin thy braincs broke lowſe trow I.

Lawr. Sick a waddin was there never i' Loncoſhire as ween couple at on Monday newſt.

Par. Awa awaw, ſayn yeou this ſickerly, or done you but jaum me?

Lawr. I jaum thee not nor flam thee not, 'tis all as true as booke, here's both our Maſters have conſented and concloyded, and our Miſtreſſes mun yeild toyt, to put aw houſe and lond and aw they have into our hands.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And we mun marry and be maſter and dame of aw.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And theyn be our Sijourners, becauſe they are weary of the world, to live in frendibleneſſe, and ſee what will come on't.

Par. Awa, awaw, agone.

Seel. & Greg. Nay 'tis true *Parnell*, here's both our hands on't, and give you joy.

Ioan & Win. And ours too, and 'twill be fine Ifackins.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw!

Dou. Here's a mad buſineſſe towards.

Seel. I will beſpeake the Gueſts.

Greg. And I the meat:

Ioan. I'le dreſſe the dinner, though I drip my ſweat.

Law. My care ſhall ſumptuous parrelments provide.

Win. And my beſt art ſhall trickly trim the Bride.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

Greg. Ile get choyce muſick for the merriment.

Dough. And I will waite with wonder the event.
Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

Actvs, II. Scæna, I.

Enter 4. Witches : (*feverally.*)

All. Oe ! well met, well met.
Meg. What new deviſe, what dainty ſtraine
More for our myrth now then our gaine,
Shall we in practice put.
Meg. Nay dame,
Before we play another game,
We muſt a little laugh and thanke
Our feat familiars for the pranck
They playd us laſt.
Mawd. Or they will miſſe
Vs in our next plot, if for this
They find not their reward.
Meg. 'Tis right.
Gil. Therefore ſing *Mawd*, and call each ſpright.
Come away, and take thy duggy.

Enter foure Spirits.

Meg. Come my *Mamilion* like a Puggy.
Mawd. And come my puckling take thy teat,
Your travels have deſerv'd your meat.
Meg. Now upon the Churles ground
On which we're met, lets dance a round ;
That Cocle, Darnell, Poppia wild,
May choake his graine, and fill the field.

Gil. Now ſpirits fly about the taske,
That we projected in our Maske. *Exit Spirits.*
Meg. Now let us laugh to thinke upon
The feat which wé have ſo lately done,
In the diſtraction we have ſet
In *Seelyes* houſe; which ſhall beget
Wonder and ſorrow 'mongſt our foes,
Whilſt we make laughter of their woes.
All. Ha, ha ha!
Meg. I can but laugh now to foreſee,
The fruits of their perplexity.
Gil. Of *Seely's* family?
Meg. I, I, I, the Father to the Sonne doth cry,
The Sonne rebukes the Father old;
The Daughter at the mother Scold,
The wife the husband check and chide,
But that's no wonder, through the wide
World 'tis common.
Gil. But to be ſhort,
The wedding muſt bring on the ſport
Betwixt the hare-brayn'd man and mayd,
Maſter and dame that over-ſway'd.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Meg. Enough, enough,
Our ſides are charm'd, or elſe this ſtuffe
Would laughter-cracke them; let's away
About the Iig: we dance to day,
To ſpoyle the Hunters ſport.
Gil. I that,
Be now the ſubject of our chat.
Meg. Then liſt yee well, the Hunters are
This day by vow to kill a Hare,
Or elſe the ſport they will forſweare;
And hang their Dogs up.
Mawd. Stay, but where
Muſt the long threatned hare be found?
Gill. They'l ſearch in yonder Meadow ground.
Meg. There will I be, and like a wily Wat,
Vntill they put me up; ile ſquat.
Gill. I and my puckling will a brace

Of Greyhounds be, fit for the race ;
And linger where we may be tane
Vp for the courſe in the by-lane ;
Then will we lead their Dogs a courſe,
And every man and every horſe ;
Vntill they breake their necks, and ſay—

All. The Divell on Dun is rid this way. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Meg. All the doubt can be but this,
That if by chance of me they miſſe,
And ſtart another Hare.

Gil. Then we'll not run
But finde ſome way how to be gone.
I ſhal know thee *Peg*, by thy griſſel'd gut.

Meg. And I you *Gilian* by your gaunt thin gut.
But where will *Mawd* beſtow her ſelfe to day ?

Mawd. O' th' Steeple top ; Ile ſit and ſee you play. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Generous, Arthur, Bantam, Shakſtone, and Whetſtone.

Gener. At meeting, and at parting Gentlemen,
I onely make uſe of that generall word,
So frequent at all feaſts, and that but once ; y'are welcome.
You are ſo, all of you, and I intreat you
Take notice of that ſpeciall buſineſſe,
Betwixt this Gentleman my friend, and I.
About the Morgage, to which writings drawne,
Your hands are witneſſe.

Bant. & Shak. We acknowledge it.

Whet. My hand is there too, for a man cannot ſet to his Marke, but it may be call'd his hand ; I am a Gentleman both wayes, and it hath been held that it is the part of a Gentleman, to write a ſcurvie hand.

Bant. You write Sir like your ſelfe.

Gener. Pray take no notice of his ignorance,
You know what I foretold you.

Arth. 'Tis confeſt,
But for that word by you ſo ſeldome ſpoke
By us ſo freely on your part perform'd,
We hold us much ingag'd.
Gener. I pray, no complement,
It is a thing I doe not uſe my ſelfe,
Nor doe I love't in others.
Arth. For my part,
Could I at once diſſolve my ſelfe to words
And after turne them into matter; ſuch
And of that ſtrength, as to attract the attention
Of all the curious, and moſt itching eares
Of this our Crittick age; it cou'd not make
A theame amounting to your noble worth:
You ſeeme to me to ſuper-arrogate,
Supplying the defects of all your kindred
To innoble your own name: I now have done Sir.
Whet. Hey day, this Gentleman ſpeakes like a Country Parſon that had tooke his text out of *Ovids* Metamorphoſis.
Gener. Sir, you Hyperbolize;
And I coo'd chide you for't, but whil'ſt you connive
At this my Kinſman, I ſhall winke at you;
'Twil prove an equall match.
Gener. Your name proclaimes
To be ſuch as it ſpeakes, you, *Generous.*
Gener. Still in that ſtraine!
Arth. Sir, ſir, whilſt you perſever to be good
I muſt continue gratefull.
Gener. Gentlemen,
The greateſt part of this day you ſee is ſpent
In reading deeds, conveyances, and bonds,
With ſealing and ſubſcribing; will you now
Take part of a bad Supper.
Arth. We are like travellers
And where ſuch bayt, they doe not uſe to Inne.
Our love and ſervice to you.
Gener. The firſt I accept,
The Laſt I entertaine not, farewell Gentlemen.

Arth. We'l try if we can finde in our way home
When Hares come from their coverts, to reliffe,
A courſe or too.

Whet. Say you ſo Gentlemen, nay then I am for your company ſtill, 'tis ſayd Hares are like Hermophrodites, one while Male, and another Female, and that which begets this yeare, brings young ones the next; which ſome think to be the reaſon that witches take their ſhapes ſo oft: Nay if I lye *Pliny* lyes too, but come, now I have light upon you, I cannot ſo lightly leave you farewell Vnckle.

Gener. Cozen I wiſh you would conſort your ſelfe,
With ſuch men ever, and make them your Preſident
For a more Gentile carriage.

Arth. Good Maſter *Generous*——

Exeunt, manet Generous.

Enter Robert.

Gen. Robin.

Rob. Sir.

Gen. Goe call your Miſtreſſe hither.

Rob. My Miſtreſſe Sir, I doe call her Miſtreſſe, as I doe call you Maſter, but if you would have me call my Miſtreſſe to my Maſter, I may call lowd enough before ſhe can heare me.

Gener. Why ſhe's not deafe I hope, I am ſure ſince Dinner
She had her hearing perfect.

Rob. And ſo ſhe may have at Supper too for ought I know, but I can aſſure you ſhe is not now within my call.

Gener. Sirrah you trifle, give me the Key oth' Stable.
I will goe ſee my Gelding; i'th' meane time
Goe ſeeke her out, ſay ſhe ſhall finde me there.

Rob. To tell you true ſir, I ſhall neither finde my Miſtreſſe here, nor you your Gelding there.

Gener. Ha! how comes that to paſſe?

Rob. Whilſt you were buſie about your writings, ſhe came and commanded me to ſaddle your Beaſt, and ſayd ſhe would ride abroad to take the ayre.

Gener. Which of your fellowes did ſhe take along to wayte on her?

Rob. None ſir.

Gener. None! hath ſhe us'd it often?

Rob. Oftner I am ſure then ſhe goes to Church, and leave out Wedneſdayes and Fridayes.

Gener. And ſtill alone?

Rob. If you call that alone, when no body rides in her company.

Gen. But what times hath ſhe ſorted for theſe journeyes?

Rob. Commonly when you are abroad, aud ſometimes when you are full of buſineſſe at home.

Gener. To ride out often and alone, what ſayth ſhe
When ſhe takes horſe, and at her backe returne?

Rob. Onely conjures me that I ſhall keepe it from you, then clappes me in the fiſt with ſome ſmall piece of ſilver, and then a Fiſh cannot be more ſilent then I.

Gen. I know her a good woman and well bred,
Of an unqueſtion'd carriage, well reputed
Amongſt her neighbors, reckon'd with the beſt
And ore me moſt indulgent; though in many
Such things might breed a doubt and jealouſie,
Yet I hatch no ſuch phrenſie. Yet to prevent
The ſmalleſt jarre that might betwixt us happen;
Give her no notice that I know thus much.
Beſides I charge thee, when ſhe craves him next
He be deny'd: if ſhe be vext or mov'd
Doe not thou feare, Ile interpoſe my ſelfe
Betwixt thee and her anger, as you tender
Your duty and my ſervice, ſee this done.

Rob. Now you have expreſt your minde, I know what I have to doe; firſt, not to tell her what I have

told you, & next to keep her ſide-ſaddle from comming upon your Gueldings backe; but howſoever it is like to hinder me of many a round teſter.

Gener. As oft as thou deny'ſt her, ſo oft clayme
That teaſter from me, 't ſhall be roundly payd.

Rob. You ſay well in that ſir, I dare take your word, you are an honeſt Gentleman, and my Maſter; and now take mine as I am your true ſervant, before ſhe ſhall backe your Guelding again in your abſence, while I have the charge of his keeping; ſhe ſhall ride me, or Ile ride her.

Gen. So much for that. Sirrah my Butler tels me
My Seller is drunke dry, I meane thoſe Bottles
Of Sack and Claret, are all empty growne
And I have gueſts to morrow, my choyſe friends.
Take the gray Nag i'th' ſtable, and thoſe Bottles
Fill at *Lancaſter*, there where you uſe to fetch it.

Rob. Good newes for me, I ſhall ſir.

Gen. O *Robin*, it comes ſhort of that pure liquor
We drunke laſt Terme in London at the *Myter*
In *Fleet-ſtreet*, thou remembreſt it; me thought
It was the very ſpirit of the Grape,
Meere quinteſſence of Wine.

Rob. Yes ſir, I ſo remember it, that moſt certaine it is I never ſhal forget it, my mouth waters ever ſince when I but think on't, whilſt you were at ſupper above, the drawer had me down into the Cellar below, I know the way in againe if I ſee't, but at that time to finde the way out againe, I had the help of more eies than mine owne: is the taſte of that *Ipſitate* ſtil in your pallat ſir?

Gener. What then? But vaine are wiſhes, take thoſe bottles
And ſee them fil'd where I command you ſir.

Rob. I ſhall: never c'ud I have met with ſuch a faire opportunity: for iuſt in the mid way lies my ſweet-heart, as lovely a laſſe as any is in *Lancaſhire*,

and kiſſes as ſweetly: i'le ſee her going or comming, i'le have one ſmouch at thy lips, and bee with thee to bring *Mal Spencer*. *Exit.*

Gen. Go haſten your return, what he hath told me
Touching my wife is ſomewhat ſtrange, no matter
Bee't as it will, it ſhall not trouble me.
Shee hath not lyen ſo long ſo neere my ſide,
That now I ſhould be jealous.

Enter a ſouldier.

Sold. You ſeeme ſir a Gentleman of quality, and no doubt but in your youth have beene acquainted with affaires military, in your very lookes there appeares bounty, and in your perſon humanity. Pleaſe you to vouchſafe the tender of ſome ſmall courteſie to help to beare a ſouldier into his countrey.

Gen. Though I could tax you friend, & juſtly too
For begging 'gainſt the Statute in that name,
Yet I have ever bin of that compaſſion,
Where I ſee want, rather to pittie it
Than to uſe power. Where haſt thou ſerv'd?

Sold. With the Ruſſian againſt the Polack, a heavy war, and hath brought me to this hard fate. I was tooke priſoner by the Pole, & after ſome few weeks of durance, got both my freedom and paſſe. I have it about me to ſhow, pleaſe you to vouchſafe the peruſall.

Gener. It ſhall not need. What Countreyman.

Sold. Yorkeſhire ſir. Many a ſharp battell by land, and many a ſharpe ſtorme at ſea, many a long mile, and many a ſhort meale, I have travel'd and ſuffer'd ere I c'ud reach thus far, I beſeech you ſir take my poore & wretched caſe into your worſhips noble conſideration.

Gener. Perhaps thou lov'ſt this wandring life
To be an idle loitering begger, than
To eat of thine owne labour.

Sold. I ſir! Loitering I defie ſir, I hate lazineſſe as I do leproſie: It is the next way to breed the ſcurvie, put mee to hedge, ditch, plow, threſh, dig, delve, any thing: your worſhip ſhal find that I love nothing leſſe than loitering.

Gener. Friend thou ſpeakeſt well.

Enter Miller (his hands and face ſcratcht, and bloudy.

Miller. Your Mill quoth he, if ever you take me in your mill againe, i'le give you leave to caſt my fleſh to the dogges, and grinde my bones to pouder, betwixt the Milſtones. Cats do you call them, for their hugeneſſe they might bee cat a mountaines, and for their clawes, I thinke I have it here in red and white to ſhew, I pray looke here ſir, a murreine take them, ile be ſworne they have ſcratcht, where I am ſure it itcht not.

Gener. How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Mil. You ſee ſir, and what you ſee, I have felt, & am come to give you to underſtand i'le not indure ſuch another night if you would give mee your mill for nothing, they ſay we Millers are theeves: but I c'ud as ſoone bee hangd as ſteale one piece of a nap all the night long, good Landlord provide your ſelfe of a new tenant, the noiſe of ſuch catterwawling, & ſuch ſcratching and clawing, before I would indure againe, i'le bee tyed to the ſaile when the winde blowes ſharpeſt, and they flie ſwifteſt, till I be torne into as many fitters as I have toes and fingers.

Sold. I was a Miller my ſelfe before I was a ſouldier. What one of my own trade ſhould be ſo poorely ſpirited frighted with cats?
Sir truſt me with the Mill that he forſakes.
Here is a blade that hangs upon this belt
That ſpight of all theſe Rats, Cats, Wezells, Witches
Or Dogges, or Divels, ſhall ſo coniure them
I'le quiet my poſſeſſion.

Gener. Well ſpoke Souldier.
I like thy reſolution. Fellow, you then
Have given the Mill quite over.

Mil. Over and over, here I utterly renounce it; nor would I ſtay in it longer, if you would give me your whole eſtate; nay if I ſay it, you may take my word Landlord.

Sold. I pray ſir dare you truſt your mill with me.

Gener. I dare, but I am loth, my reaſons theſe.
For many moneths, ſcarce any one hath lien there
But have bin ſtrangely frighted in his ſleepe,
Or from his warme bed drawne into the floore,
Or clawd and ſcratcht, as thou ſeeſt this poore man,
So much, that it ſtood long untenanted,
Till he late undertooke it, now thine eies
Witneſſe how he hath ſped.

Sold. Give me the keies, ile ſtand it all danger.

Gener. 'Tis a match: deliver them.

Mil. Mary withall my heart, and I am glad, I am ſo rid of em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Boy with a ſwitch.

Boy. Now I have gathered Bullies, and fild my bellie pretty well, i'le goe ſee ſome ſport. There are gentlemen courſing in the medow hard by; and 'tis a game that I love better than going to Schoole ten to one.

Enter an inviſible ſpirit. F. Adſon with a brace of greyhounds.

What have we here a brace of Greyhounds broke looſe from their maſters: it muſt needs be ſo, for they have both their Collers and ſlippes about their neckes. Now I looke better upon them, me thinks I ſhould know them, and ſo I do: theſe are Mr. *Robinſons* dogges, that dwels ſome two miles off, i'le take them up, & lead them home to their maſter; it may be

ſomthing in my way, for he is as liberall a gentleman, as any is in our countrie. Come *Hector*, come. Now if I c'ud but ſtart a Hare by the way, kill her, and carry her home to my ſupper, I ſhould thinke I had made a better afternoones worke of it than gathering of bullies. Come poore curres along with me. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetſtone.

Arth. My Dog as yours.

Shak. For what?

Arth. A piece.

Shak. 'Tis done.

Bant. I ſay the pide dog ſhall outſtrip the browne.

Whe. And ile take the brown dogs part againſt the pide.

Bant. Yes when hee's at his lap youle take his part.

Arth. *Bantam* forbeare him prethee.

Bant. He talks ſo like an Aſſe I have not patience to indure his non ſence.

Whet. The browne dogge for two peeces.

Bant. Of what?

Whet. Of what you dare; name them from the laſt Farthings with the double rings, to the late Coy'ned peeces which they ſay are all counterfeit.

Bant. Well ſir, I take you: will you cover theſe, give them into the hands of either of theſe two gentlemen.

Whet. What needs that? doe you thinke my word and my money is not all one?

Bant. And weigh alike: both many graines too light.

Shak. Enough of that, I preſume Mr. *Whetſtone*, you are not ignorant what belongs to the ſport of hunting.

Whet. I thinke I have reaſon, for I have bin at the death of more Hares.

Bant. More then you ſhed the laſt fall of the leafe.

Whet. More then any man here I am ſure. I ſhould be loath at theſe yeares to be ignorant of hairing or whoring. I knew a hare cloſe hunted, clime a tree.

Bant. To finde out birds neſts.

Whet. Another leap into a river, nothing appearing above water, ſave onely the tip of her noſe to take breath.

Shak. Nay that's verie likely, for no man can fiſh with an angle but his Line muſt be made of hare.

Whet. You ſay right, I knew another, who to eſcape the Dogges hath taken a houſe, and leapt in at a window.

Bant. It is thought you came into the World that way.

Whet. How meane you that?

Bant. Becauſe you are a baſtard.

Whet. Baſtard! O baſe.

Bant. And thou art baſe all over.

Arth. Needs muſt I now condemne your indiſcretion.
To ſet your wit againſt his.

Whe. Baſtard? that ſhall be tried; well Gentlemen concerning Hare-hunting you might have hard more, if he had had the grace to have ſaid leſſe, but for the word Baſtard, if I do not tell my Vncle, I and my Aunt too, either when I would ſpeake ought or goe of the skore for any thing, let me never be truſted, they are older than I, and what know I, but they might bee by when I was begot; but if thou *Bantam* do'ſt not heare of this with both thine eares, if thou haſt them ſtill, and not loſt them by ſcribling, inſtead of *Whet-ſtone* call me *Grinde-ſtone*, and for *By-blow*, *Bulfinch*. Gentlemen, for two of you your companie is faire and honeſt; but for you *Bantam*, remember and take notice alſo, that I am a baſtard, and ſo much i'le teſtifie to my Aunt and Vncle. *Exit.*

Arth. What have you done, 'twill grieve the good old Gentleman, to heare him baffled thus.

Bant. I was in a cold ſweat ready to faint
The time he ſtaid amongſt us.

Shak. But come, now the Hare is found and ſtarted,
She ſhall have Law, ſo to our ſport. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Greyhounds.

A Hare, a Hare, halloe, halloe, the Divell take theſe curres, will they not ſtir, halloe, halloe, there, there, there, what are they growne ſo lither and ſo lazie? Are Mr. *Robinſons* dogges turn'd tykes with a wanion? the Hare is yet in ſight, halloe, halloe, mary hang you for a couple of mungrils (if you were worth hanging), & have you ſerv'd me thus? nay then ile ſerve you with the like ſauce, you ſhall to the next buſh, there will I tie you, and uſe you like a couple of curs as you are, & though not laſh you, yet laſh you whileſt my ſwitch will hold, nay ſince you have left your ſpeed, ile ſee if I can put ſpirit into you, and put you in remembrance what halloe, halloe meanes.

As he beats them, there appeares before him, Gooddy Dickiſon, *and the Boy upon the dogs, going in.*

Now bleſſe me heaven, one of the Greyhounds turn'd into a woman, the other into a boy! The lad I never ſaw before, but her I know well; it is my gammer *Dickiſon.*

G. Dick. Sirah, you have ſerv'd me well to ſwindge me thus.
You yong rogue, you haue vs'd me like a dog.

Boy. When you had put your ſelf into a dogs skin, I pray how c'ud I help it; but gammer are not you a Witch? if you bee, I beg upon my knees you will not hurt me.

Dickiſ. Stand up my boie, for thou ſhalt have no harme.

Be ſilent, ſpeake of nothing thou haſt ſeene.
And here's a ſhilling for thee.

Boy. Ile have none of your money gammer, becauſe you are a Witch: and now ſhe is out of her foure leg'd ſhape, ile ſee if with my two legs I can out-run her.

Dickif. Nay, ſirra, though you be yong, and I old, you are not ſo nimble, nor I ſo lame, but I can overtake you.

Boy. But Gammer what do you meane to do with me
Now you have me?

Dickif. To hugge thee, ſtroke thee, and embrace thee thus,
And teach thee twentie thouſand prety things.
So thou tell no tales; and boy this night
Thou muſt along with me to a brave feaſt.

Boy. Not I gammer indeedla, I dare not ſtay out late,
My father is a fell man, and if I bee out long, will both chide and beat me.

Dickif. Not ſirra, then perforce thou ſhalt along,
This bridle helps me ſtill at need,
And ſhall provide us of a ſteed.
Now ſirra, take your ſhape and be
Prepar'd to hurrie him and me. *Exit.*
Now looke and tell mee wher's the lad become.

Boy. The boy is vaniſht, and I can ſee nothing in his ſtead
But a white horſe readie ſadled and bridled.

Dickif. And thats the horſe we muſt beſtride,
On which both thou and I muſt ride,
Thou boy before and I behinde,
The earth we tread not, but the winde,
For we muſt progreſſe through the aire,
And I will bring thee to ſuch fare
As thou ne're ſaw'ſt, up and away,
For now no longer we can ſtay.

She catches him up, & turning round. Exit.

Boy. Help, help.

Enter Robin and Mall.

Thanks my ſweet Mall for thy courteous entertainment, thy creame, thy cheeſe-cakes, and every good thing, this, this, & this for all. *kiſſe.*

Mal. But why in ſuch haſt good *Robin*?

Robin. I confeſſe my ſtay with thee is ſweet to mee, but I muſt ſpur Cutt the faſter for't, to be at home in the morning, I have yet to Lancaſter to ride to night, and this my bandileer of bottles, to fill to night, and then halfe a ſcore mile to ride by curriecombe time, i' the morning, or the old man chides *Mal.*

Mal. Hee ſhall not chide thee, feare it not.

Robin. Pray *Bacchus* I may pleaſe him with his wine, which will be the hardeſt thing to do; for ſince hee was laſt at London and taſted the Divinitie of the Miter, ſcarce any liquour in Lancaſhire will go downe with him, ſure, ſure he will never be a Puritane, he holds ſo well with the Miter.

Mal. Well *Robert*, I find your love by your haſte from me, ile undertake you ſhal be at Lancaſter, & twiſe as far, & yet at home time enough, and be rul'd by me.

Rob. Thou art a witty rogue, and thinkſt to make me believe any thing, becauſe I ſaw thee make thy broome ſweepe the houſe without hands t'other day.

Mal. You ſhall ſee more than that preſently, becauſe you ſhall beleeve me; you know the houſe is all a bed here: and I dare not be miſt in the morning. Beſides, I muſt be at the wedding of *Lawrence* and *Parnell* to morrow.

Rob. I your old ſweet heart *Lawrence*? Old love will not be forgotten.

Mal. I care not for the loſſe of him, but if I fit him not hang me: but to the point, if I goe with you

to night, and help you to as good wine as your maſter deſires, and you keepe your time with him, you will give me a pinte for my company.

Rob. Thy belly full wench.

Mal. I'le but take up my milk payle and leave it in the field, till our comming backe in the morning, and wee'll away.

Rob. Goe fetch it quickly then.

Mal. No *Robert*, rather than leave your company ſo long, it ſhall come to me.

Rob. I would but ſee that.

The Payle goes.

Mal. Looke yonder, what do you thinke on't.

Rob. Light, it comes; and I do thinke there is ſo much of the Divell in't as will turne all the milke ſhall come in't theſe ſeven yeares, and make it burne too, till it ſtinke worſe than than the Proverbe of the Biſhops foot.

Mal. Looke you ſir, heere I have it, will you get up and away.

Rob. My horſe is gone, nay prithee *Mal.* thou haſt ſet him away, leave thy Roguerie.

Mal. Looke againe.

Rob. There ſtands a black long-ſided jade: mine was a truſs'd gray.

Mal. Yours was too ſhort to carrie double ſuch a journey. Get up I ſay, you ſhall have your owne againe i'th morning.

Rob. Nay but, nay but.

Mal. Nay, and you ſtand butting now, i'le leave you to look your horſe. Payle on afore to the field, and ſtaie till I come.

Rob. Come away then, hey for *Lancaſter*: ſtand up. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS, III. SCENA, I.

Enter old Seely *and* Ioane *his wife.*

Seely.

COme away wife, come away, and let us be ready to breake the Cake over the Brides head at her entrance; we will have the honour of it, we that have playd the Steward and Cooke at home, though we loſt Church by't, and ſaw not Parſon *Knit-knot* doe his office, but wee ſhall ſee all the houſe rites perform'd; and—— oh what a day of jollity and tranquility is here towards?

Ioane. You are ſo frolick and ſo cranck now, upon the truce is taken amongſt us, becauſe our wrangling ſhall not wrong the Wedding, but take heed (you were beſt) how ye behave your ſelfe, leſt a day to come may pay for all.

Seel. I feare nothing, and I hope to dye in this humor.

Ioan. Oh how hot am I! rather then I would dreſſe ſuch another dinner this twelve moneth, I would wiſh Wedding quite out of this yeares Almanack.

Seel. Ile fetch a Cup of Sack Wife——

Ioan. How brag he is of his liberty, but the holy-day carries it.

Seel. Here, here ſweet-heart, they are long me thinks a comming, the Bels have rung out this halfe

houre, harke now the wind brings the ſound of them ſweetly againe.

Ioan. They ring backwards me thinks.

Seel. Ifack they doe, ſure the greateſt fire in the Pariſh is in our Kitchin, and there's no harme done yet, no 'tis ſome merry conceit of the ſtretch-ropes the Ringers, now they have done, and now the Wedding comes, hearke, the Fidlers and all, now have I liv'd to ſee a day, come, take our ſtand, and be ready for the Bride-cake, which we will ſo cracke and crumble upon her crowne: o they come, they come.

Enter Muſitians, Lawrence, Parnell, Win. Mal. Spencer, two Country Laſſes, Doughty, Greg. Arthur, Shakton, Bantam, and Whetſtone.

All. Ioy, health, and children to the married paire.

Lawr. & Parn. We thanke you all.

Lawr. So pray come in and fare.

Parn. As well as we and taſte of every cate:

Lawr. With bonny Bridegroome and his lovely mate.

Arth. This begins bravely.

Doug. They agree better then the Bels eene now, 'slid they rung tunably till we were all out of the Church, and then they clatter'd as the divell had beene in the Bellfry: on in the name of Wedlocke, Fidlers on.

Lawr. On with your melody.

Bant. Enter the Gates with joy,
And as you enter play the ſack of *Troy*.

The Fidlers paſſe through, and play the battle.

The Spirit appeares.

Ioan. Welcome Bride *Parnell.*

Seel. Bridegroome *Lawrence* eke,
In you before, for we this cake muſt breake.

Exit Lawrence.

Over the Bride——

As they lift up the Cake, the Spirit ſnatches it, and poures down bran.

Forgi' me—what's become
O' th' Cake wife!

Ioan. It ſlipt out of my hand, and is falne into crums I think.

Dought. Crums? the divell of crum is here, but bran, nothing but bran, what prodigie is this?

Parn. Is my beſt Brides Cake come to this? o wea warth it.

Exit Parn. Seely, Soane, and Maides.

Whet. How daintily the Brides haire is powder'd with it.

Arth. My haire ſtands an end to ſee it.

Bant. And mine.

Shak. I was never ſo amaz'd!

Dough. What can it meane?

Greg. Pax, I think not on't, 'tis but ſome of my Father and Mothers roguery, this is a Law-day with 'em, to doe what they liſt.

Whet. I never feare any thing, ſo long as my Aunt has but bidden me thinke of her, and ſhe'll warrant me.

Dough. Well Gentlemen, let's follow the reſt in, and feare nothing yet, the houſe ſmels well of good cheere.

Seel. Gentlemen, will it pleaſe you draw neere, the gueſts are now all come, and the houſe almoſt full, meat's taken up.

Dough. We were now comming.

Seel. But ſonne *Gregory*, Nephew *Arthur*, and the reſt of the young Gentlemen, I ſhall take it for a favor if you will (it is an office which very good Gentlemen doe in this Country) accompane the Bridegroome in ſerving the meat.

All. With all our hearts.

Seely. Nay neighbor *Doughty*, your yeares ſhall excuſe you.

Dough. Peugh, I am not ſo old but I can carry more meate then I can eate, if the young raſcals coo'd carry their drinke as well, the Country would be quieter——

Knock within, as at dreſſer.

Seel. Well fare your hearts,—the dreſſer calls in Gentlemen, *Exeunt Gentlemen.*
'Tis a buſie time, yet will I review the Bill of fare, for this dayes dinner——(*Reades*) for 40. people of the beſt quality, 4. meſſes of meat; *viz.* a leg of Mutton in plum-broth, a diſh of Marrow-bones, a Capon in white-broth, a Surloyne of beefe, a Pig, a Gooſe, a Turkie, and two Pyes: for the ſecond courſe, to every meſſe 4. Chickens in a diſh, a couple of Rabbets, Cuſtard, Flawn, Florentines, and ſtewd pruines,—all very good Country fare, and for my credit,——

Enter Muſitians playing before, Lawrence, Doughty, Arthur, Shakton, Bantam, Whetſtone, and Gregory, with diſhes: A Spirit (over the doore) does ſome action to the diſhes as they enter.

The ſervice enters, O well ſayd Muſicke, play up the meat to the Table till all be ſerv'd in, Ile ſee it paſſe in anſwer to my bill.

Dough. Hold up your head Mr. Bridegroome.

Lawr. On afore Fidlers, my doubler cewles in my honds.

Seely. *Imprimus*, a leg of Mutton in plum-broth,—how now Mr. Bridegroome, what carry you?

Lawr. 'Twere hot eene now, but now it's caw'd as a ſteane.

Seel. A ſtone, 'tis horne man.

Lawr. Aw—— *Exit Fidlers.*

Seely. It was Mutton, but now 'tis the horns on't.

Lawr. Aw where's my Bride—— *Exit.*

Dough. 'Zookes, I brought as good a Surloyne of Beefe from the Dreſſer as Knife coo'd be put to, and ſee——Ile ſtay i' this houſe no longer.

Arth. And if this were not a Capon in white broth, I am one i' the Coope.

Shak. All, all's transform'd, looke you what I have!

Bant. And I.

Whet. And I! Yet I feare nothing thank my Aunt.

Greg. I had a Pie that is not open'd yet, Ile ſee what's in that—live Birds as true as I live, look where they flye! *Exit Spirit.*

Dough. Witches, live Witches, the houſe is full of witches, if we love our lives let's out on't.

Enter Joane and Win.

Ioan. O husband, O gueſts, O ſonne, O Gentlemen, ſuch a chance in a Kitchin was never heard of, all the meat is flowne out o' the chimney top I thinke, and nothing inſtead of it, but Snakes, Batts, Frogs, Beetles, Hornets, and Humble-bees; all the Sallets are turn'd to Iewes-eares, Muſhromes, and Puckfiſts; and all the Cuſtards into Cowſheards!

Dought. What ſhall we doe, dare we ſtay any longer?

Arth. Dare we! why not, I defie all Witches, and all their workes; their power on our meat, cannot reach our perſons.

Whet. I ſay ſo too, and ſo my Aunt ever told me, ſo long I will feare nothing; be not afrayd Mr. *Doughty.*

Dough. Zookes, I feare nothing living that I can ſee more then you, and that's nothing at all, but to thinke of theſe inviſible miſchiefes, troubles me I confeſſe.

Arth. Sir I will not goe about to over-rule your reaſon, but for my part I will not out of a houſe on a Bridall day, till I ſee the laſt man borne.

Dough. Zookes thou art ſo brave a fellow that I I will ſtick to thee, and if we come off handſomely,

I am an old Batchelour thou know'ſt, and muſt have an heyre, I like thy ſpirit, where's the Bride? where's the Bridegroome? where's the Muſicke? where be the Laſſes? ha' you any wine i' the houſe, though we make no dinner, lets try if we can make an afternoone.

Ioan. Nay ſir if you pleaſe to ſtay, now that the many are frighted away, I have ſome good cold meates, and halfe a dozen bottles of Wine.

Seel. And I will bid you welcome.

Dough. Say you me ſo, but will not your ſonne be angry, and your daughter chide you.

Greg. Feare not you that ſir, for look you I obey my Father.

Win. And I my Mother.

Ioan. And we are all at this inſtant as well and as ſenſible of our former errors, as you can wiſh us to be.

Dough. Na, if the Witches have but rob'd of your meat, and reſtor'd your reaſon, here has beene no hurt done to day, but this is ſtrange, and as great a wonder as the reſt to me.

Arth. It ſeemes though theſe Hags had power to make the Wedding cheere a *Deceptio viſus*, the former ſtore has ſcap'd 'em.

Dough. I am glad on't, but the divell good 'hem with my Surloyne, I thought to have ſet that by mine owne Trencher——But you have cold meat you ſay?

Joan. Yes Sir.

Dought. And Wine you ſay?

Ioan. Yes ſir.

Dought. I hope the Country wenches and the Fidlers are not gone.

Win. They are all here, and one the merrieſt Wench; that makes all the reſt ſo laugh and tickle.

Seel. Gentlemen will you in?

All. Agreed on all parts.

Dough. If not a Wedding we will make a Wake

on't, and away with the Witch; I feare nothing now you have your wits againe: but look you, hold 'em while you have 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Generous, and Robin, with a Paper.

Gener. I confeſſe thou haſt done a Wonder in fetching me ſo good Wine, but my good Servant *Robert*, goe not about to put a Myracle upon me, I will rather beleeve that *Lancaſter* affords this Wine, which I thought impoſſible till I taſted it, then that thou coo'dſt in one night fetch it from *London.*

Rob. I have known when you have held mee for an honeſt fellow, and would have beleev'd me.

Gener. Th' art a Knave to wiſh me to beleeve this, forgi' me, I would have ſworne if thou had'ſt ſtayd but time anſwerable for the journey (to his that flew to *Paris* and back to *London* in a day) it had been the ſame Wine, but it can never fall within the compaſſe of a Chriſtians beleefe, that thou cou'dſt ride above three hundred miles in 8. houres: You were no longer out, and upon one Horſe too, and in the Night too!

Rob. And carry a Wench behind me too, and did ſomething elſe too, but I muſt not ſpeak of her leſt I be divell-torne.

Gen. And fill thy bottles too, and come home halfe drunke too, for ſo thou art, thou wouldſt never a had ſuch a fancy elſe!

Rob. I am ſorry I have ſayd ſo much, and not let *Lancaſter* have the credit o' the Wine.

Gen. O are you ſo! and why have you abus'd me and your ſelfe then all this while, to glorifie the *Myter* in *Fleet-ſtreet*?

Rob. I could ſay ſir, that you might have the better opinion of the Wine, for there are a great many pallats in the Kingdome that can reliſh no Wine, unleſſe it be of ſuch a Taverne, and drawne by ſuch a Drawer——

Gen. I ſayd, and I ſay againe, if I were within ten mile of *London*, I durſt ſwear that this was *Myter* Wine, and drawn by honeſt *Iacke Paine.*

Rob. Nay then ſir I ſwore, and I ſweare againe, honeſt *Iack Paine* drew it.

Gener. Ha, ha, ha, if I coo'd beleeve there were ſuch a thing as Witchcraft, I ſhould thinke this ſlave were bewitch'd now with an opinion.

Rob. Much good doe you ſir, your Wine and your mirth, and my place for your next Groome, I deſire not to ſtay to be laught out of my opinion.

Gen. Nay be not angry *Robin*, we muſt not part ſo, and how does my honeſt Drawer? ha, ha, ha; and what newes at *London*, *Robin*? ha, ha, ha; but your ſtay was ſo ſhort I think you coo'd heare none, and ſuch your haſte home that you coo'd make none: is't not ſo *Robin*? ha, ha, ha, what a ſtrange fancy has good Wine begot in his head?

Rob. Now will I puſh him over and over with a peece of paper: Yes ſir, I have brought you ſomething from *London.*

Gen. Come on, now let me heare.

Rob. Your honeſt Drawer ſir, conſidering that you conſider'd him well for his good wine——

Gen. What ſhall we heare now?

Rob. Was very careſull to keepe or convay this paper to you, which it ſeemes you dropt in the roome there.

Gener. Bleſſe me! this paper belongs to me indeed, 'tis an acquittance, and all I have to ſhow for the payment of one hundred pound, I tooke great care for't, and coo'd not imagine where or how I might looſe it, but why may not this bee a tricke? this Knave may finde it when I loſt it, and conceale it till now to come over me withall. I will not trouble my thoughts with it further at this time, well *Robin* looke to your buſineſſe, and have a care of my Guelding. *Exit Generous.*

Robin. Yes Sir. I think I have netled him now,

but not as I was netled laſt night, three hundred Miles a Night upon a Rawbon'd Divell, as in my heart it was a Divell, and then a Wench that ſhar'd more o' my backe then the ſayd Divell did o' my Bum, this is ranke riding my Maſters: but why had I ſuch an itch to tell my Maſter of it, and that he ſhould beleeve it; I doe now wiſh that I had not told, and that hee will not beleeve it, for I dare not tell him the meanes: 'Sfoot my Wench and her friends the Fiends, will teare me to pieces if I diſcover her; a notable rogue, ſhe's at the Wedding now, for as good a Mayd as the beſt o' em——O my Miſtreſſe.

Enter Mrs. Generous, with a Bridle.

Mrs. *Robin.*

Rob. I Miſtreſſe.

Mrs. Quickly good *Robin*, the gray Guelding.

Rob. What other horſe you pleaſe Miſtreſſe.

Mrs. And why not that?

Rob. Truly Miſtreſſe pray pardon me, I muſt be plaine with you, I dare not deliver him you; my maſter has tane notice of the ill caſe you have brought him home in divers times.

Mrs. O is it ſo, and muſt he be made acquainted with my actions by you, and muſt I then be controll'd by him, and now by you; you are a ſawcy Groome.

Rob. You may ſay your pleaſure.

He turnes from her.

Mrs. No ſir, Ile doe my pleaſure.

She Bridles him.

Rob. Aw.

Mrs. Horſe, horſe, ſee thou be,
And where I point thee carry me. *Exeunt Neighing.*

Enter Arthur, Shakſton, and Bantam.

Arth. Was there ever ſuch a medley of mirth, madneſſe, and drunkenneſſe, ſhuffled together.

Shak. Thy Vnckle and Aunt, old Mr. *Seely* and his wife, doe nothing but kiſſe and play together like Monkeyes.

Arth. Yes, they doe over-love one another now.

Bant. And young *Gregory* and his ſiſter doe as much over-doe their obedience now to their Parents.

Arth. And their Parents as much over-doat upon them, they are all as farre beyond their wits now in loving one another, as they were wide of them before in croſſing.

Shak. Yet this is the better madneſſe.

Bant. But the married couple that are both ſo daintily whitled, that now they are both mad to be a bed before Supper-time, and by and by he will, and ſhe wo' not: ſtreight ſhe will and he wo' not, the next minute they both forget they are married, and defie one another.

Arth. My ſides eene ake with laughter.

Shak. But the beſt ſport of all is, the old Batchelour Maſter *Doughty*, that was ſo cautious, & fear'd every thing to be witchcraft, is now wound up to ſuch a confidence that there is no ſuch thing, that hee dares the Divell doe his worſt, and will not out o' the houſe by all perſuaſion, and all for the love of the husbandmans daughter within, *Mal Spencer.*

Arth. There I am in ſome danger, he put me into halfe a beliefe I ſhall be his heire, pray love ſhee be not a witch to charme his love from mee. Of what condition is that wench do'ſt thou know her?

Sha. A little, but *Whetſtone* knowes her better.

Arth. Hang him rogue, he'le belye her, and ſpeak better than ſhe deſerves, for he's in love with her too. I ſaw old *Doughty* give him a box o' the eare for kiſſing her, and he turnd about as he did by thee yeſterday, and ſwore his Aunt ſhould know it.

Bant. Who would ha' thought that impudent rogue would have come among us after ſuch a baffle.

Sha. He told me, hee had complain'd to his Aunt on us, and that ſhe would ſpeak with us.

Arth. Wee will all to her, to patch vp the buſineſſe, for the reſpect I beare her husband, noble *Generous.*

Bant. Here he comes.

Enter Whetſtone.

Arth. Hearke you Mr. *Byblow*, do you know the laſſe within? What do you call her, *Mal Spencer*?

Whet. Sir, what I know i'le keepe to my ſelfe, a good civile merry harmleſſe rogue ſhe is, and comes to my Aunt often, and thats all I know by her.

Arth. You doe well to keepe it to your ſelfe ſir.

Whet. And you may do well to queſtion her if you dare. For the teſty old coxcombe that will not let her goe out of his hand.

Sha. Take heed, he's at your heels.

Enter Doughty, Mal, and two countrey Laſſes.

Dongh. Come away Wenches, where are you Gentlemen? Play Fidlers: lets have a dance, ha my little rogue. *Kiſſes Mal.* Zookes what ayles thy noſe.

Mal. My noſe! Nothing ſir.——*turnes about*—— Yet mee thought a flie toucht it. Did you ſee any thing?

Dou. No, no, yet I would almoſt ha' ſworn, I would not have ſprite or goblin blaſt thy face, for all their kingdome. But hangt there is no ſuch thing: Fidlers will you play?

Selengers Round.

Gentlemen will you dance?

All. With all our hearts.

Arth. But ſtay wheres this houſhold? This Family of love? Let's have them into the revels.

Dou. Hold a little then.
Sha. Here they come all
In a True-love knot.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Greg, Win.

Greg. O Father twentie times a day is too little to aske you bleſſing.

See. Goe too you are a raſcall: and you houſwife teach your daughter better manners: i'le ſhip you all for New England els.

Bant. The knot's untied, and this is another change.

Ioane. Yes I will teach her manners, or put her out to ſpin two penny tow: ſo you deare husband will but take mee into favor: i'le talke with you dame when the ſtrangers are gone.

Greg. Deare Father.

Win. Deare Mother.

Greg. Win. Deare Father and Mother pardon us but this time.

See. Ioa. Never, and therefore hold your peace.

Dough. Nay thats unreaſonable.

Greg. Win. Oh!——*Weepe.*

See. But for your ſake i'le forbeare them, and beare with any thing this day.

Arth. Doe you note this? Now they are all worſe than ever they were, in a contrary vaine: What thinke you of Witchcraft now?

Dou. They are all naturall fooles man, I finde it now.
Art thou mad to dreame of Witchcraft?

Arth. He's as much chang'd and bewitcht as they I feare.

Dough. Hey day! Here comes the payre of boyld Lovers in Sorrell ſops.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Lawr. Nay deare hunny, nay hunny, but eance, eance.

Par. Na, na, I han' ſwarne, I han' ſwarne, not a bit afore bed, and look yeou it's but now dauncing time.

Dough. Come away Bridegroome, wee'll ſtay your ſtomack with a daunce. Now maſters play a good: come my Laſſe wee'l ſhew them how 'tis.

Muſicke. Selengers round.

As they beginne to daunce, they play anothcr tune, then fall into many.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Whether now, hoe?

Dou. Hey day! why you rogues.

Whet. What do's the Divell ride o' your Fiddle-ſtickes.

Dou. You drunken rogues, hold, hold, I ſay, and begin againe ſoberly the beginning of the World.

Muſicke. Every one a ſeverall tune.

Arth. Bant. Shak. Ha, ha, ha, How's this?

Bant. Every one a ſeverall tune.

Dou. This is ſomething towards it. I bad them play the beginning o' the World, and they play, I know not what.

Arth. No 'tis running o' the country ſeverall waies.
But what do you thinke on't. *Muſicke ceaſe.*

Dough. Thinke! I thinke they are drunke. Prithee doe not thou thinke of Witchcraft; for my part, I ſhall as ſoone thinke this maid one, as that theres any in *Lancaſhire*.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Why do'ſt thou laugh?

Mal. To thinke this Bridegroome ſhould once ha' bin mine, but he ſhall rue it, ile hold him this point on't, and thats all I care for him.

Dough. A witty Rogue.

Whet. I tell you ſir, they ſay ſhee made a payle follow her t'other day up two payre of ſtayres.

Dough. You lying Raſcall.

Arth. O ſir forget your anger.

Mal. Looke you Mr. Bridegroome, what my care provides for you.

Lawrence. What, a point?

Mal. Yes put it in your pocket, it may ſtand you inſtead anon, when all your points be tane away, to truſſe up your trinkits, I meane your ſlopes withall.

Lawr. *Mal* for awd acquaintance I will ma' thy point a point of preferment. It ſhan bee the Foreman of a haell Iewrie o' points, and right here will I weare it.

Par. Wy'a, wy'a, awd leove wo no be forgetten, but ay's never be jealous the mare for that.

Arth. Play fidlers any thing.

Dou. I, and lets ſee your faces, that you play fairely with us.

Muſitians ſhew themſelves above.

Fid. We do ſir, as loud as we can poſſibly.

Sha. Play out that we may heare you.

Fid. So we do ſir, as loud as we can poſſibly.

Dough. Doe you heare any thing?

All. Nothing not we ſir.

Dough. 'Tis ſo, the rogues are brib'd to croſſe me, and their Fiddles ſhall ſuffer, I will breake em as ſmall as the Bride cake was to day.

Arth. Looke you ſir, they'l ſave you a labour, they are doing it themſelves.

Whet. Oh brave Fidlers, there was never better ſcuffling for the Tudberry Bull.

Mal. This is mother *Iohnſon* and Gooddy *Dickiſons* roguerie, I finde it, but I cannot helpe it, yet I will have muſicke: ſir theres a Piper without, would be glad to earne money.

Whet. She has ſpoke to purpoſe, & whether this were witchcraft or not; I have heard my Aunt ſay

twentie times, that no Witchcraft can take hold of a *Lancaſhire* Bag-pipe, for it ſelfe is able to charme the Divell, ile fetch him.

Dough. Well ſaid, a good boy now; come bride and bridegroome, leave your kiſſing and fooling, and prepare to come into the daunce. Wee'le have a Horne-pipe, and then a poſſet and to bed when you pleaſe. Welcome Piper, blow till thy bagge cracke agen, a luſty Horne-pipe, and all into the daunce, nay young and old.

Daunce. Lawrence and Parnell reele in the daunce. At the end, Mal vaniſhes, and the piper.

All. Bravely performd.

Dou. Stay, wheres my laſſe?

Arth. Ban. Shak. Vaniſht, ſhe and the Piper both vaniſht, no bodie knowes how.

Dou. Now do I plainly perceive again, here has bin nothing but witcherie all this day; therfore into your poſſet, & agree among your ſelves as you can, ile out o' the houſe. And Gentlemen, if you love me or your ſelves, follow me.

Ar. Bant. Sha. Whet. I, I, Away, away.

Exeunt.

See. Now good ſon, wife and daughter, let me intreat you be not angry.

Win. O you are a trim mother are you not?

Ioa. Indeed childe, ile do ſo no more.

Greg. Now ſir, i'le talke with you, your champions are al gon.

Lawr. Weell ſir, and what wun yeou deow than?

Par. Whay, whay, whats here to doe? Come awaw, and whickly, and ſee us into our Brayd Chember, & delicatly ludgd togeder, or wee'l whap you out o' dores ith morne to ſijourne in the common, come away.

All. Wee follow yee. *Exeunt.*

Actvs, IIII. Scæna, I.

Enter Miſtreſſe Generous and Robin.

KNow you this gingling bridle, if you ſee't agen? I wanted but a paire of gingling ſpurs to make you mend your pace, and put you into a ſweat.

Robin. Yes, I have reaſon to know it after my hard journey, they ſay there be light women, but for your owne part, though you be merry. Yet I may be ſorry for your heavineſſe.

Mrs. Gener. I ſee thou art not quite tyr'd by ſhaking of thy ſelfe, 'tis a ſigne that as thou haſt brought mee hither, ſo thou art able to beare mee backe, and ſo you are like good *Robert.* You will not let me have your maſters gelding, you will not. Wel ſir, as you like this journey, ſo deny him to me hereafter.

Rob. You ſay well miſtreſſe, you have jaded me (a pox take you for a jade.) Now I bethinke my ſelfe how damnably did I ride laſt night, and how divelliſhly have I bin rid now.

Mrs. Doe you grumble you groome? Now the bridl's of, I turne thee to grazing, gramercy my good horſe, I have no better provender for thee at this time, thou hadſt beſt like *Æſops* Aſſe to feed upon Thiſtles, of which this place will affoord thee plenty. I am bid to a better banquet, which done, ile take thee up from graſſe, ſpur cutt, and make a ſhort cutt home. Farewell.

Robin. A pox upon your tayle.

Enter all the Witches and Mal, at ſeverall dores.

All. The Lady of the feaſt is come, welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Is all the cheare that was prepared to grace the wedding feaſt, yet come?

Gooddy Dick. Part of it's here.
The other we muſt pull for. But whats hee?

Mrs. My horſe, my horſe, ha, ha, ha.

All. Ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Rob. My horſe, my horſe, I would I were now ſome country Major, and in authority, to ſee if I would not venter to rowze your Satanicall ſiſterhood: Horſe, horſe, ſee thou be, & where I point thee, cary me: is that the trick on't? the divel himſelfe ſhall be her carrier next if I can ſhun her: & yet my Mr. will not beleeve theres any witches: theres no running away, for I neither know how nor whether, beſides to my thinking, theres a deepe ditch, & a hye quick-fet about mee, how ſhall I paſſe the time? What place is this? it looks like an old barne: ile peep in at ſome cranny or other, and try if I can ſee what they are doing. Such a bevy of beldames did I never behold; and cramming like ſo many Cormorants: Marry choke you with a miſchiefe.

Gooddy Dickiſon. Whoope, whurre, heres a ſturre, never a cat, never a curre, but that we muſt have this demurre.

Mal. A ſecond courſe.

Mrs. Gen. Pull, and pull hard
For all that hath lately bin prepar'd
For the great wedding feaſt.

Mal. As chiefe.
Of *Doughtyes* Surloine of roſt Beefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Meg. 'Tis come, 'tis come.

Mawd. Where hath it all this while beene?

Meg. Some
Delay hath kept it, now 'tis here,
For bottles next of wine and beere,
The Merchants cellers they ſhall pay for't.

Mrs. Gener. Well,
What ſod or roſt meat more, pray tell.

Good. Dick. Pul for the Poultry, Foule, & Fiſh,
For emptie ſhall not be a diſh.

Robin. A pox take them, muſt only they feed upon hot meat, and I upon nothing but cold ſallads.

Mrs. Gener. This meat is tedious, now ſome Farie,
Fetch what belongs unto the Dairie.

Mal. Thats Butter, Milk, Whey, Curds and Cheeſe,
Wee nothing by the bargaine leeſe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Goody Dickiſon. Boy, theres meat for you.

Boy. Thanke you.

Gooddy Dickiſ. And drinke too.

Meg. What Beaſt was by thee hither rid?

Mawd. A Badger nab.

Meg. And I beſtrid
A Porcupine that never prickt.

Mal. The dull ſides of a Beare I kickt.
I know how you rid Lady Nan.

Mrs. Gen. Ha, ha, ha, upon the knave my man.

Rob. A murrein take you, I am ſure my hoofes payd for't.

Boy. Meat lie there, for thou haſt no taſte, and drinke there, for thou haſt no reliſh, for in neither of them is there either ſalt or ſavour.

All. Pull for the poſſet, pull.

Robin. The brides poſſet on my life, nay if they come to their ſpoone meat once, I hope theil breake up their feaſt preſently.

Mrs. Gen. So thoſe that are our waiters nere,
Take hence this Wedding cheere.
We will be lively all, and make this barn our hall.

Gooddy Dick. You our Familiers, come,
In ſpeech let all be dumbe,
And to cloſe up our Feaſt,
To welcome every geſt
A merry round let's daunce.

Meg. Some Muſicke then ith aire

Whileſt thus by paire and paire,
We nimbly foote it; ſtrike. *Muſick.*

Mal. We are obeyd.

Sprite. And we hels miniſters ſhall lend our aid.

Dance and Song together. In the time of which the Boy ſpeakes.

Boy. Now whileſt they are in their jollitie, and do not mind me, ile ſteale away, and ſhift for my ſelfe, though I loſe my life for't. *Exit.*

Meg. Enough, enough, now part,
To ſee the brides vext heart,
The bridegroomes too and all,
That vomit up their gall
For lacke o'th wedding chere.

Gooddy Dickiſon. But ſtay, wheres the *Boy*, looke out, if he eſcape us, we are all betrayed.

Meg. No following further, yonder horſemen come,
In vaine is our purſuit, let's breake up court.

Gooddy Dickiſon. Where ſhall we next met?

Mawd. At Mill.

Meg. But when?

Mrs. At Night.

Meg. To horſe, to horſe.

2. Where's my *Mamilian.*

1. And my *Incubus.* *Robin ſtands amaz'd at this.*

3. My Tyger to beſtri'd.

Mal. My Puggie.

Mrs. Gen. My horſe.

All. Away, away,
The night we have Feaſted, now comes on the day.

Mrs. Come ſirrah, ſtoope your head like a tame jade,
Whil'ſt I put on your Bridle.

Rob. I pray Miſtreſſe ride me as you would be rid.

Mrs. That's at full ſpeed.

Rob. Nay then Ile try Concluſions.
A great noyſe within at their parting.
Mare Mare, ſee thou be,
And where I point thee carry me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Generous, making him ready.

Gen. I ſee what Man is loath to entertaine,
Offers it ſelfe to him moſt frequently,
And that which we moſt covet to embrace,
Doth ſeldome court us, and proves moſt averſe ;
For I, that never coo'd conceive a thought
Of this my woman worthy a rebuke,
(As one that in her youth bore her ſo fairely
That ſhe was taken for a ſeeming Saint)
To render me ſuch juſt occaſion,
That I ſhould now diſtruſt her in her age ;
Diſtruſt ! I cannot, that would bring me in
The poore aſperſion of fond jealouſie ;
Which even from our firſt meeting I abhorr'd.
The Gentile faſhion ſometimes we obſerve
To ſunder beds ; but moſt in theſe hot monthes
Iune, *Iuly*, *Auguſt*, ſo we did laſt night.
Now I (as ever tender of her health)
And therefore riſing early as I uſe,
Entring her Chamber to beſtow on her
A cuſtom'd Viſite ; finde the Pillow ſwell'd,
Vnbruis'd with any weight, the ſheets unruffled,
The Curtaines neither drawne, nor bed layd down ;
Which ſhowes, ſhe ſlept not in my houſe to night.
Should there be any contract betwixt her
And this my Groome, to abuſe my honeſt truſt ;
I ſhould not take it well, but for all this
Yet cannot I be jealous. *Robin*——

Enter Robin.

Gen. Is my horſe ſafe, luſty, and in good plight ?
What, feeds he well ?

Rob. Yes ſir, he's broad buttock'd and full flanck'd, he doth not bate an ace of his fleſh.

Gen. When was he rid laſt?

Rob. Not ſir ſince you backt him.

Gen. Sirrah, take heed I finde you not a Knave,
Have you not lent him to your Miſtreſſe late?
So late as this laſt Night?

Rob. Who I ſir, may I dye ſir, if you finde me in a lye ſir.

Gen. Then I ſhall finde him where I left him laſt.

Robin. No doubt Sir.

Gener. Give me the Key o'th Stable.

Robin. There Sir.

Gen. Sirrah, your Miſtreſſe was abroad all night,
Nor is ſhe yet come home, if there I finde him not,
I ſhall finde thee, what to this preſent houre
I never did ſuſpect; and I muſt tell thee
Will not be to thy profit. *Exit.*

Rob. Well ſir, finde what you can, him you ſhall finde, and what you finde elſe; it may be for that, inſtead of Gramercy horſe, you may ſay Gramercy *Robin*; you will beleeve there are no Witches! had I not been late brideled, I coo'd have ſayd more, but I hope ſhe is ty'd to the racke that will confeſſe ſomething, and though not ſo much as I know, yet no more then I dare juſtifie——

Enter Generous.

Have you found your Gelding ſir?

Gen. Yes, I have.

Rob. I hope not ſpurr'd, nor put into a ſweat, you may ſee by his plump belly and ſleeke legs he hath not bin ſore travail'd.

Gener. Y'are a ſawcy Groome to receive horſes
Into my Stable, and not aske me leave.
Is't for my profit to buy Hay and Oates
For every ſtrangers jades?

Rob. I hope ſir you finde none feeding there but

your owne, if there be any you ſuſpect, they have nothing to champe on, but the Bridle.

Gener. Sirrah, whoſe jade is that ty'd to the Racke?

Rob. The Mare you meane ſir?

Gener. Yes, that old Mare.

Rob. Old doe you call her? You ſhall finde the marke ſtill in her mouth, when the Bridle is out of it? I can aſſure you 'tis your owne Beaſt.

Gen. A beaſt thou art to tell me ſo, hath the wine
Not yet left working? not the *Myter* wine?
That made thee to beleeve Witchcraft?
I'prithee perſwade me,
To be a drunken Sot like to thy ſelfe;
And not to know mine owne.

Rob. Ile not perſwade you to any thing, you will beleeve nothing but what you ſee, I ſay the Beaſt is your owne, and you have the moſt right to keepe her, ſhee hath coſt you more the currying, then all the Combs in your Stable are worth. You have paid for her Provender this twentie yeares and upwards, and furniſht her with all the Capariſons that ſhe hath worne, of my Knowledge, and becauſe ſhe hath been ridden hard the laſt Night, doe you renounce her now?

Gener. Sirrah, I feare ſome ſtolne jade of your owne
That you would have me keepe.

Rob. I am ſure I found her no jade the laſt time I rid her, ſhe carried me the beſt part of a hundred Miles in leſſe then a quarter of an houre.

Gener. The divell ſhe did!

Robin. Yes ſo I ſay, either the divell or ſhe did; an't pleaſe you walke in and take off her Bridle, and then tell me who hath more right to her, you or I.

Gen. Well *Robert*, for this once Ile play the Groome,

And doe your office for you. *Exit.*

Rob. I pray doe Sir, but take heed leſt when the Bridle is out of her mouth, ſhe put it not into yours; if ſhe doe, you are a gone man: if ſhe but ſay once— Horſe, horſe, ſee thou be.
Be you rid (if you pleaſe) for me.

Enter Mr. Generous, and Mrs. Generous, he with a Bridle.

Gener. My blood is turn'd to Ice, and my all vitals
Have ceas'd their working! dull ſtupidity
Surpriſeth me at once, and hath arreſted
That vigorous agitation; Which till now
Expreſt a life within me: I me thinks
Am a meere Marble ſtatue, and no man;
Vnweave my age O time, to my firſt thread;
Let me looſe fiftie yeares in ignorance ſpent:
That being made an infant once againe,
I may begin to know, what? or where am I
To be thus loſt in wonder.

Mrs. Gen. Sir.

Gen. Amazement ſtill purſues me, how am I chang'd
Or brought ere I can underſtand my ſelfe,
Into this new World.

Rob. You will beleeve no Witches?

Gen. This makes me beleeve all, I any thing;
And that my ſelfe am nothing: prithee *Robin*
Lay me to my ſelfe open, what art thou,
Or this new transform'd Creature?

Rob. I am *Robin*, and this your wife, my Mrs.

Gen. Tell me the Earth
Shall leave it's ſeat, and mount to kiſſe the Moone;
Or that the Moone enamour'd of the Earth,
Shall leave her ſpheare, to ſtoope to us thus low.
What? what's this in my hand, that at an inſtant

Can from a foure leg'd Creature, make a thing
So like a wife ?

Rob. A Bridle, a jugling Bridle Sir.

Gage. A Bridle, hence inchantment,
A Viper were more ſafe within my hand
Then this charm'd Engine.

Caſts it away. Robin takes it up.

Rob. Take heed Sir what you do, if you caſt it hence, and ſhe catch it up, we that are here now, may be rid as far as the *Indies* within theſe few houres, Miſtreſſe down of your Mares bones, or your Mary-bones whether you pleaſe, and confeſſe your ſelfe to be what you are ; and that's in plaine *Engliſh* a Witch, a grand notorious Witch.

Gen. A Witch ! my wife a Witch !

Rob. So it appeares by the ſtorie.

Gener. The more I ſtrive to unwinde
My ſelfe from this *Meander*, I the more
Therein am intricated ; prithee woman
Art thou a Witch ?

Mrs. It cannot be deny'd,
I am ſuch a curſt Creature.

Gen. Keep aloofe,
And doe not come too neareme, O my truſt ;
Have I ſince firſt I underſtood my ſelfe,
Bin of my ſoule ſo charie, ſtill to ſtudie
What beſt was for it's health, to renounce all
The workes of that black Fiend with my beſt force
And hath that Serpent twin'd me ſo about,
That I muſt lye ſo often and ſo long
With a Divell in my boſome !

Mrs. Pardon ſir.

Gen. Pardon ! Can ſuch a thing as that be hop'd ?
Lift up thine eyes (loſt woman) to yon Hils ;
It muſt be thence expected : look not down
Vnto that horrid dwelling, which thou haſt fought
At ſuch deare rate to purchaſe, prithee tell me,
(For now I can beleeve) art thou a Witch ?

Mrs. I am.

Gen. With that word I am thunderſtrooke,
And know not what to anſwer, yet reſolve me
Haſt thou made any contract with that Fiend
The Enemy of Mankind?

Mrs. O I have.

Gen. What? and how farre?

Mrs. I have promis'd him my ſoule.

Gen. Ten thouſand times better thy Body had
Bin promis'd to the Stake, I and mine too,
Then ſuch a compact ever had bin made. Oh——

Rob. What cheere ſir, ſhow your ſelfe a man, though ſhe appear'd ſo late a Beaſt; Miſtreſſe confeſſe all, better here than in a worſe place, out with it.

Gen. Reſolve me, how farre doth that contract ſtretch?

Mrs. What intereſt in this Soule, my ſelfe coo'd claime
I freely gave him, but his part that made it
I ſtill reſerve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning Divell, fooliſh woman know
Where he can clayme but the leaſt little part,
He will uſurpe the whole; th'art a loſt woman.

Mrs. I hope not ſo.

Gen. Why haſt thou any hope?

Mrs. Yes Sir I have.

Gen. Make it appeare to me.

Mrs. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,
Further then penitent teares have power to quench.

Gen. I would ſee ſome of them.

Mrs. You behold them now.
(If you looke on me with charitable eyes)
Tinctur'd in blood, blood iſſuing from the heart,
Sir I am ſorry; when I looke towards Heaven
I beg a gracious Pardon; when on you
Me thinkes your Native goodneſſe ſhould not be
Leſſe pittifull than they: 'gainſt both I have err'd,
From both I beg attonement.

Gener. May I preſum't?
Mrs. I kneele to both your Mercies.
Gener. Know'ſt thou what a Witch is?
Mrs. Alas, None better,
Or after mature recollection can be
More ſad to thinke on't.
Gen. Tell me, are thoſe teares
As full of true hearted penitence,
As mine of ſorrow, to behold what ſtate
What deſperate ſtate th'art falne in.
Mrs. Sir they are.
Gen. Riſe, and as I doe, ſo heaven pardon me;
We all offend, but from ſuch falling off,
Defend us. Well, I doe remember wife,
When I firſt tooke thee, 'twas for good and bad;
O change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee,
As then we paſt our faiths, till Death us ſever.
I will not aggravate thy griefe too much,
By Needles iteration: *Robin* hereafter
Forget thou haſt a tongue, if the leaſt Syllable
Of what hath paſt be rumour'd, you looſe me;
But if I finde you faithfull, you gaine me ever.
Rob. A match ſir, you ſhall finde me as mute as if I had the Bridle ſtill in my mouth.
Gen. O woman thou had'ſt need to weepe thy ſelfe
Into a fountaine, ſuch a penitent ſpring
As may have power to quench inviſible flames
In which my eyes ſhall ayde; too little all,
If not too little, all's forgiven, forgot;
Only thus much remember, thou had'ſt extermin'd
Thy ſelfe out of the bleſt ſociety
Of Saints and Angels, but on thy repentance
I take thee to my Boſome, once againe,
My wife, ſiſter, and daughter: ſaddle my Gelding,
Some buſineſſe that may hold me for two dayes
Calls me aſide. *Exeunt.*
Rob. I ſhall Sir, well now my Miſtreſſe hath promis'd to give over her Witchery, I hope though I ſtill

continue her man, yet ſhe will make me no more her journey-man ; to prevent which the firſt thing I doe ſhall be to burne the Bridle, and then away with the Witch. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur and Doughty.

Arth. Sir you have done a right noble courteſie, which deſerves a memory, as long as the name of friendſhip can beare mention.

Dough. What I have done, I ha' done, if it be well, 'tis well, I doe not like the bouncing of good Offices, if the little care I have taken ſhall doe theſe poore people good, I have my end in't, and ſo my reward.

Enter Bantam.

Bant. Now Gentlemen, you ſeeme very ſerious.

Arth. 'Tis true we are ſo, but you are welcome to the knowledge of our affayres.

Bant. How does thine Vncle and Aunt, *Gregory* and his ſiſter, the Families of *Seelyes* agree yet, can you tell ?

Arth. That is the buſineſſe, the *Seely* houſhold is divided now.

Bant. How ſo I pray ?

Arth. You know, and cannot but with pitty know
Their miſerable condition, how
The good old couple were abus'd, and how
The young abus'd themſelves ; if we may ſay
That any of them are their ſelves at all
Which ſure we cannot, nor approve them fit
To be their owne diſpoſers, that would give
The governance of ſuch a houſe and living
Into their Vaſſailes hands, to thruſt them out on't
Without or Law or order, this conſider'd
This Gentleman and my ſelfe have taken home

By faire entreaty, the old folkes to his houſe,
The young to mine, untill ſome wholeſome order
By the judicious of the Common-wealth,
Shall for their perſons and eſtate be taken.

Bant. But what becomes of *Lawrence* and his *Parnell*?

The luſty couple, what doe they now?

Dough. Alas poore folks, they are as farre to ſeeke of how they doe, or what they doe, or what they ſhould doe, as any of the reſt, they are all growne *Ideots*, and till ſome of theſe damnable jades, with their divelliſh deviſes bee found out, to diſcharme them, no remedy can be found, I mean to lay the Country for their Hagſhips, and if I can anticipate the purpoſe, of their grand Mr. Divell to confound 'em before their leaſe be out, be ſure ile do't.

A ſhout within.

Cry. A Skimington, a Skimmington, a Skimington.

Dough. Whats the matter now, is Hell broke looſe?

Enter Mr. Shakſtone.

Arth. *Tom Shakſtone*, how now, canſt tell the newes?

Sha. The news, ye heare it up i'th aire, do you not?

Within. A Skimington, a Skimington, a Skimington.

Sha. Hearke ye, do you not heare it? theres a Skimington, towards gentlemen.

Dou. Ware Wedlocke hoe.

Bant. At whoſe ſuit I prithee is Don Skimington come to towne.

Sha. Ile tell you gentlemen, ſince you have taken home old *Seely* and his wife to your houſe, and you their ſon and daughter to yours, the houſe-keepers

Lawrence, and his late bride *Parnell* are fallen out by themſelves.

Arth. How prithee?

Sha. The quarell began they ſay upon the wedding night, and in the bride bed.

Bant. For want of bedſtaves?

Sha. No but a better implement it ſeemes the bridegroome was unprovided of, a homely tale to tell.

Dou. Now out upon her ſhee has a greedy worme in her, I have heard the fellow complain'd on, for an over mickle man among the maids.

Arth. Is his haſte to goe to bed at afternoone come to this now?

Dough. Witchery, witchery, more witcherie ſtill flat and plaine witchery. Now do I thinke upon the codpeece point the young jade gave him at the wedding: ſhee is a witch, and that was a charme, if there be any in the World.

Arth. A ligatory point.

Bant. Alas poore *Lawrence*.

Sha. He's comming to make his mone to you about it, and ſhe too, ſince you have taken their maſters & miſtreſſes to your care, you muſt do them right too.

Dough. Marry but ile not undertake her at theſe yeares, if luſty *Lawrence* cannot do't.

Bant. But has ſhe beaten him?

Sha. Grievouſly broke his head in I know not how many places: of which the hoydens have taken notice, and will have a Skimmington on horſe-backe preſently. Looke ye, here comes both plaintiffe and defendant.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Dough. How now *Lawrence*, what has thy wedlock brought thee already to thy night-cap?

Lawr. Yie gadwat ſir, I ware wadded but aw to ſeun.

Par. Han yeou reeſon to complayne or ay trow yeou gaffer Downought? Wa warth the day that ever I wadded a Downought.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Nay hold *Parnel* hold.

Dough. We have heard enough of your valour already, wee know you have beaten him, let that ſuffice.

Parn. Ware ever poore mayden betrayed as ay ware unto a ſwagbellied Carle that cannot aw waw that cannot.

Dou. What ſaies ſhe?

Dou. I know not, ſhe catterwawles I think. *Parnel* be patient good *Parnell*, and a little modeſt too, 'tis not amiſſe, wee know not the reliſh of every eare that heares vs, lets talke within our ſelves. Whats the defect? Whats the impediment? *Lawrence* has had a luſty name among the Batchellors.

Par. What he ware when he ware a Batchelor, I know better than the beſt maid ith tawne. I wad I had not.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace *Parnell.*

Par. 'Tware that, that coſſen'd me, he has not now as he had than?

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace good *Parnell.*

Parn. For then he could, but now he connot, he connot.

Ar. B. Sha. Fie *Parnel* fie.

Par. I ſay agean and agean, hee connot, he connot.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Alas poore *Parnel.*

Par. I am not a bit the better for him ſin wye ware wad. *Cries.*

Dou. Heres good ſtuffe for a jurie of women to paſſe upon.

Arth. But *Parnel*, why have you beaten him ſo grievouſly? What would you have him doe in this caſe?

Dou. He's out of a doing caſe it ſeemes.

Par. Marry ſir, and beat him will I into his grave,

or backe to the Prieſt, and be unwadded agone, for I wonot bee baund to lig with him and live with him, the laife of an honeſt woman for aw the layves good i' *Loncoſhire.*

Dou. An honeſt woman : thats a good mind *Parnel.* What ſay you to this *Lawrence?*

Law. Keepe her of o'me, and I ſhan teln yeou, and ſhe be by I am no body : But keep her off and ſearch me, let me be ſearcht as never witch was ſearcht, and finde ony thing mor or laſſe upo me than a ſufficient mon ſhold have, and let me me be honckt by't.

Art. Do you heare this *Parnell?*

Par. Ah leear, leear, deell tacke the leear, troiſt yee and hong yee.

Dou. Alaſſe it is too plaine, the poore fellow is bewitcht.

Heres a plaine *Maleficium verſus hanc* now.

Ar. And ſo is ſhe bewitcht too into this immodeſty.

Ban. She would never talke ſo elſe.

Law. I prayn yeow gi' me the lere o' that Latine ſir.

Dough. The meaning is, you muſt get halfe a dozen baſtards Within this twelvemoneth, and that will mend your next mariage.

Law. And I thought it would ma' *Parnel*, love me i'd be ſure on't, and gang about it now right.

Sha. Y'are ſoone provided it ſeems for ſuch a journey.

Dou. Beſt tarry till thy head be whole *Lawrence.*

Pa. Nay, nay, ay's white caſten away ent I be unwadded agen : And then ine undertack to find 3 better husbands in a bean cod.

Sha. Hearke gentlemen, the ſhew is comming.

Ar. What ſhall we ſtay & ſee't.

Ban. O by all means Gent.

Dou. 'Tis beſt to have theſe away firſt.

Par. Nay mary ſhan yeou not ſir, I heare yeou

well enogh, & I con the meaning o' the ſhow well enogh, & I ſtay not the ſhow & ſee not the ſhow, & ma' one i' the ſhow, let me be honckt up for a ſhow ile ware them to mel or ma with a woman that mels or mae's with a teſtril a longie, a dowlittle loſell that connot, & if I skim not their skimingtons cockskeam for't, ma that warplin boggle me a week lonker, & thats a curſe eno' for any wife I tro.

Dough. Agreed, perhaps 'twill mend the ſport.

Enter drum (beating before) a Skimington, and his wife on a horſe; Divers country ruſticks (as they paſſe) Par. (puls Skimington of the horſe: and Law. Skimingtons wife: they beat em. Drum beats alar. horſe comes away: The hoydens at firſt oppoſe the Gentlemen: who draw: the clownes vaile bonnet, (make a ring Par. and Skim. fight.

Dou. Beat drum alarum.
Enough, enough, here my maſters: now patch up your ſhew if you can, and catch your horſe again, and when you have done drinke that.

Rabble. Thanke your worſhip. *Exeunt ſhout.*

Par. Lat'hem as they laik this gang a proceſſion with their aydoll Skimington agean.

Arth. *Parnel*, thou didſt bravely.

Parn. I am ſure I han drawne blood o' theyr aydoll.

Law. And I thinke I tickled his waife.

Par. Yie to be ſure, yeou bene eane of the owd ticklers.
But with what con yeou tell?

Law. Yieu with her owne ladel.

Par. Yie marry a ladell is ſomething.

Dou. Come you have both done well, goe in to my houſe, ſee your old maſter and miſtreſſe, while I travell a courſe to make yee all well againe, I will now a witch hunting.

Par. Na courſe for hus but to be unwadded agone.

Arth. Sha. Bant. Wee are for *Whet.* and his Aunt you know.

Dou. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Generous, and Mal. Spencer.

Welcome, welcome, my girle, what hath thy puggy
Yet ſuckt upon thy pretty duggy?

Mal. All's well at home, and abroad too.
What ere I bid my Pug, hee'l doo. You ſent for mee?

Mrs. I did.

Mal. And why?

Mrs. Wench ile tell thee, thou and I
Will walk a little, how doth *Meg*?
And her Mamillion.

Mal Of one leg
Shee's growne lame.

Mrs. Becauſe the beaſt
Did miſſe us laſt *Goodfriday* Feaſt,
I geſt as much.

Mal. But *All-Saints* night
She met though ſhe did halt downe right.

Mrs. *Dickiſon* and *Hargrave* prithee tel,
How do they?

Mal. All about us well.
But Puggy whiſperd in mine eare
That you of late were put in feare.

Mrs. The ſlave my man.

Mal. Who *Robin*?

Mrs. Hee.

Mal. My Sweet-heart?

Mrs. Such a tricke ſerv'd me.

Mal. About the bridle, now alacke.

Mrs. The villain brought me to the rack.
Tyed was I both to rack and manger.

Mal. But thence how ſcap't you?

Mrs. Without danger,
I thank my ſpirit.

Mal. I but than

How pacified was your good man?

Mrs. Some paſſionate words mixt with forc t tears
Did ſo inchant his eyes and eares
I made my peace, with promiſe never
To doe the like; but once and ever
A Witch thou know'ſt. Now underſtand
New buſineſſe wee tooke in hand.
My Husband packt out of the towne
Know that the houſe, and all's our owne.

Enter Whetſtone.

Whet. Naunt, is this your promiſe Naunt? (What *Mal*! How doeſt thou *Mal*?) You told mee you would put a tricke upon theſe Gentlemen, whom you made mee invite to ſupper, who abuſed and called me baſtard. (And when ſhall I get one upon thee my ſweet Rogue?) And that you would doe I know not what; for you would not tell mee what you would doe. (And ſhall you and I never have any doing together) ſupper is done, and the table ready to withdraw: And I am riſen the earlieſt from the boord, and yet for ought I can ſee I am never a whit the neerer. What not one kiſſe at parting *Mal*?

Mrs. Well Cozen this is all you have to do:
Retire the Gallants to ſome privat roome,
Where call for wine, and junckets what you pleaſe,
Then thou ſhalt need to do no other thing
Than what this note directs thee, obſerve that
And trouble me no farther.

Whet. Very good, I like this beginning well: for where they ſleighted me before, they ſhall finde me a man of note. *Exit.*

Mal. Of this the meaning.

Mrs. Marry Laſſe
To bring a new conceit to paſſe.
Thy Spirit I muſt borrow more,

To fill the number three or foure ;
Whom we will uſe to no great harm,
Only aſſiſt me with thy charme.
This night wee'l celebrate to ſport :
'Tis all for mirth, we mean no hurt.
Mal. My Spirit and my ſelfe command ;
Mamillion, & the reſt at hand,
Shall all aſſiſt.
Mrs. Withdraw then, quicke,
Now gallants, ther's for you a trick. *Exeunt.*

Enter Whetſtone, Arthur, Shakstone, Bantam.

Whet. Heer's a more privat roome gentlemen, free from the noiſe of the Hall. Here we may talke, and throw the chamber out of the caſements. Some wine and a ſhort banquet.

Enter with a Banquet, Wine, and two Tapers.

Whet. So now leave us.
Arth. Wee are much bound to you maſter *Whetſtone* for this great entertainment : I ſee you command the houſe in the abſence of your vnkle.
Whet. Yes, I thanke my Aunt ; for though I be but a daily gueſt yet I can be welcome to her at midnight.
Shak. How ſhall we paſſe the time ?
Bant. In ſome diſcourſe.
Whet. But no ſuch diſcourſe as we had laſt, I beſeech you.
Bant. Now maſter *Whetſtone* you reflect on me.
'Tis true, at our laſt meeting ſome few words
Then paſt my lips, which I could wiſh forgot :
I thinke I call'd you Baſtard.
Whet. I thinke ſo too ; but whats that amongſt friends, for I would faine know which amongſt you all knowes his owne father.
Bant. You are merrie with your friends, good

maſter *By-Blow*, and wee are gueſts here in your Vnckles houſe, and therefore priviledged.

Enter Miſtreſſe Generous, Mal and Spirits.

Whet. I preſume you had no more priviledge in your getting than I. But tell me gentlemen, is there any man here amongſt you, that hath a minde to ſee his father?

Bant. Why, who ſhall ſhew him?

Whet. Thats all one; if any man here deſire it, let him but ſpeake the word, and 'tis ſufficient.

Bant. Why, I would ſee my father.

Miſtreſſe Gener. Strike. *Muſique.*

Enter a Pedant dauncing to the muſique; the ſtrain don, he points at Bantam, & looks full in his face.

Whet. Doe you know him that lookes ſo full in your face?

Bant. Yes well, a pedant in my fathers houſe. Who beeing young, taught me my A, B, C.

Whet. In his houſe, that goes for your father you would ſay: For know one morning, when your mothers husband rid early to have a *Niſi prius* tryed at *Lancaſter* Syzes, hee crept into his warme place, lay cloſe by her ſide, and then were you got. Then come, your heeles and tayle together, and kneele unto your own deare father.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Bant. I am abuſed.

Whet. Why laugh you Gentlemen? It may be more mens caſes than his or mine.

Bant. To be thus geer'd.

Arth. Come, take it as a jeſt. For I preſume 'twas meant no otherwiſe.

Whet. Would either of you two now ſee his father in earneſt.

Shak. Yes, canſt thou ſhew me mine?
Mrs. Gen. Strike.

Enter a nimble Taylor dauncing, uſing the ſame poſture to Shakstone.

Whet. Hee lookes on you, ſpeake, doe yon know him?
Shak. Yes, he was my mothers Taylor, I remember him ever ſince I was a childe.
Whet. Who when hee came to take meaſure of her upper parts had more minde to the lower, whileſt the good man was in the fields hunting, he was at home whoring.
Then, ſince no better comfort can be had,
Come downe, come downe, aske bleſſiing of your dad.
All. Ha, ha, ha.
Bont. This cannot be indur'd.
Arth. It is plaine Witchcraft.
Nay ſince we are all bid unto one feaſt,
Lets fare alike, come ſhew me mine too.
Mrs. Gener. Strike.

Enter Robin with a ſwitch and a Currycombe, he points at Arthur.

Whet. He points at you.
Arth. What then?
Whet. You know him.
Arth. Yes, *Robin* the groome belonging to this houſe.
Whet. And never ſerved your father?
Arth. In's youth I thinke he did.
Whet. Who when your ſuppoſed father had buſineſſe at the Lord Preſidents Court in Yorke, ſtood for his Atturney at home, & ſo it ſeems you were got by deputy: what all a mort? if you will have but a little patience, ſtay & you ſhall ſee mine too:

And knew I ſhow you him the rather,
To finde who hath the beſt man to his Father.
Mrs. Strike——

Muſicke. Enter a Gallant, as before to him.

Whet. Now Gentlemen make me your Preſident, learne your duties, and doe as I doe——A bleſſing Dad.

Bant. Come, come, let's home, we'l finde ſome other time,
When to diſpute of theſe things——

Whet. Nay Gent. no parting in ſpleene, ſince we have begun in mirth, let's not end in melancholy; you ſee there are more By-blowes than beare the name; It is growne a great kindred in the Kingdome. Come, come, all friends; Let's into the Cellar and conclude our Revels in a luſty health.

Shak. I faine would ſtrike, but cannot.

Bank. Some ſtrange fate holds me.

Arth. Here then all anger end,
Let none be mad at what they cannot mend.

Exeunt.

Mal. Now ſay what's next?

Mrs. I'th' Mill there lyes
A Souldier yet with unſcratcht eyes,
Summon the Siſter-hood together
For we with all our Spirits will thither;
And ſuch a Catterwalling keepe,
That he in vaine ſhall thinke to ſleepe.
Call *Meg*, and *Doll*, *Tib*, *Nab*, and *Iug*,
Let none appeare without her Pug.
We'l try our utmoſt Art and skill.
To fright the ſtout Knave in the Mill. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS, V. SCENA I.

Enter Doughty, Miller, Boy in a Cap.

Doughty.

THou art a brave Boy, the honour of thy Country; thy Statue ſhall be ſet up in braſſe upon the Market Croſſe in *Lancaſter*, I bleſſe the time that I anſwered at the Font for thee: 'Zookes did I ever thinke that a Godſon of mine ſhould have fought hand to fiſt with the Divell!

Mil. He was ever an unhappy Boy Sir, and like enough to grow acquainted with him; and friends may fall out ſometimes.

Dought. Thou art a dogged Sire, and doeſt not know the vertue of my Godſonne, my ſonne now; he ſhall be thy ſonne no longer: he and I will worry all the Witches in *Lancaſhire*.

Mil. You were beſt take heed though.

Dough. I care not, though we leave not above three untainted women in the Pariſh, we'll doe it.

Mil. Doe what you pleaſe Sir, there's the Boy ſtout enough to juſtifie anything he has ſayd. Now 'tis out, he ſhould be my Sonne ſtill by that: Though he was at Death's dore before he would reveale any thing, the damnable jades had ſo threatned him, and as ſoone as ever he had told he mended.

Dought. 'Tis well he did ſo, we will ſo ſwing them in twopenny halters Boy.

Mil. For my part I have no reaſon to hinder any

thing that may root them all out; I have taſted enough of their miſchiefe, witneſſe my uſage i' the Mill, which could be nothing but their Roguerie. One night in my ſleepe they ſet me a ſtride ſtark naked a top of my Mill, a bitter cold night too; 'twas daylight before I waked, and I durſt never ſpeake of it to this houre, becauſe I thought it impoſſible to be beleeved.

Dought. Villanous Hags!

Mil. And all laſt Summer, my Wife could not make a bit of butter.

Dough. It would not come, would it?

Mill. No Sir, we could not make it come, though ſhe and I both together, churn'd almoſt our harts out, and nothing would come, but all ran into thin water-iſh geere: the Pigges would not drinke it.

Dought. Is 't poſſible?

Mil. None but one, and he ran out of his wits upon't, till we bound his head, and layd him a ſleepe, but he has had a wry mouth ever ſince.

Dought. That the Divell ſhould put in their hearts to delight in ſuch Villanies! I have fought about theſe two dayes, and heard of a hundred ſuch miſchievous tricks, though none mortall, but could not finde whom to miſtruſt for a Witch till now this boy, this happy boy informes me.

Mil. And they ſhould neere have been fought for me if their affrightments and divelliſh devices, had not brought my Boy into ſuch a ſickneſſe; Whereupon indeed I thought good to acquaint your worſhip, and bring the Boy unto you being his Godfather, and as you now ſtick not to ſay his Father.

Dought. After you I thanke you Goſſip. But my Boy thou haſt ſatisfied me in their names, and thy knowledge of the women, their turning into ſhapes, their dog-trickes, and their horſe trickes, and their great Feaſt in the Barne (a pox take them with my Surloyne, I ſay ſtill.) But a little more of thy combat with the Divell, I prithee; he came to thee like a Boy thou ſayeſt, about thine owne bigneſſe?

Boy. Yes Sir, and he asked me where I dwelt, and what my name was.

Dough. Ah Rogue!

Boy. But it was in a quarrelſome way; Whereupon I was as ſtout, and ask'd him who made him an examiner?

Dough. Ah good Boy.

Mil. In that he was my Sonne.

Boy. He told me he would know or beat it out of me,
And I told him he ſhould not, and bid him doe his worſt;
And to't we went.

Dough. In that he was my ſonne againe, ha boy; I ſee him at it now.

Boy. We fought a quarter of an houre, till his ſharpe nailes made my eares bleed.

Dough. O the grand Divell pare 'em.

Boy. I wondred to finde him ſo ſtrong in my hands, ſeeming but of mine owne age and bigneſſe, till I looking downe, perceived he had clubb'd cloven feet like Oxe feet: but his face was as young as mine.

Dough. A pox, but by his feet, he may be the Club-footed Horſe-courſers father, for all his young lookes.

Boy. But I was afraid of his feet, and ran from him towards a light that I ſaw, and when I came to it, it was one of the Witches in white upon a Bridge, that ſcar'd me backe againe, and then met me the Boy againe, and he ſtrucke me and layd mee for dead.

Mil. Till I wondring at his ſtay, went out and found him in the Trance; ſince which time, he has beene haunted and frighted with Goblins, 40. times; and never durſt tell any thing (as I ſayd) becauſe the Hags had ſo threatned him till in his ſicknes he revealed it to his mother.

Dough. And ſhe told no body but folkes on't.

VVell Goſſip *Gretty*, as thou art a Miller, and a cloſe thiefe, now let us keepe it as cloſe as we may till we take 'hem, and ſee them handſomly hanged o' the way: Ha my little Cuffe-divell, thou art a made man. Come, away with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Souldier.

Soul. Theſe two nights I have ſlept well and heard no noiſe
Of Cats, or Rats; moſt ſure the fellow dream't,
And ſcratcht himſelfe in 's ſleep. I have traveld' Deſarts,
Beheld Wolves, Beares, and Lyons: Indeed what not?
Of horrid ſhape; And ſhall I be afrayd
Of Cats in mine owne Country? I can never
Grow ſo Mouſe-hearted. It is now a Calme
And no winde ſtirring, I can beare no ſayle;
Then beſt lye downe to ſleepe. Nay reſt by me
Good *Morglay*, my Comrague and Bedfellow
That never fayl'd me yet; I know thou did'ſt not.
If I be wak'd, ſee thou be ſtirring too;
Then come a *Gib* as big as *Aſcapart*
We'l make him play at Leap-frog. A brave Souldiers lodging,
The floore my Bed, a Milſtone for my Pillow,
The Sayles for Curtaines. So good night.
Lyes downe.

Enter Mrs. Generous, Mall, *all the Witches and their Spirits*(*at ſeverall dores.*)

Mrs. Is *Nab* come?
Mal. Yes.
Mrs. Where's *Fug*?
Mal. On horſeback yet,
Now lighting from her Broome-ſtaffe.
Mrs. But where's *Peg*?

Mal. Entred the Mill already.
Mrs. Is he faſt ?
Mal. As fenceleſſe as a Dormouſe.
Mrs. Then to work, to work my pretty Laplands
Pinch, here, ſcratch,
Doe that within, without we'l keep the watch.

The Witches retire : the Spirits come about him with a dreadfull noiſe ; he ſtarts.

Sold. Am I in Hell, then have among'ſt you divels ;
This ſide, and that ſide, what behinde, before ?
Ile keep my face unſcratch'd diſpight you all :
What, doe you pinch in private, clawes I feele
But can ſee nothing, nothing pinch me thus ?
Have at you then, I and have at you ſtill ;
And ſtil have at you.

Beates them off, followes them in, and Enters againe.

One of them I have pay'd,
In leaping out oth' hole a foot or eare
Or ſomething I have light on. What all gone ?
All quiet ? not a Cat that's heard to mew ?
Nay then Ile try to take another nap,
Though I ſleepe with mine eyes open. *Exit.*

Enter Mr. *Generous, and Robin.*

Gen. *Robin*, the laſt night that I lodg'd at home
My Wife (if thou remembreſt) lay abroad,
But no words of that.
Rob. You have taught me ſilence.
Gen. I roſe thus early much before my houre,
To take her in her bed ; 'Tis yet not five :
The Sunne ſcarce up. Thoſe horſes take and lead 'em

Into the Stable, ſee them rubb'd and dreſt,
We have rid hard. Now in the interim I
Will ſtep and ſee how my new Miller fares,
Or whether he ſlept better in his charge,
Than thoſe which did precede him.

Rob. Sir I ſhall.

Gen. But one thing more—— *Whiſpers.*

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Now from the laſt nights witchcraft we are freed,
And I that had not power to cleare my ſelfe
From baſe aſperſion, am at liberty
For vow'd revenge: I cannot be at peace
(The night-ſpell being took of) till I have met
With noble Mr. *Generous*: in whoſe ſearch
The beſt part of this morning I have ſpent,
His wife now I ſuſpect.

Rob. By your leave Sir.

Arth. O y'are well met, pray tell me how long is't
Since you were firſt my Father?

Rob. Be patient I beſeech you, what doe you meane Sir?

Arth. But that I honour
Thy Maſter, to whoſe goodneſſe I am bound,
And ſtill muſt remaine thankfull, I ſhould prove
Worſe then a Murderer, a meere Paricide
By killing thee my Father.

Rob. I your Father? he was a man I alwayes lov'd
And honour'd. He bred me.

Arth. And you begot me? oh you us'd me finely laſt night?

Gen. Pray what's the matter Sir?

Arth. My worthy friend, but that I honour you
As one to whom I am ſo much oblig'd,
This Villaine could not ſtirre a foot from hence

Till periſht by my ſword.
Gener. How hath he wrong'd you?
Be of a milder temper I intreat,
Relate what and when done?
Arth. You may command me,
If aske me what wrongs, know this Groome pretends
He hath ſtrumpeted my mother, if when, blaz'd
Laſt night at midnight. If you aske me further
Where, in your owne houſe; when he pointed to me
As had I been his Baſtard.
Rob. I doe this? I am a horſe agen if I got you,
Maſter, why Maſter.
Gen. I know you Mr. *Arthur*, for a Gentleman
Of faire endowments, a moſt ſolid braine,
And ſetled underſtanding. Why this fellow
Theſe two dayes was ſcarce ſundred from my ſide,
And for the laſt night I am moſt aſſur'd
He ſlept within my Chamber, 12. miles off,
We have nere parted ſince.
Arth. You tell me wonders.
Since all your words to me are Oracles,
And ſuch as I moſt conſtantly beleeve.
But Sir, ſhall I be bold and plaine withall,
I am ſuſpitious all's not well at home;
I dare proceed no farther without leave,
Yet there is ſomething lodged within my breaſt
Which I am loath to utter.
Gen. Keepe it there,
I pray doe a feaſon (O my feares)
No doubt ere long my tongue may be the Key
To open that your ſecret: Get you gone ſir
And doe as I commanded.
Rob. I ſhall Sir. Father quoth he
I ſhould be proud indeed of ſuch a ſonne. *Exit.*
Gen. Pleaſe you now walk with me to my Mill, I faine would ſee

How my bold Soldier ſpeeds. It is a place
Hath beene much troubled.

Enter Soldier.

Arth. I ſhall waite on you.—See he appeares.
Gen. Good morrow Soldier.
Sold. A bad night I have had
A murrin take your Mill-ſprights.
Gen. Prithee tell me, haſt thou bin frighted then?
Sold. How frighted Sir,
A Doungcart full of Divels coo'd not do't.
But I have bin ſo nipt, and pull'd, and pinch'd,
By a company of Hell-cats.
Arth. Fairies ſure.
Sold. Rather foule fiends, Fairies have no ſuch clawes;
Yet I have kept my face whole thanks my Semiter,
My truſty Bilbo, but for which I vow,
I had been torne to pieces. But I thinke
I met with ſome of them. One I am ſure
I have ſent limping hence.
Gen. Didſt thou faſten upon any?
Sold. Faſt or looſe, moſt ſure I made them flye,
And skip out of the Port-holes. But the laſt
I made her ſqueake, ſhe had forgot to mew,
I ſpoyl'd her Catter-wawling.
Arth. Let's ſee thy ſword.
Sold. To look on, not to part with from my hand,
'Tis not the Soldiers cuſtome.
Arth. Sir, I obſerve 'tis bloody towards the point.
Sold. If all the reſt ſcape ſcot-free, yet I am ſure
There's one hath payd the reckoning.
Gen. Looke well about,
Perhaps there may be ſeene ſome tract of bloud.
Lookes about and findes the hand.

Sold. What's here? is't poſſible Cats ſhould have hands
And rings upon their fingers.
Arth. Moſt prodigious.
Gen. Reach me that hand.
Sold. There's that of the three I can beſt ſpare.
Gen. Amazement upon wonder, can this be;
I needs muſt know't by moſt infallible markes.
Is this the hand once plighted holy vowes,
And this the ring that bound them? doth this laſt age
Afford what former never durſt beleeve?
O how have I offended thoſe high powers?
That my great incredulity ſhould merit
A puniſhment ſo grievous, and to happen
Vnder mine owne roofe, mine own bed, my boſome.
Arth. Know you the hand Sir?
Gen. Yes and too well can reade it.
Good Maſter *Arthur* beare me company
Vnto my houſe, in the ſociety
Of good men there's great ſolace.
Arth. Sir Ile waite on you.
Gen. And Soldier do not leave me, lock thy Mill,
I have imployment for thee.
Sold. I ſhall ſir, I think I have tickled ſome of your Tenants at will, that thought to revell here rent-free; the beſt is if one of the parties ſhall deny the deed, we have their hand to ſhew. *Exeunt.*

A Bed thruſt out, Mrs. Gener. in't; Whetſtone, Mall Spencer by her.

Whet. Why Aunt, deere Aunt, honey Aunt, how doe you, how fare you, cheere you, how is't with you! you have bin a luſty woman in your time, but now you look as if you could not doe with all.
Mrs. Good *Mal* let him not trouble me.
Mal. Fie Mr. *Whetſtone* you keep ſuch a noiſe in

the chamber that your Aunt is deſirous to take a little reſt and cannot.

Whet. In my Vncles abſence who but I ſhould comfort my Aunt,
Am not I of the Bloud, am not I next of Kin?
Why Aunt?

Mrs. Gen. Good Nephew leave me.

Whet. The Divell ſhall leave you ere ile forſake you, Aunt, you know, *Sic* is *So*, and being ſo ſicke doe you thinke ile leave you, what know I but this Bed may prove your death-bed, and then I hope you will remember me, that is, remember me in your Will.—(*Knocke within.*) Who's that knocks with ſuch authority. Ten to one my Vncles come to towne.

Mrs. Gen. It it be ſo, excuſe my weaknes to him, ſay I can ſpeake with none.

Mal. I will, and ſcape him if I can; by this accident all muſt come out, and here's no ſtay for me—(*Knock again*) Againe, ſtay you here with your Aunt, and ile goe let in your Vncle.

Whet. Doe good *Mal*, and how, and how ſweet Aunt?

Enter Mr. Gener., Mal, Arthur, Soldier, and Robin.

Gen. Y'are well met here, I am told you oft frequent
This houſe as my Wives choyſe companion,
Yet have I ſeldome ſeene you.

Mal. Pray, by your leave Sir,
Your wife is taken with a ſuddaine qualme
She hath ſent me for a Doctor.

Gen. But that labour ile ſave you, Soldier take her to your charge.
And now where's this ſicke woman.

Whet. O Vncle you come in good time, my Aunt is ſo ſuddainly taken as if ſhe were ready to give up the ſpirit.

Gen. 'Tis almoſt time ſhe did, ſpeake how is't wife
My Nephew tels me you were tooke laſt night
With a ſhrewd ſickneſſe, which this Mayde confirmes.
Mrs. Yes ſir, but now deſire no company.
Noyſe troubles me, and I would gladly ſleepe.
Gener. In company there's comfort, prithee wife
Lend me thy hand, and let me feele thy pulſe,
Perhaps ſome Feaver, by their beating I
May gueſſe at thy diſeaſe.
Mrs. Gen. My hand, 'tis there.
Gen. A dangerous ſicknes, and I feare t death,
'Tis oddes you will not ſcape it. Take that backe
And let me prove the t' other, if perhaps
I there can finde more comfort.
Mrs. Gen. I pray excuſe me.
Gener. I muſt not be deny'd,
Sick folkes are peeviſh, and muſt be ore-rul'd, and ſo ſhall you.
Mrs. Gen. Alas I have not ſtrength to lift it up.
Gener. If not thy hand Wife, ſhew me but thy wriſt,
And ſee how this will match it, here's a Teſtate
That cannot be out-fac'd.
Mrs. Gener. I am undone.
Whet. Hath my Aunt bin playing at handee dandee, nay then if the game goe this way I feare ſhe'l have the worſt hand on't.
Arth. 'Tis now apparant
How all the laſt nights buſineſſe came about,
In this my late ſuſpicion, is confirm'd.
Gen. My heart hath bled more for thy curſt relapſe
Than drops hath iſſu'd from thy wounded arme.
But wherefore ſhould I preach to one paſt hope?
Or where the divell himſelfe claimes right in all,
Seeke the leaſt part or intereſt? Leave your Bed,

Vp, make you ready ; I muſt deliver you
Into the hand of Iuſtice. O deare friend
It is in vaine to gueſſe at this my griefe
'Tis ſo inundant. Soldier take away that young
But old in miſchiefe.
And being of theſe *Apoſtat*'s rid ſo well,
Ile ſee my houſe no more be made a Hell.
Away with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bantam, and Shakſton.

Ban. Ile out o' the Country, and as ſoone live in *Lapland* as *Lancaſhire* hereafter.

Shak. What for a falſe illuſive apparition ? I hope the divell is not able to perſwade thee thou art a Baſtard.

Bant. No, but I am afflicted to thinke that the divell ſhould have power to put ſuch a trick upon us, to countenance a Raſcal, that is one.

Shak. I hope *Arthur* has taken a courſe with his Vncle about him by this time, who would have thought ſuch a foole as hee could have beene a Witch ?

Bant. Why doe you thinke there's any wiſe folks of the quality ; Can any but fooles be drawne into a Covenant with the greateſt enemy of mankind ? yet I cannot thinke that *Whetſtone* is the Witch ? The young Queane that was at the Wedding was i' th houſe yee know.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell, in their firſt Habits.

Shak. See *Lawrence* and *Parnell* civilly accorded againe it ſeems, and accoutred as they were wont to be when they had their wits.

Law. Bleſt be the houre I ſay may hunny, may ſweet *Pall*, that Ay's becom'd thaine agone, and thou's

becom'd maine agone, and may this ea kiſſe ma us tway become both eane for ever and a day.

Parn. Yie marry *Lall*, and thus ſhadden it be, there is nought getten by ſawing out, we mun ſaw in or we get nought.

Bant. The world's well mended here; we cannot but rejoyce to ſee this, *Lawrence.*

Lawr. And you been welcome to it Gentlemen.

Parn. And we been glad we han it for you.

Shak. And I proteſt I am glad to ſee it.

Parn. And thus ſhan yeou ſee't till our deeing houre.

Ween eon leove now for a laife time, the Dewle ſhonot ha the poore to put us to peeces agone.

Bant. Why now all's right and ſtraight and as it ſhould be.

Lawr. Yie marry that is it, the good houre be bleſſed for it, that put the wit into may head, to have a miſtruſt of that peſtilent Codpeece-point, that the witched worch *Mal Spencer* go me, ah woe worth her, that were it that made aw ſo nought.

Bant. & Shak. Is 't poſſible?

Parn. Yie marry it were an Inchauntment, and about an houre ſince it come intill our hearts to doe, what yeou thinke, and we did it.

Bant. What *Parnell*?

Parn. Marry we take the point, and we caſten the point into the fire, and the point ſpitter'd and ſpatter'd in the fire, like an it were (love bleſſe us) a laive thing in the faire; and it hopet and skippet, and riggled, and friſket in the faire, and crept about laike a worme in the faire, that it were warke enough for us both with all the Chimney tooles to keepe it into the faire, and it ſtinket in the faire, worſen than ony brimſtone in the faire.

Bant. This is wonderfull as all the reſt.

Lawr. It wolld ha ſcar'd ony that hadden their wits till a ſeen't, and we werne mad eont it were deone.

Parn. And this were not above an houre ſine, and you cannot devaiſe how we han lov'd t' on t' other by now, yeou woud een bliſſe your ſeln to ſee't.

Lawr. Yie an han pit on our working geere, to ſwinke and ſerve our Maſter and Maiſtreſſe like intill painfull ſervants agone, as we ſhudden.

Bant. 'Tis wondrous well.

Shak. And are they well agen?

Parn. Yie and weel's laike heane bliſſe them, they are awas weel becom'd as none ill had ever beene aneaſt 'hem; Lo ye, lo ye, as they come.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Gregory, and Win.

Greg. Sir, if a contrite heart ſtrucke through with ſence
Of it's ſharpe errors, bleeding with remorſe
The blacke polluted ſtaine it had conceived
Of foule unnaturall diſobedience
May yet by your faire mercy finde Remiſſion;
You ſhall upraiſe a Sonne out o' the gulph
Of horrour and deſpaire, unto a bliſſe
That ſhall for ever crowne your goodneſſe, and
Inſtructive in my after life to ſerve you,
In all the duties that befit a ſonne.

Seel. Enough, enough, good boy, 'tis moſt apparant
We all have had our errors, and as plainly
It now appearse, our judgments, yea our reaſon
Was poyſon'd by ſome violent infection,
Quite contrary to Nature.

Bant. This ſounds well.

Seely. I feare it was by Witchcraft: for I now
(Bleſt be the power that wrought the happy means
Of my delivery) remember that
Some 3. months ſince I croſt a wayward woman
(One that I now ſuſpect) for bearing with
A moſt unſeemly diſobedience,
In an untoward ill-bred ſonne of hers,

When with an ill looke and an hollow voyce
She mutter'd out theſe words. Perhaps ere long
Thy ſelfe ſhalt be obedient to thy ſonne.
She has play'd her pranke it ſeemes.

Greg. Sir I have heard, that Witches apprehended under hands of lawfull authority, doe looſe their power;
And all their ſpells are inſtantly diſſolv'd.

Seel. If it be ſo, then at this happy houre,
The Witch is tane that over us had power.

Joane. Enough Childe, thou art mine and all is well.

Win. Long may you live the well-ſpring of my bliſſe,
And may my duty and my fruitfull Prayers,
Draw a perpetuall ſtreame of bleſſings from you.

Seely. Gentlemen welcome to my beſt friends houſe,
You know the unhappy cauſe that drew me hether.

Bant. And cannot but rejoyce to ſee the remedy ſo neere at hand.

Enter Doughty, Miller, and boy.

Dought. Come Goſſip, come Boy——Gentlemen you are come to the braveſt diſcovery——Mr. *Seely* and the reſt, how is't with you? you look reaſonable well me thinkes.

Seely. Sir, we doe find that we have reaſon enough to thank you for your Neighbourly and pious care of us.

Doughty. Is all ſo well with you already? goe to, will you know a reaſon for't Gentlemen: I have catcht a whole Kennel of Witches. It ſeemes their Witch is one of 'hem, and ſo they are diſcharm'd, they are all in Officers hands, and they will touch here with two or three of them for a little private parley, before they goe to the Iuſtices. Maſter *Generous* is comming

hither too, with a ſupply that you dreame not of, and your Nephew *Arthur*.

Bant. You are beholden Sir to Maſter *Generous* in behalfe of your Nephew for ſaving his land from forfeiture in time of your diſtraction.

Seely. I will acknowledge it moſt thankfully.

Shak. See he comes.

Enter Mr. Generous, Mrs. Generous, Arthur, Whetſtone, Mal, Soldier, and Robin.

Seel. O Mr. *Generous*, the noble favour you have ſhew'd
My Nephew for ever bindes me to you.

Gener. I pittyed then your miſery, and now
Have nothing left but to bewayle mine owne
In this unhappy woman.

Seel. Good Miſtreſſe *Generous*——

Arth. Make a full ſtop there Sir, ſides, ſides, make ſides,
You know her not as I doe, ſtand aloofe there Miſtreſſe with your darling Witch, your Nephew too if you pleaſe, becauſe though he be no witch, he is a wel-willer to the infernal ſcience.

Gener. I utterly diſcard him in her blood
And all the good that I intended him
I will conferre upon this vertuous Gentleman.

Whet. Well Sir, though you be no Vnckle, yet mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and ſhall be to her dying day.

Doug. And that will be about a day after next Sizes I take it.

Enter Witches, Conſtable, and Officers.

O here comes more o' your Naunts, Naunt *Dickenſon* & Naunt *Hargrave*, ods fiſh and your Granny *Johnſon* too ; we want but a good fire to entertaine 'em.

Arth. See how they lay their heads together?

Witches charme together.

Gill. No ſuccour.
Maud. No reliefe.
Peg. No comfort!
All. *Mawſy*, my *Mawſy*, gentle *Mawſy* come.
Maud. Come my ſweet *Puckling.*
Peg. My *Mamilion.*
Arth. What doe they ſay?
Bant. They call their Spirits I thinke.
Dough. Now a ſhame take you for a fardell of fooles, have you knowne ſo many of the Divels tricks, and can be ignorant of that common feate of the old Iugler; that is, to leave you all to the Law, when you are once ſeized on by the tallons of Authority? Ile undertake this little *Demigorgon* Conſtable with theſe Common-wealth Characters upon his ſtaffe here, is able in ſpite of all your bugs-words, to ſtave off the grand Divell for doing any of you good till you come to his Kingdome to him, and there take what you can finde.
Arth. But Gentlemen, ſhall we try if we can by examination get from them ſomething that may abbreviate the cauſe unto the wiſer in Commiſſion for the peace before wee carry them before 'em.
Gen. & Seel. Let it be ſo.
Dought. Well ſay, ſtand out Boy, ſtand out Miller, ſtand out *Robin*, ſtand out Soldier, and lay your accuſation upon 'em.
Bant. Speake Boy doe you know theſe Creatures, women I dare not call 'em?
Boy. Yes Sir, and ſaw them all in the Barne together, and many more at their Feaſt and Witchery.
Rob. And ſo did I, by a Divelliſh token, I was rid thither, though I rid home againe as faſt without ſwitch or ſpur.
Mill. I was ill handled by them in the Mill.
Sold. And I ſliced off a Cats foot there, that is ſince a hand, who ever wants it.
Seel. How I and all my family have ſuffered you all know.

Lawr. And how I were betwitcht my *Pall.* here knowes.

Parn. Yie *Lall*, and the Witch I knaw, an I prayen yeou goe me but leave to ſcrat her well-favorely.

Bant. Hold *Parnell.*

Parn. Yeou can blame no honeſt woman, I trow, to ſcrat for the thing ſhe leoves.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Doe you laugh Gentlewoman? what ſay you to all theſe matters?

Mrs. Gen. I will ſay nothing, but what you know you know,
And as the law ſhall finde me let it take me.

Gil. And ſo ſay I.

Mawd. And I.

Mal. And I, other confeſſion you get none from us.

Arth. What ſay you Granny?

Peg. *Mamilion*, ho *Mamilion*, *Mamilion.*

Arth. Who's that you call?

Peg. My friend, my Sweet-heart, my *Mamilion.*

Witches. You are not mad?

Dought. Ah ha, that's her Divell, her *Incubus* I warrant; take her off from the reſt they'l hurt her. Come hether poore old woman. Ile dandle a Witch a little, thou wilt ſpeake, and tell the truth, and ſhalt have favour doubt not. Say art not thou a Witch?

They ſtorme.

Peg. 'Tis folly to diſſemble yie ſir, I am one.

Dought. And that *Mamilion* which thou call'ſt upon
Is thy familiar Divell is't not? Nay prithee ſpeake.

Peg. Yes Sir.

Dough. That's a good woman, how long haſt had's acquaintance, ha?

Peg. A matter of ſixe yeares Sir.

Dough. A pretty matter. What was he like a man?

Peg. Yes when I pleas'd.

Dought. And then he lay with thee, did he not ſometimes?

Peg. Tis folly to diſſemble; twice a Weeke he never fail'd me.

Dough. Humh—and how? and how a little? was he a good Bedfellow?

Peg. Tis folly to ſpeake worſe of him than he is.

Dough. I truſt me is't. Give the Divell his due.

Peg. He pleas'd me well Sir, like a proper man.

Dought. There was ſweet coupling.

Peg. Onely his fleſh felt cold.

Arth. He wanted his great fires about him that he has at home.

Dough. Peace, and did he weare good clothes?

Peg. Gentleman like, but blacke blacke points and all.

Dought. I, very like his points were blacke enough. But come we'l trifle w' yee no longer. Now ſhall you all to the Iuſtices, and let them take order with you till the Sizes, and then let Law take his courſe, and *Vivat Rex.* Mr. *Generous* I am ſorry for your cauſe of ſorrow, we ſhall not have your company?

Gener. No ſir, my Prayers for her ſoules recovery
Shall not be wanting to her, but mine eyes
Muſt never ſee her more.

Rob. *Mal*, adiew ſweet *Mal*, ride your next journey with the company you have there.

Mal. Well Rogue I may live to ride in a Coach before I come to the Gallowes yet.

Rob. And Mrs. the horſe that ſtayes for you rides better with a Halter than your gingling bridle.

Exeunt Gen. & Robin.

Dought. Mr. *Seely* I rejoyce for your families attonement.

Seel. And I praiſe heaven for you that were the means to it.

Dough. On afore Drovers with your untoward Cattell. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Bant. Why doe not you follow Mr. *By-blow.* I thanke your Aunt for the tricke ſhe would have father'd us withall.

What. Well Sir, mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and for that trick I will not leave her till I ſee her doe a worſe.

Baut. Y'are a kinde Kinſman. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh.

FINIS.

Song. II. Act.

Come Mawſy, *come* Puckling,
And come my ſweet Suckling,
My pretty Mamillion, *my Ioy*,
Fall each to his Duggy,
While kindly we huggie,
As tender as Nurſe over Boy.
Then ſuck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we ſing, hey Trolly Lolly.

We'l dandle and clip yee,
We'l ſtroke yee, and leape yee,
And all that we have is your due;
The feates you doe for us,
And thoſe which you ſtore us
Withall, tyes us onely to you.
Then ſuck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we ſing, hey Trolly Loly.

THE EPILOGVE.

Now while the Witches muſt expect their due
By lawfull Iuſtice, we appeale to you
For favourable cenſure; what their crime
May bring upon 'em, ripenes yet of time
Has not reveal'd. Perhaps great Mercy may
After juſt condemnation give them day
Of longer life. We repreſent as much
As they have done, before Lawes hand did touch
Vpon their guilt; But dare not hold it fit,
That we for Iuſtices and Iudges ſit,
And perſonate their grave wiſedomes on the Stage
Whom we are bound to honour; No, the Age
Allowes it not. Therefore unto the Lawes
We can but bring the Witches and their cauſe,
And there we leave 'em, as their Divels did,
Should we goe further with 'em? Wit forbid;
What of their ſtorie, further ſhall enſue,
We muſt referre to time, our ſelves to you.

Londons Ius Honorarium.

Expreſt in ſundry Triumphs, pagiants, and ſhews:
At the Initiation or Entrance of the Right Honourable
George Whitmore, into the Maioralty of the famous and
farre renouned City of London..

All the charge and expence of the laborious pro-
iects, and obiects both by Water and Land, being the
ſole vndertaking of the Right Worſhipfull, the
ſociety of the Habburdaſhers.

Redeunt ſpectacula.

Printed at *London* by NICHOLAS OKES. 1631.

To the Right Honourable, *George* Whitmore, Lord Maior of this renowned *Metrapolis*, *London.*

Right Honorable,

IT was the ſpeech of a Learned and grave Philoſopher the Tutor and Counſeler to the Emperour *Gratianus, Pulcrius multo parari, quam creari nobilem.* More faire and famous it is to be made, then to be borne Noble, For that Honour is to be moſt Honored, which is purchaſt by merrit, not crept into by deſcent: For you; whoſe goodneſſe, hath made you thus great, I make my affectionate preſentment of this annuall Celebration, concerning which: (without flattery be it ſpoken) there is nothing ſo much as mentioned (much leſs enforced) in this your *Ius honorarium*, which rather commeth not ſhort, then any way exceedeth the hope and expectation which is now vpon you, and therefore worthily was your

ſo free Election, (without either emulation, or competitorſhip conferd vpon you, ſince of you it may be vndeniably ſpoken: that none euer in your place was more ſufficient or able, any cauſe whatſoeuer ſhall be brought before you, more truly to diſcerne; being apprehended more aduiſedly to diſpoſe, being digeſted, more maturely to deſpatch. After this ſhort tender of my ſeruice vnto you, I humbly take my leaue, with this ſentence borrowed from *Seneca: Decet timeri Magiſtratum, at plus diligi.*

Your Lordſhips in all obſeruance,

Thomas Heywood.

To the Right Worſhipfull *Samuell Cranmer*, and *Henry Pratt*, the two Sheriffs of the Honourable Citty of *London*, *Lately Elected.*

Right Worſhipfull,

THe cheife Magiſtrats next vnto the Lord Maior, are the two ſheriffes, the name Sheriffe *implyeth as much as the Reeue and Gouernour of a Sheire, for* Reeue: *is* Graue Count *or* Earle (*for ſo ſaith Maſter* Verſtigan:) *and theſe, were of like authority with the* Cenſors, *who were reputed in the prime and beſt ranke amongſt the Magiſtrates of* Rome? *They were ſo cal'd a* Ceſſendo, *of ceaſing, for they ſet a rate vpon euery mans eſtate: regiſtring their names, and placing them in a fit century: A ſecond part of their Office conſiſted in the reforming of maners, as hauing power to inquire into euery mans life and carriage. The Embleame of which Authority was their* Tirgula cenſoria *borne before them: they are (by others) reſembled to the* Tribunes *of*

the people, and theſe are cal'd Sacro Sancti, *whoſe perſons might not be iniured, nor their names any way ſcandaliz'd, for whoſoeuer was proued to be a delinquent in either, was held to be* Homo ſacer; *an excommunicated perſon, and hee that ſlew him was not liable vnto any Iudgement: their Houſes ſtand open continually, not onely for Hoſpitality, but for a Sanctuary to all ſuch as were diſtreſt: neither was it lawfull for them to be abſent from the Colledge one whole day together, during their Yeare. Thus you ſee how neere the Dignities of this Citty, come neere to theſe in* Rome, *when it was moſt flouriſhing. The firſt* Sheriffes *that bore the name and office in this* Citty, *were* Peter Duke, *and* Thomas Neale, *Anno* 1209. *The nouiſſimi, now in preſent* Samuell Cranmer *and* Henry Pratt. *Anno* 1631. *To whom I direct this ſhort Remembrance.*

Your Worſhips euer

Attendant,

Thomas Heywood.

LONDONS

Ius Honorarium.

WHen *Rome* was erected: at the firſt eſtabliſhing of a common weale, *Romulus* the founder of it, inſtituted a prime officer to gouerne the Citty, who was cald *præfectus vrbis, i.e.* the præfect of the City, whoſe vncontroulable authority, had power, not onely to examine, but to determine, all cauſes & controuerſies, & to ſit vpon, and cenſure all delinquents, whether their offences were capitall or criminall: *Intra centiſſimum lapidem*, within an hundred miles of the City, in proceſſe of time the *Tarquins* being expeld, & the prime ſoueraignty remaining in the conſuls. They (by reaſon of their forraigne imployments) hauing no leaſure to adminiſter Iuſtice at home, created two cheife officers, the one they cald *prætor vrbanus*, or *Maior*, the other *peregrinus*: The firſt had his iuriſdiction, in and ouer the Citty, the other excerciſed his authority meerely vpon ſtrangers.

The name *Prætor* is deriued from *Præſsendo* or *Præeundo*, from priority of place, which as a learned Roman Author writs, had abſolute power ouer all

publique aud priuat affaires, to make new Lawes, and aboliſh old, without controwle, or contradiction: His authority growing to that height, that whatſoeuer he decreed or cenſured in publique, was cald *Ius Honorarium*, the firſt on whome this dignity was conferd in *Rome*, was *ſpur*: *furius Camillus*, the ſonne of *Marcus*: And the firſt *Prætor* or Lord Maior appointed to the Gouernment of the Honorable Citty of *London*, was *Henry Fitz Allwin*, aduaunced to that Dignity, by King *Iohn*, *Anno.* 1210. ſo much for the Honor and Antiquity of the name and place, I proceede to the ſhowes.

Vpon the water.

Are two craggy Rockes, plac'd directly oppoſit, of that diſtance that the Barges may paſſe betwixt them: theſe are full of monſters, as Serpents, Snakes, Dragons, &c. ſome ſpitting Fier, others vomiting water, in the baſes thereof, nothing to be ſeene, but the ſad relicks of ſhipwracke in broken Barkes and ſplit Veſſels, &c. The one is cald *Silla*, the other *Charibdis*, which is ſcituate directly againſt *Meſſana*; *Scilla* againſt *Rhegium*: and what ſoever ſhippe that paſſeth theſe Seas, it it keepe not the middle Channell, it is either wrackt upon the one, or deuoured by the other; *Medio tutiſsimus ibit.* Vpon theſe Rocks are placed the *Syrens*, excellent both in voyce and Inſtrument: They are three in number, *Telſipio*, *Iligi*, *Aglaoſi*; or as others will have them called, *Parthenope*, skilfull in muſicke; *Leucoſia*, upon the winde Inſtrument; *Ligni*, upon the Harpe. The morrall intended by the Poets, that whoſoever ſhall lend an attentive eare to their muſicke, is in great danger to periſh; but he that can warily avoyd it by ſtopping his eares againſt their inchantment, ſhall not onely ſecure themſelves, but bee their ruine: this was made good in *Vliſſes* the ſpeaker, who by his wiſedome and pol-

licy not onely preſerved himſelfe and his people, but was the cauſe that they from the rocks caſt themſelves headlong into the Sea. In him is perſonated a wiſe and diſcreete Magiſtrate.

Vliſſes *his speech.*

BEhold great Magiſtrate, on either hand
Sands, ſhelves, and Syrtes, and upon them ſtand
Two dangerous rocks, your ſafety to ingage,
Boaſting of nought ſave ſhipwrake ſpoyle and ſtrage.
This Sylla, *that* Charibdis, (*dangerous both*)
Plac't in the way you rowe to take your oath.
Yet though a thouſand monſters yawne and gape
To ingurdge and ſwallow you, ther's way to ſcape;
Vliſſes *by his wiſedome found it, ſteare*
You by his Compaſſe, and the way lyes cleare,
Will you know how? looke upward then; and ſayle
By the ſigne Libra, *that Celeſtiall ſcale,*
In which (ſome write) the Sunne at his creation
Firſt ſhone; and is to theſe times a relation
Of Divine Juſtice: It in juſtice ſhind,
Doe you ſo (Lora) and be like it divind.
Keepe the even Channell, and be neither ſwayde,
To the right hand nor left, and ſo evade
Malicious envie (never out of action,)
Smooth viſadgd flattery, and blacke mouthd detraction,
Sedition, whiſprings, murmuring, private hate,
All ambuſhing, the godlike Magiſtrate.
About theſe rockes and quickſands Syrens *haunt,*
One ſinges connivence, th' other would inchaunt
With partiall ſentence; and a third aſcribes,
In pleaſing tunes, a right to gifts and bribes;
Sweetning the eare, and every other ſence,
That place, and office, may with theſe diſpence.
But though their tones be ſweete, and ſhrill their notes,

They come from foule breſts, and impoſtum'd throats,
Sea monſters they be ſtiled, but much (nay more,
'Tis to be doubted,) they frequent the ſhoare.
Yet like Vliſſes, *doe but ſtop your eare*
To their inchantments, with an heart ſincere;
They fayling to indanger your eſtate,
Will from the rocks themſelves precipitate.
Proceede then in your bleſt Inauguration,
And celebrate this Annual Ovation;
Whilſt you nor this way, nor to that way leane,
But ſhunne th' extreames, to keepe the golden meane.
This glorious City, Europs *chiefeſt minion,*
Moſt happy in ſo great a Kings dominion:
Into whoſe charge this day doth you inveſt,
Shall her in you, and you in her make bleſt.

The firſt ſhow by land.

THe firſt ſhow by Land, (preſented in *Pauls* Church yard, is a greene and pleaſant Hill, adorned with all the Flowers of the ſpring, upon which is erected a faire and flouriſhing tree, furniſhed with variety of faire and pleaſant fruite, under which tree, and in the moſt eminent place of the Hill, ſitteth a woman of beautiful aſpect, apparrelled like Summer: Her motto, *Civitas bene Gubernata. i.* a Citty well governed. Her Attendants (or rather Aſſociats) are three Damſels habited according to their qualitie, and repreſenting the three Theologicall vertues, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*: Amongſt the leaves and fruits of this Tree, are inſcerted diverſe labels with ſeverall ſentences expreſſing the cauſes which make Cities to flouriſh and proſper: As, *The feare of God*, *Religious zeale*, *a Wife Magiſtrate*, *Obedience to rulers*, *Vnity*, *Plaine and faithfull dealing*, with others of the like nature. At the foot of the Hill ſitteth old Time, and

by him his daughter Truth, with this inſcription ; *Veritas eſt Temporis Filia, i.* Truth is the Daughter of Time ; which Time ſpeaketh as followeth.

Tymes ſpeech.

Non nova ſunt ſemper, & quod fuit Ante relictum eſt fit que quod haud fuerat, &c.

IF Time (*ſome ſay*) *have bin here oft in view*
Yet not the ſame, old Time *is each day new,*
Who doth the future lockt up houres in-large,
To welcome you to this great Cities charge.
Time, *who hath brought you hither* (*grave and great*)
To inaugure you, in your Prætorium ſeate :
Thus much with griefe doth of him ſelfe profeſſe
Nothing's more precious, and eſteemed leſſe.
Yet you have made great uſe of me, to aſpire
This eminence, by deſert, when in full quire
Avees and Acclamations, with loud voyce,
Meete you on all ſides, and with Time *reioyce.*
This Hill, that Nimph apparreld like the Spring,
Theſe Graces that attend her, (*every thing*)
As fruitful trees, greene plants, flowers of choiſe ſmell,
All Emblems of a City governd well ;
Which muſt be now your charge. The Labels here
Mixt with the leaves will ſhew what fruit they beare :
The feare *of* God, *a* Magiſtrate diſcreete,
Iuſtice *and* Equity : *when with theſe meete,*
Obedience unto Rulers, Vnity,
Plaine *and* juſt dealing, Zeale, *and* Induſtry :
In ſuch bleſt ſymptoms where theſe ſhall agree,
Cities, ſhall like perpetuall Summers bee.
You are now Generall, doe but bravely lead,
And (*doubtleſſe*) *all will march, as you ſhall tread* :
You are the Captaine, doe but bravely ſtand
To oppoſe vice, ſee, all this goodly band
Now in their City Liveries will apply
Themſelves to follow, where your Colours fly.
You are the chiefe, defend my daughter Truth,

And then both Health and Poverty, Age and Youth,
Will follow this your Standard, to oppoſe
Errour, Sedition, Hate, (the common foes.)
But pardon Time (*grave Lord*) *who ſpeaks to thee,*
As well what thou now art, as ought to be.

Then Time maketh a pauſe, and taking up a leaveleſſe & withered branch, thus proceedeth.

See you this withered branch, by Time *o're growne*
A Cities Symbole, ruind, and trod downe.
A Tree that bare bad fruit; Diſſimulation,
Pride, Malice, Envy, Atheiſme, Supplantation,
Ill Government, Prophannes, Fraud, Oppreſſion,
Neglect of vertue, Freedome to tranſgreſſion,
Obedience, *here with power did diſagree,*
All which faire London *be ſtill farre from thee.*

The ſecond ſhow by land.

The ſecond ſhow by Land, is preſented in the upper part of Cheapſide, which is a Chariot; The two beaſts that are placed before it, are a Lyon paſſant, and a white Vnicorne in the ſame poſture, on whoſe backs are ſeated two Ladies, the one repreſenting *Iuſtice* upon the Lyon, the other *Mercy* upon the Vnicorne. The motto which *Iuſtice* beareth, is *Rebelles protero*; the inſcription which *Mercy* carrieth, is *Imbelles protego*: Herein is intimated, that by theſe types and ſymboles of Honour (repreſented in theſe noble beaſts belonging to his Majeſtie) all other inferiour magiſtracies and governments either in Common weales, or private Societies, receive both being and ſupportance.

The prime Lady ſeated in the firſt and moſt eminent place of the Chariot, repreſenteth *London*, behinde whom, and on either ſide, diverſe others of the chiefe Cities of the Kingdome take place: As *Weſtminſter*, *Yorke*, *Briſtoll*, *Oxford*, *Lincolne*, *Exeter*, &c. All theſe are to be diſtnguiſhed by their ſeverall Eſcutchons; to them *London* being Speaker, directeth he firſt part of her ſpeech as followeth.

London the ſpeaker. *You noble Cities of this generous Iſle,*
May theſe my two each Ladies ever ſmile.
(*Iuſtice, and mercy*) *on you. You we know*
Are come to grace this our triumphant ſhow.
And of your curteſy, the hand to kiſſe
Of London, this faire lands Metropolis.
Why ſiſter Cittyes ſit you thus amazd?
Iſt to behold above you, windows glaſ'd
With Diamonds 'ſted of glaſſe? Starres hither ſent,
This day to deck our lower Firmament?
Is it to ſee my numerous Children round
Incompaſſe me? So that no place is found.
In all my large ſtreets empty? My yſſue ſpred
In number more then ſtones whereon they tread.
To ſee my Temples, Houſes, even all places,
With people covered, as if Tyl'd with faces?
Will you know whence proceedes this faire increaſe,
This ioy? the fruits of a continued peace,
The way to thrive; to proſper in each calling,
The weake, and ſhrinking ſtates, to keepe from falling,
Behold; my motto ſhall all this diſplay,
Serve and obey: the Motto of the Worſhp. Company of the Habberd. *Reade and obſerve it well*: Serve and obay.
Obedience *though it humbly doth begin,*
It ſoone augments unto a Magazin
Of plenty, in all Cities 'tis the grownd,
And doth like harmony in muſicke ſound:
Nations and Common weales, by it alone
Flouriſh: It incorporates, many into one,
And makes vnanimous peace content and joy,
Which pride, doth ſtill Inſidiate to deſtroy.
And you grave Lord, on whom right honour calls.
Both borne and bred i' th circuit of my wals,
By vertue and example, have made plaine,
How others may like eminence attaine.
Perſiſt in this bleſt concord, may we long,
That Cities to this City may ſtill throng,

To view my annuall tryumphs, and ſo grace,
Thoſe honored Pretors *that ſupply this place.*

Next after the Chariot, are borne the two rocks, *Sylla* and *Caribdis*, which before were preſented upon the water: upon the top of the one ſtands a Sea Lyon vpon the other a Meare-maide or *Sea-Nimphe*, the *Sirens* and *Monſters*, beeing in continuall agitation and motion, ſome breathing fire, others ſpowting water, I ſhall not neede to ſpend much time in the Deſcription of them, the worke being ſufficiently able to Commend it ſelfe.

The third ſhew by Land Preſented neere vnto the great Croſſe in Cheape-ſide, beareth the title of the *Palace* of *Honour*: A faire and curious ſtructure archt and Tarreſt aboue, on the Top of which ſtandeth *Honour*, a Glorious preſens, and richtly habited, ſhee in her ſpeech directed to the right Honorable: the Lord Maior, diſcouers all the true and direct wayes to attaine vnto her as, firſt:

A King: Eyther by ſucceſſion or Election.
A Souldier, by valour and martiall Diſcipline.
A Churchman by Learning and degrees in ſcooles.
A Statesman by Trauell and Language, &c.
A Lord Maior by Commerce and Trafficke both by Sea and Land, by the Inriching of the Kingdome, and Honour of our Nation.

The Palace of Honour is thus governed

Induſtry *Controwler*, his Word
Negotior
Charity *Steward*, the Word
Miſerior.
Liberality *Treſurer*, the Word
Largior.
Innocence and *Deuotion* } *Henchmen*, the words,
Patior: *Precor.*

And ſo of the reſt, and according to this Pallace of *Honour* is facioned not onely the management of the

whole *Citty* in generall: but the Houſe and Family of the *Lord Maior* in particular.

Before in the Front of this pallace is ſeated Saint *Katherin*, the Lady and Patroneſſe of this Worſhipfull Society of whom I will giue you this ſhort Character, the name it ſelfe imports in the Originall, *Omnis ruina*, which (as ſome interpret it) is as much as to ſay, the fall and ruin of all the workes of the Diuell: Others deriue the word from *Catena*, a Chaine wherein all cheife Vertues and Graces are concatinated and link't together, ſo much for her name.

For her birth, ſhee was lineally deſcended from the Roman Emperours, the daughter of *Coſtus* the ſonne of *Conſtantine* which *Coſtus* was Crowned King of *Armenia*, for *Conſtantine* hauing conquered that King dome, grew Inamored of the Kings Daughter by whom he had Iſſue, this *Coſtus* who after ſucceeded his Grand Father.

Conſtantine after the death of his firſt Wife made an expedition from *Roome*, and hauing Conquered this Kingdome of Great Britaine: he tooke to his Second Wife *Helena*, which *Helena* was ſhe that found the Croſſe vpon which the Sauiour of the World was Crucified, &c.

Coſtus Dying whilſt *Katherine* was yet young, and ſhee being all that Time liuing in *Famogoſta*, (a cheife *Citty*) becauſe ſhee was there Proclaimed and Crowned was called *Queene* of *Famogoſta*, ſhe liued and dyed a Virgin and a *Martyr* vnder the Tiranny of *Maxentius*, whoſe Empreſſe, with many other great and eminent perſons ſhe had before conuerted to the Faith. So much for her character. Her ſpeech to the Lord Maior as followeth.

I Katherine, *long ſince Sainted for true piety,*
The Lady patroneſſe of this Society,
A queene, a Virgin, and a Martir: All
My Attributes: Inuite you to this Hall

Cald Honours pallace: nor is this my Wheele,
Blind Fortunes Embleame, ſhe that makes to reele;
Kingdomes and Common weales, all turning round,
Some to aduance, and others to Confound:
Mine is the Wheele of Faith, (*all wayes in motion*)
Stedfaſt in Hope, *and Conſtant in Deuotion.*
It imitates the Spheres ſwift agitation,
Orbicularly, ſtill mouing to Saluation:
That's to the Primus motor: *from whom Flowes,*
All Goodneſſe, Vertue: There, true Honour growes.
Which: If you will attaine t' muſt be your care,
(*Graue Magiſtrate*) *Inſtated as you are,*
To keepe this Curoular action, in your charge,
To Curbe the' opreſſor, the oppreſt to inlarge;
To be the Widdowes Husband, th' Orphants Father,
The blindmans eye, the lame mans foot: ſo gather
A treaſure beyond valew, by your place;
(*More then Earths Honour,*) *trew Cœleſtiall grace,*
Ayme firſt at that: what other Honors be,
Honour Her ſelfe can beſt Inſtruct thats ſhee.

At that word ſhee poynteth vpward to a Glorious prefens which perſonates *Honor* in the top of the pallace, who thus ſecondeth *Saint Katherens Speech.*

Honours Speech.

The way to me though not debard,
Yet it is dificult and hard.
If Kings arrive to my profection
Tis by Succeſſion, or Election
When Fortitude *doth Action grace,*
The Souldier then with me takes place
When Stooddy, Knowledge and degree
Makes Scollers *Eminent heere with mee;*
They 'are liſted with the Honored: and
The Trauilar, *when many a land*

He hath 'peirſt for language, and much knowes
A great reſpected ſtateſman growes.
So you, and ſuch as you (Graue Lord)
Who weare this Scarlet, vſe that Sword
Collar, and Cap of Maintenance.
Theſe are no things, that come by chance
Or 'got by ſleeping but auerſe
From theſe I am gain'd: by care, Commerce,
The hazarding of Goods, and men
To Pyrats Rocks, ſhelues, Tempeſt, when?
You through a Wilderneſſe of Seas,
Dangers of wrack, Surprife, Defeaſe
Make new diſcoveryes, for a laſting ſtory
Of this our Kingdomes fame and Nations glory
Thus is that Collar, and your Scarlet worne,
And for ſuch cauſe, the Sworde before you Borne.
They are the emblems of your Power, and heere
Though curb'd within the Limmet of one yeare,
Yet manadge as they ought by your Indeuour,
Shall make your name (as now) Honored for euer.
Vnto which Pallace of peace, reſt and bliſſe,
Supply of all things, where nought wanting is
Would theſe that ſhall ſucceede you know the way?
Tis plaine, God, the King Serue *and* Obay.

I cannot heare forget that in the preſentment of my papers to the Maſter, Wardens, & Committies of this Right Worſhipfull Company of the Haberdaſhers (at whoſe ſole expence and charges all the publick Triumphes of this dayes Solemnity both by water and land, were Celebrated) nothing here deuiſed or expreſſed was any way forraigne vnto them, but of all theſe my conceptions, they were as able to Iudge, as ready to Heare, and to direct as well as to Cenſure; nether was there any dificulty which needed a comment, but as ſoone known as ſhowne, and apprehended as read: which makes me now confident of the beſt ranke of the Cittiſens: That as to the Honour and ſtrength both of the Citty and Kingdome in generall, they excerciſe

Armes in publicke, ſo to the benefit of their Iudgements, and inriching of their knowledge, they neglect not the ſtuddy of arts, and practiſe of literature in priuate, ſo that of them it may be truly ſaid they are, *Tam Mercurio quam Marte periti*: I proceede now to the laſt Speech at night in which *Vliſſes* at the taking leaue of his Lordſhip at his Gate, vſeth this ſhort Commemoration, of all that hath been included in the former pageants, poynting to them in order, the manner thereof thus.

Night growes, Inuiting you to reſt, prepare
To riſe to morrow to a whole Yeares care,
Enuy ſtill waites on Honour, *then prouide*
Vliſſes *Wiſdome may be ſtill your guide*
To ſtere you through all dangers: Husband Time
That this day brings you to a place ſublime,
By the Supporture of his daughter Truth
This Ancient Citty *in her priſtine Youth,*
Your ſword may reeſtabliſh: and ſo bring
Her ſtill to floriſh; like that laſting Spring
That London *in whoſe Circuit you were bred*
And borne therein, to be the Cheife and Head
Drawne by theſe two beaſts in an Equall line
May in your Mercy *and your* Iuſtice *ſhine.*
So Honour *who this day did you Inuite*
Vnto Her palace bids you thus Good Night,
No following day but adde to your Renowne
And this your Charge, with numerous Bleſſings crowne.

I have forborne to ſpend much paper in needeleſſe and Inpertinent deciphering the worke, or explaining the habits of the perſons, as being freely expoſed to the publicke view of all the Spectators. The maine ſhow, being performed by the moſt excellent in that kind, Maiſter *Gerard Chriſtmas* hath expreſt his Modals to be exquiſite (as hauing ſpared nei-ther Coſt

nor care, either in the Figures or ornaments. I ſhall not neede to point vnto them to ſay, this is a Lyon, and that an Vnicorne, &c. For of this Artiſt, I may bouldly and freely thus much ſpeake, though many about the towne may enuie their worke, yet with all their indeuor they ſhall not be able to compare with their worth. I Conclude with *Plautus in ſticho* : *Nam curioſus eſt nemo qui non ſit malevolus.*

FINIS.

Londini Sinus Salutis,

OR,

LONDONS *Harbour of Health, and Happineſſe.*

Expreſſed in ſundry Triumphs, Pageants and Showes; at the Initiation of the Right Honorable,

CHRISTOPHER CLETHROWE,

Into the Maioralty of the farre Renowned City LONDON.

All the Charges and Expences of this preſent Ovation; being the ſole undertaking of the Right Worſhipfull Company of the *Ironmongers.*

The 29. of October, Anno Salutis. 1635.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

——Redeunt Spectacula,——

Printed at *London* by *Robert Raworth.* 1635.

TO THE RIGHT

Honorable, *Chriſtopher Clethrowe*,

Lord Maior of this Renowned

Metropolis, LONDON,

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

T is one of Eraſmus *his undeniable Apothegms, that there is no Citie can bee ſo ſtrongly immur'd or Defenc'd, but may bee either by Engins defaced, by Enemies inuaded, or by Treaſon ſurprized; but the Counſells and Decrees of a wiſe Magiſtrate, are in-expugnable. Time, and your Merit, have call'd you to this Office and Honor: As all eyes are upon you, ſo all hearts are towards you; never was any more freely voyc't in his Election, and therfore none more hopefull in expectation: your Abilitie, what you can doe, is known; your purpoſe, what you intend, you have amply delivered; your purpoſe, what you intend, you have amply delivered; onely the Performance remaines: In which, there is no queſtion, but that you will accommodate all yeur future Proceedings to theſe three heads:* Pro Rege, pro Lege, pro Grege; *for as you are a Magiſtrate, ſo you are a Iudge: A calling, both of* Truſt, *and* Trouble: *Of* Truſt; *becauſe all ſuch as ſit in Iudicature, are Perſons ordained by GOD, to examine Cauſes diſcreetely; Heare both Parties Conſiderately,*

and Cenſure all matters unpartially: *For* Iuſtice *is the Badge of* Vertue, *the ſtaffe of* Peace, *and the maintainance of* Honor. *Of* Trouble; *becauſe in no part of your Time; during your regency, neither in publicke, or private, forraine, or domeſtick things, whether you meditate alone, or conuerſe with others, you ſhall find the leaſt vacancie, which remembers me of that which* Dion *witneſſeth of one* Similis, *who living long in great Place and Authoritie under the Emperour* Adrian, *after much intreaty, got leave to retire himſelfe into the Countrey, where after ſeaven contented yeeres expiring, hee cauſed this Epitaph to be Inſculpt upon his tombe*: Similis hic jacet, cujus ætas multorum fuit annorum. Septem tamen Duntaxat, Annos vixit. Lanctantius *further teacheth us, that it is moſt requiſite, in all ſuch as have charge in the Common Weale, under their Prince and Governour, ſo to know the bownds of their Calling, and underſtand the full effects of their dutie, that by executing* Iuſtice, *they may be feared, and by ſhewing* Mercy, *bee loved*: *I conclude all in this ſhort ſentence,* Non, quid Ipſe velis, ſed quod lex & Religio Cogat, Cogita, *Ever ſubmitting my ſelfe to your better Iudgement, and remaining, to your Lordſhip moſt obſequious.*

Tho. Heywood.

LONDONS

SINVS SALVTIS.

I ſhall not neede to borrow my Induction from the Antiquitie of this Famous *Metropolis*, nor to enter into a large diſcourſe, of the noble Magiſtracy and government thereof; being Arguments already granted, and therefore unneceſſary to be diſputed: and yet I hold it not altogether Impertinent to remember ſome few things of remarke, which have happened in the Prætorſhips of the Right Honourable, the Lord Maiors of this Renowned Citie, who have beene Free of the Right Worſhipfull Company of the *Iron-mongers*.

In the year 1409, RICHARD MARLOE, of the ſame Fraternitie, bearing the Sword, there was a Show preſented by the Pariſh *Clerkes* of *London*, at a place called *Skinners Well*, and now *Clerken Well*, which was of matter from the Creation of the World; and laſted for the ſpace of Eight Intyre dayes: EDWARD the *Fourth* (then King) being preſent with his Queene, and the greateſt part of his Nobilitie, which RICHARD MARLOE, was after Inaugurated Into the ſame Honor, *Anno* 1417. In the yeere 1566. Sir CHRISTOPHER DRAPER, being Lord Maior, King IAMES, of late and moſt Sacred memory, was borne the Sixth day of *June*, *Anno* 1569. In Sir ALEXANDER AVE-

NONS Maioralty, was the ſuppreſſion of the Rebells in the *North*, *Anno* 1581. Sir FRANCIS HARVEY being Mayor, was the *French Mounſiers* comming over into *England*, and his Royall entertainement by Queene ELIZABETH, *Anno* 1607. Sir THOMAS CAMBEL being Inveſted into the ſame Honor: All the like Showes and Triumphs belonging unto the ſolemnitie of this day, which for ſome yeeres, had beene omitted and neglected, were by a ſpeciall commandement from his Majeſtie, King IAMES, againe retained, and have beene till this preſent day continued; whom ſince hath ſucceeded in the ſame Honor, Sir IAMES CAMBEL, his Sonne, a worthy Senator of this Citie, yet living. (The laſt of this worthy and Worſhipfull Company, who hath ſate in that ſeate of Iuſtice) now this day ſucceeded by the Right Honourable, CHRISTOPHER CLETHROWE: but I leave all circumſtances, and come to the Showes, now in preſent Agitation.

The firſt Showe by Water:

IS an Artificiall Moddell, partly faſhioned like a Rock, and beautified with ſundry varieties, and rarities, in all which Art (in Imitating) ſtriveth to exceed Nature: The Decorements that adorne the Structure, I omit, and deſcend to the Perſons that furniſh it, which are the Three Cæleſtiall Goddeſſes, *Iuno*, *Pallas*, *Venus*: In *Iuno*, is figured Power and State; In *Pallas* or *Minerua*, Arms and Arts; In *Venus*, Beautie and Love: The firſt beſt knowne by her *Peacocks*; the ſecond by her *Owles*; the third by her *Swans* & *Turtles*, who is alſo attended by her Sonne *Cupid*, in whom is Emblem'd *Love;* by whom ſome have thought, the Vniverſe to have beene Created, becauſe of the Beautie, Glory, and Flouriſhing forme thereof, as alſo, that *Love* (though pictured young) yet in Age exceeds all things: But *Venus*, becauſe borne of the Seas, I hold moſt proper to ſpeake upon the Waters: Theſe Three Goddeſſes are

ſent from *Jupiter*, with ſeverall Preſents, to honour this dayes Triumphs, and him to whom they are devoted; *Iuno* brings Power, *Pallas* Wiſedome, *Venus* Love; whoſe Speech is as followeth:

Venus the Speaker.

THe Three Cœleſtiall goddeſſes this day
Deſcend (*Grave* Prætor) *to prepare your way*
To your new Oath, and Honor: Iove, *whoſe ſtation*
Is ſtill above, hath ſent to this Ovation
And glorious Triumph, Vs: Iuno *the great*
And Potent Queene; *who to your Iurall ſeat,*
Brings State and Power: Pallas, *who from* Ioves *brain*
Derives her ſelfe, and from the higheſt ſtraine
Of all the other gods, claimes her deſcent,
Her Divine Wiſedome, doth this day preſent.
But I, Emergent Venus, *Loves faire Queene,*
Borne of the Seas; *and therefore beſt beſeene*
To ſpeake upon the Waters, bring a gift,
Priz'd equally with theirs; *that which ſhall lift*
You up on voyces, and from the low frame
Of ſordid Earth, give you (*above*) *a name*:
From iuſt affections. and pure thoughts, Love *ſprings,*
And theſe are Impt with no Icarian *wings,*
But Plumes Immortall, ſuch as Angels beare,
To fixe your Name in an eternall ſpheare.
Which to attaine; *Take* Iuno *for your guide,*
Maintaine her Peacocks riches, not her pride;
Who to prove all Earths glory is but vaine,
Lookes but upon her feete, and flaggs her traine.
Obſerue next Pallas *Owles, and from them take*
This notion; *you muſt watch even as they wake*:
For all ſuch as the management of ſtate
Shall undergoe, riſe earlie, and bed late,
So Wiſedome is begot; *from Wiſedome Love,*
(*Sweete Child of ſuch a Parent*) *may't then prove*:
That as this day you doe attract the eyes,

And expectation of the great, and wiſe,
So in the happy progreſſe of your yeere,
You may their hearts and ſoules to you Indeere:
From Love, *your Waters paſſage vnderſtand,*
But Power *and* Wiſedome *wellcoms you on land.*

THe next Modell by Land, which was onely ſhowne upon the Water, is one of the twelue Cæleſtiall ſignes: *Sagitarius* called *Croton*; hee, before he was tranſlated into the Heavens, was ſaid to bee the Sonne of *Pan*, and the Nimph *Euphemes*, and in his Infancy, was *Conlacteus Muſarum. i.* Hee ſuckt of the ſame breſt with the *Muſes*, his mother being their Nurſe and dwelt in *Helicon*; hee was Famous for his skill in Archerie, wonderous ſwift of foote, and when the Nine *Siſters* ſung to their ſeverall inſtruments of Muſick, his cuſtome was to dance before them in ſundry active figures and poſtures. For which, and other indowments, knowne to be eminent in, hee was at their requeſt to *Iupiter* tranſlated amongſt the ſtarres, in the plat-forme, on which hee is borne: at the foure corners, are ſeated foure other dignified with the like Conſtellations: *Virgo*, beſt knowne by the name of *Aſtrea* and *Iuſta*, the daughter of *Iupiter*, and *Themis*; and for her Iuſtice and Integritie, thither transferr'd, and numbred amongſt the Twelue: Next *Ariadne*, beſt knowne amongſt the *Aſtrologians*, by the name of *Corona*, the Crowne, which was ſaid to bee forged by *Vulcan* in *Lemnos*, the materialls thereof were Gold, and *Indian* Gemmes, of extraordinary ſplendor, which ſhee lending to *Theſeus* at that time when her Father *Minos* had expos'd him to the *Minotaure*, by the luſter thereof, hee paſſed freely through the darkneſſe of the Laborinth: Some ſay, it was firſt given her by *Liberpater*, or *Bacchus*, the Sonne of *Iupiter* and *Semele*, and was the price of her Virginitie: but howſoever, ſhee being moſt ingratefully forſaken by *Theſeus*, in the Ile of *Naxos*; was there found by *Bacchus*, who having

Sagitarius.

Virgo.

Ariadne.

eſpouſed her with great ſolemnitie, cauſed her after her death, with this Crowne to bee Inueſted in the Firmament. The Third, *Caſſiopeia*, the wife of *Cepheus*, who preferring her owne beautie before the *Nereides*, who were the daughters of *Neptune*, was for that inſolence, doom'd to be bownd in a chayre, hand and foote, and ſo placed amongſt the ſpheares, where ſhee remaines Conſpicuous, in Thirteene Starres. The Fourth, is *Andromeda*, the Daughter of *Cepheus* and *Caſſiopeia*, who by the wrath of *Neptune*, being chain'd unto a Rocke, and ready to bee devoured by a Sea Monſter, was delivered thence by *Perſeus*, the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and *Danaæ*, to whom being after married, was call'd *Perſa*, and Stellified by *Minerua*: The Speaker is an *Aſtrologian*.

Caſſiopeia.

Andromeda.

¶ The Speech followeth:

LAte riſen in the Heaven is Sagitary,
(*With you, great Lora*) *who doth about him carry*
Fifteene bright Starres, moſt Influent, and theſe all
Appearing in the Circle hiemall:
His Bow devided in that beaten roade,
Call'd Galaxia, *where the gods have troade*
So oft; that looke upon it in the night,
When all the reſt's dull, that alone ſhines bright:
(*As you now at this inſtant*:) *Hee fifteene*
Starres, did I ſay? How you then; who betweene
Your landing and repoſe, by power divine,
Have full Three-ſcore, about your ſtate to ſhine:
For every Company's *a Starre this day,*
Viſible to all, and over theſe you ſway:
But twelue in chiefe; and thoſe wee muſt confeſſe,
Of greater luſtere made, to guide the leſſe:
All enioy one like Freedome, all are Free,
And all (*Great* Prætor) *to bee rul'd by thee*:
Commanding all the reſt, who in thy ſpheare,
Now riſing, art to ſhine a compleate yeere.

You may obſerue his Bow ſtill ready bent,
In which there is a perfect Emblem ment
Of Divine Iuſtice : *Th' Arrow, with a Starre*
Headed, Implies, that her power reacheth farre ;
And no oppoſure, fraude, violence, or rape,
Can (when ſhee aimes to ſtrike) her vengeance ſcape ;
Yet though the ſtring be drawne up to his eare,
(As alwayes preſt) hee rather ſeemes with feare
To threat, then puniſh, and though hee can ſtill
Let looſe his ſhafts, hee ſeldome ſhoots to kill.
Obſerue it well, the Morrall doth imply,
All Iuſtice *ſhould be mixt with lenitie,*
So, Imitate the gods, ſince them wee know,
Apt ſtill to Mercie, but to vengeance ſlow :
And the Cœleſtiall bodies, though they trade
Above, yet were for our example made.
As oft as man ſinnes, ſhould Iove *puniſh vice,*
His Quiver would be emptied in a trice,
And man-kind, at once periſh : O mixe them
Mercy *with* Iuſtice, *Interweave againe*
Iuſtice *with* Mercy ; *ſo ſhall you in your ſtate,*
Not Starres alone, but the gods Imitate :
So ſhall your Terrene body, in the end,
All the Cœleſtiall bodies farre tranſcend,
And deckt with better lights then thoſe you ſee
Above the ſpheares, ſhine to eternitie.

THe Third Plat-forme, is contrived onely for Paſtime, to pleaſe the vulgar, and therefore deſerves no further Charractar, then a plaine nomination, as deviſed onely to pleaſe the eye, but no way to feaſt the eare : and ſo I leave it to proceede to the next.

THe Fourth Moddell, is a Caſtle munified with ſundry Peeces of Ordnance ; and Accomodated with all ſuch Perſons as are needfull for the defence of ſuch a Citadell : the Gunner being ready to give fire upon all occaſions ; as for the curious Art in the

contriving thereof, I make no queſtion but the worke it ſelfe is ſufficiently able to commend the Workeman, being knowne to be an excellent Artiſt, of which, the ſpectatours may beſt cenſure; I will onely deliver unto you a word or two concerning the preſenter, which is *Mars*.

Mars. Hee is ſtyled the third amongſt the gods, becauſe hee ſtands in that degree amongſt the Planets: and is ſaid to be the ſonne of *Iupiter*; ſome write that *Bellona* was his Nurſſe, others that ſhe was his Mother, and ſome his ſiſter. Yet none of theſe improper, for *Ennio* which is *Bellona*, implies no more then an incouragement of the minde to hardineſſe and valour in all Skyrmiſhes and Battailes. He is alſo cal'd *Ares* which ſignifieth Dammage or detriment, and *Mavors* quaſi *Mares vorans*, of devouring of men; and by the *Gentiles*, had the Denomination of the god of Battailes. He was antiently figured an angry man ſitting in a Chariot, armed with a ſheild and other weapons, both offenſiue, and defenſiue. Vpon his head a plumed Helmet, his ſword mounted vpon his thigh, hee held in one hand a whip, in the other, the Raines, being drawne in his Chariot by wylde and vntam'd Horſes. Before him was portraied a Wolfe devouring a Lambe, the Wolfe being the beaſt particularly offered vpon his ſhrine, and becauſe the two *Romane* Twinnes the firſt founders of *Rome*, ROMVLVS and REMVS, were fained to be the ſonnes of *Mars* (of which the one ſlewe the other) therefore ROMVLVS is figured vpon his Chariot as the vnnatural ſurvivor. The *Athenians* were the firſt that ever ſacrificed to this god of Warre, which Celebration was call'd *Ekaton pephomena* for whoſoever had ſlaine an Hundred of the publike Enemies, was bownd to ſacrifice a man upon his Altar, ſituate in the Ile *Lemnos*, but after the bloodineſſe, and inhumanitie thereof, diſpleaſing the *Athenians*, they changed that cuſtome, and in ſtead of a man, offered a gelded Hogge, which they call'd *Nefrendes*: *Varro* writes,

His fundry Denominations.

that amongſt the *Romans*, SICINNIVS. DENTATVS, having fought one hundered and Ten ſeverall Duells, and being Victor in them all, receiving Forty five wounds, whoſe skarres were viſible upon his body, all before, and none backward: Hee was for his Valour, honoured with Twenty five ſeverall Crownes, and received moreover, an Hundred and Forty golden Bracelets; and was the firſt amongſt the *Romanes*, that ever made oblation to this Deity: *Mars* ſitting in the front of the Tower, ſpeakes as followeth.

The *Speech* of Mars.

BEllipotent Mars *is from his ſpheare come downe,*
To heighten theſe brave Triumphs of Renowne,
Seated in this mur'd Citadel, defenc'd A Peece goes off.
With Bullets wrapt in Fire, and Cloudes condenſt.
The Tormentary Art, *not long ſince found,*
Which ſhatters Towers, & by which Ships are drown'd,
I bring along; to let you underſtand
Theſe guard your ſafety, both by Sea, and Land.
O, when I late ſaw from mine orbe Divine,
So many Sonnes of Mars, *amongſt you, ſhine*
In compleat Arms, *Plum'd Casks, and Enſigns ſpred*
By ſuch brave Captaines, *and* Commanders *led*:
No Souldier, but his Poſture to the life,
Acting to'th Muſick of the Drum and Fyffe,
Some practiſing ſmall Bombards, ſome the great,
Whoſe very thunder, rowſ'd mee from my ſeate:
This Peacefull Citie, *I much prayſ'd, whoſe power*
Could to a Campe, *it ſelfe change in an houre*:
Proceed in your brave Practiſe; whil'ſt I tell
Wherein your Iron *and* Steele *doth moſt excell.*
Without theſe Metalls, *Nature could produce*
Nothing that is conducefull to mans uſe:
The Plow, *without the* Coulter *and the* Share,
Could make no Furrows, and thoſe Graines that are
Vpon them throwne, were loſt to them that ſowe them,
Without the Sickle, *or the* Sythe *to mowe them*:

The Gardeners Art, *would ceaſe to be a trade,*
If take from him the Matocke, *and the* Spade.
In Denns and Caves wee ſhould be forc'd to dwell,
Were there no Axes *made, that* Timber *fell*:
Nor on the Seas could wee have Shipps *to ſayle,*
Without the Sawe, *the* Hammer, *and the* Nayle:
Aske thoſe that take in Angling *moſt delight,*
Without the baited Hooke, *no fiſh will bite.*
The Iron Crowe *turnes up the* Indian *mould,*
Trenching the Earth untill they dig out Gold.
If with the Iron *the* Adamant *ſhould contend,*
There ſhould be no more Compaſſe, *but an end*
Of all Diſcovery: *Even the Horſe wee ride*
Vnſhod, *would founder, who takes greateſt pride,*
When the moſt curb'd, *and playing with the* bit,
Hee ſnowes the ground, and doth the Spurre *forgit.*
There is no Art, Craft, Faculty, or Trade,
Without it, can ſubſiſt: *Your* Sword *is made*
Of theſe mixt Metalls (*Sir*) Iuſtice *would ceaſe,*
If (*as in Warre*) *it were not us'd in Peace*:
Power makes it yours, your wiſedome now direct you;
Whilſt Peace ſwayes heere, Mars *ſhall abroad protect you.*

THe ſpeech being ended, the Ordnance goeth off from the Caſtle; and now I come to the fiſt and laſt.

Heere I might enter into large diſcourſe, concerning the commodiouſneſſe of *Iron* and *Steele*, and to ſpeake of *Tuball Cain*, who made the firſt *Forge*, and found out the vſe of theſe Metalls: as alſo *Vulcan* the deified Smith and of his *Cyclopean Hammers* with which hee was ſaid to have beaten out *Ioves* Thunderboults, with other fixions to the like purpoſe, theſe having before been expoſed to the publick view vpon occaſion of the like ſolemnity, & knowing withall that *Cibus his coctus*, reliſheth not the queſie ſtomackes of theſe times. I therefore purpoſly omit them proceeding to the laſt Pageants, ſtyled *Sinus ſalutis*, firſt the

Booſome, or harbour of Health and Happineſſe. The ſculpture being adorned with eight ſeveral perſons, repreſenting ſuch vertues as are neceſſary to bee imbraced by all ſuch Majeſtrates, who after their ſtormy and tempeſtuous progreſſe through all judicature cauſes incident to their places, ſeeke to anchor in that ſafe and ſecure Port ſo ſtyled.

Every Magiſtrate is a miniſter vnder God, appointed by his divine ordinance to that calling to be a protector of the Church, a preſeruer of diſcipline and Peace, conſonant with his lawes, the lawes of nature, and the land, which hee ought faithfully to execute, with corporall puniſhment, correcting the proud and diſobedient, and againſt all unjuſt oppreſſors, defending the conformable and humble. The firſt vertue adorning the ſtructure is ſtiled *Fortitudo togata*, which gowned Fortitude is thus defined.

Fortitudo togata.

A conſtancy of minde perſevering in honeſt purpoſe rightly undertaken and according to his place and calling, tollerating private injuries for lawdable cauſe, diſpiſing pleaſures, corrupt guifts, detraction, and the like: and theſe meerly for vertues ſake and preferring the publike good before his owne private gaine, &c. Of which *Fabritius* was a noble preſident, who refuſing the gold ſent him by *Pyrhus* was no whit affrighted with the terror of his Elephants; to ſpeake or act any thing againſt the dignity of the Republicke. Of whom *Eutropius* reports, *Pyrhus* to have ſaid: the Sunne is more eaſie to bee altered in his courſe, then this *Fabritius* to be removed from his honeſty.

Manſuetudo. *Manſuetudo*, or gentleneſſe is a vertue mediating wrath and ſuppreſſing all deſire of revenge and remitting offences, for publicke concords ſake, which notably appeared in *Pericles*, who when one had bitterly rayled on him, for ſpace of one whole after noone, in the open market place: night comming, hee cauſed his ſervants to light him to his houſe with Torches.

Candor, or ſincerity is when without ſimulation we our ſelues ſpeake, and with no diffidence ſuſpect the good meaning of others: wiſhing all juſt men well, rejoycing at theire proſperity, and commiſſerating their diſaſter: It is reported of *Trajanus* the Emperour, that when *Sura Licinius* one of the Tribunes, was accuſed unto him, to have Inſidiated his life, not queſtioning the faith of ſo knowne a friend; the ſame night, un-invited, ſupt with him privately in his houſe, and the Table being with-drawne, truſted himſelfe to be trim'd by *Sura's* Barbar.

Candor.

Patientia Philoſophica, Is a Vertue obedient unto reaſon, in bearing wrongs, and ſuffering adverſities; it moderates griefe, and bridles nature, ſo that it never rebells againſt Iuſtice, Modeſty, Conſtancy, or any other vertue; *Xenophon* ports *Cyrus* and *Ageſolanus* to be of ſuch Philoſophical patience, that in their height of determination in all their actions, and ſpeech, they appeared to all men affable, and offenceleſſe.

Patientia Phyloſophica.

Placabilitie is a vertue, having coreſpondence with that which I before ſtil'd *Manſuetudo*, or Gentleneſſe; *Philoſuchia*, or ſtudy of Peace, and Concord, is when a Magiſtrate thinks Humbly of himſelfe, moderating his owne anger, and bearing with the Infirmities of others, pardoning Injuries, and maintaining unitie, being provident that all unneceſſary controverſie bee aton'd, leaſt the publike Peace and Vnitie of the Church, or Commonweale be diſturbed, or hindred; of which Vertue, *Abraham* was a moſt Imitable Preſident, who, though in Authoritie, Wiſedome, and age, hee had, Prioritie before *Lot*, yet not-with-ſtanding, gave place to him; only for Concords ſake.

Placabilitas.

Humanitie, which the *Greekes* call *Ethos*, Is Iuſtice, coupled with Gentleneſſe, Equitie, Vpright-life, Affabilitie, and the like, for which are remark't, *Alexander*, *Cyrus*, *Octavius Cæſar*, &c. It hath alſo beene obſerued amongſt Schollars (In which

Humanitas.

number I may Catalogue your Lordſhip), that the more learned they have beene, they have ſhewed themſelues the more humane, and humble.

Nemeſis five Zealus.

The laſt is *Nemeſis*, or Zeale, which is an ardent love of Gods glory, of Iuſtice, Pietie, Sanctitie, &c. With an earneſt Indignation againſt whatſoever is evill, ſupporting the Religious, and ſeverely puniſhing the wicked, and refractory. *Phinees zelo Inflammatus Confodit ſcortatorem, &c.* So much to Illuſtrate the Perſons, I come now to the Speech.

HEE that is call'd to bee a Majeſtrate,
A Guide, a Ruler, or a Candidate,
Muſt of ſo great a burden know the weight;
But firſt the ſtepps that mount him to that height:
Shall I direct you then, what ſayle to beare?
(*Like a good Pilot*) *and what courſe to ſteare:*
(*Your pardon, Great Sir*) *daring to deſcry*
A paſſage, which you better know then I.
There is a double Fortitude, *both Crown'd*
With merited Palme; one Gunn'd, the other Gown'd:
The Souldier claymes the firſt, as his by due,
The next, the Civill Sword, now borne by you:
By which, as great a glory you ſhall win
In Peace, *as hee in* Warre, *by curbing ſinne,*
And cheriſhing vertue; In the ſecond place,
Stands Gentleneſſe, *and* Mercy, *O what grace*
Hath Peace, *with* Pitty *mixt?* Metalls *beſt feele,*
When Iron *is well Incorporate with* Steele:
A body ſo calcin'd to publike uſe,
As to ſupport Right, and ſuppreſſe abuſe:
Sinceritie *may chalenge the third claſſe,*
Next Patience, *which by ſuffering, doth ſurpaſſe*
All other Vertues: Placability,
Study of Concord, *and* Fidelity;
Laſt, holy Zeale, *and that doth crowne the reſt:*
All theſe being harbour'd in your honour'd breſt,
Shall (*maugre ſhelues and rocks*) *your paſſage cleare,*

And bring you to the Port, *to which you ſteare*:
You are the Cities Chiefe, *the Prime, the Sole,*
In expectation: *like the ſtedfaſt Pole*:
Proove conſtant in your Courſe, be ſtill the ſame,
So let your Sword (*tutch'd with Truth's Adamant*) *aime*
In your yeeres compaſſe, that to all mens view
(*Skilfull in ſtearage*) *it may ſtill goe true*:
So, thoſe that were before you, and rul'd well,
Equall you ſhall, although not Antecell.

THere remaines the Speech at Night, which is onely a Sumnary, or reiteration of the former Showes, Applied to the taking leave of his Lordſhip, and to commend him to his reſt: *Mars* being the Speaker.

¶ The Speech at Night.

PHœbus *his Steedes hath ſtabled in the* Weſt,
And Night (*ſucceeding Day*) *inuites to reſt*:
The three Cœleſtiall Queenes, ſent from above,
Leaving with you their Power, *their* Wiſdom, Love
Now take their leaves: *The* Centaure *doth beſtow*
On you his Iuſtice, *with his ſhaft, and bowe,*
Who to your beſt repoſe, bequeath's you heere,
To mount himſelfe againe unto his ſpheare:
The Night being come, he cannot well be miſt:
For without him, his Orbe cannot ſubſiſt:
Neither can mine: *Now muſt my Starre diſplay*
It's Luminous Rays, being borrowed thence this day,
To waite upon your Triumphs, and ſhall ſtill
Protect you, and your weighty charge, untill
Hee, which ſhall all your upright Actions bleſſe,
Conduct you to your Port of Happineſſe.

THeſe Frames, Modells, and Structures, were Faſhioned, Wrought, and Perfected, by the Two Artiſts, IOHN, and MATHIAS CHRISMAS; Succeſſors to

their Father, Mr. GERALD CHRISMAS, late diſceaſed, as well in the Exquiſite performance of his qualititie, as in his true ſinceritie, and honeſty; of whom I may confidently ſpeake, as no man could out-vie him in theſe Workes, which hee underwent, ſo none could out-match him in his word, For any thing hee undertooke; concerning whom I make no ſcruple, thus Ingeniouſly to conclude: *Ars patris, in filiis etiam, poſt fata viget.*

FINIS.

Londini Speculum: or,

Londons Mirror, Expreſt in ſundry *Triumphs*, *Pageants*, and *Showes*, at the Initiation of the right Honorable *Richard Fenn*, into the Mairolty of the Famous and farre renowned City *LONDON*.

All the Charge and Expence of theſe laborious projects both by Water and Land, being the ſole undertaking of the Right Worſhipful Company of the *Habberdaſhers*.

Written by Tho. Heywood.

Imprinted at *London* by *I. Okes* dwelling in little *St. Barthtolmews*. 1637.

To the Right Honourable *Richard Fenn*, Lord Maior of this Renowned *Metropolis LONDON.*

Right Honourable:

EXcuſe (I intreate) this my boldneſſe, which proceedeth rather from *Cuſtome* in others, then *Curioſity* in my *Selfe*, in preſuming to prompt your *Memory* in ſome things tending to the *greatnes* of your high *place* and *Calling*; You are now entred into one of the moſt famous *Mairolties* of the *Chriſtian World*. You are alſo cald *Fathers*, *Patrons* of the *Afflicted*, and *Procurators of the Publicke good*. And whatſoever hath reference to the true conſideration of *Juſtice* and *Mercy*, may be *Analogically* conferd upon pyous and iuſt *Magiſtrates*.

And for the *Antiquity* of your yearely *Government*, I read that the *Athenians* elected theirs *Annually*: and for no longer continuance: And ſo of the *Carthagians*, the *Thebans*, &c. And the *Roman* Senate held, that continued *Magiſtracy* was in ſome

reſpects unprofitable to the *Weale-publicke*, againſt which there was an *Act* in the Lawes of the twelve Tables. And it is thus concluded by the Learned, that the Dominion of the *greateſt Magiſtrates* which are *Kings* and *Princes*, ought to be perpetuall; but of the leſſe which be *Prætors*, *Cenſors*, and the like, only *Ambulatory* and *Annuall*. I conclude with that ſaying of a wiſe man, Prime Officers ought to Rule by Good Lawes, and commendable Example, Iudge by *Providence*, *Wiſdome* and *Iuſtice*, and Defend by *Prowes*, *Care* and *Vigilancy*: Theſe things I can but Dictate, of which your *Lordſhip* knoweth beſt how to Diſpoſe: ever (as now) remayning your Honors

Humble ſervant,

Thomas Heywood.

Londini Speculum,

OR,

Londons Mirrour.

ALL Triumphes have their Titles, and ſo this, according to the nature thereof, beareth a name : It is called *Londini* Κατόπτρον, that is, *Speculum*, more plainly, *Londons Mirrour*, neither altogether unproperly ſo termed, ſince ſhe in her ſelfe may not onely perſpicuouſly behold her owne vertues, but all forraigne Cities by her, how to correct their vices.

Her Antiquity ſhe deriveth from *Brute*, lineally diſcended from *Æneas*, the ſonne of *Anchiſes* and *Venus*, and by him erected, about the yeare of the world two thouſand eight hundred fifty five : before the Nativity of our bleſſed Saviour, one thouſand one hundred and eight : firſt cald by him *Trinovantum*, or *Troy-novant*, *New Troy*, to continue the remembancer

of the old, and after, in the proceſſe of time *Caier Lud*, that is, *Luds Towne*, of King *Lud*, who not onely greatly repaired the City, but increaſed it with goodly and gorgeous buildings; in the Weſt part whereof, he built a ſtrong gate, which hee called after his owne name *Lud-gate*, and ſo from *Luds Towne*, by contraction of the word and *dialect* uſed in thoſe times, it came ſince to be called *London*.

I will not inſiſt to ſpeake of the name of *Maior*, which implyeth as much as *the greater*, or more prime perſon; ſuch were the *Prætors*, or *Præfecti* in *Rome*, neither were the *Dictators* any more, till *Julius Cæſar* aiming at the Imperiall Purple, was not content with that annuall *honour*, which was to paſſe ſucceſſively from one to another, but he cauſed himſelfe to be Elected *Perpetuus Dictator*, which was in effect no leſſe than Emperor.

And for the name of *Elder-man*, or *Alder-man*, it is ſo ancient, that learned Maſter *Cambden* in his *Britan*, remembreth unto us, that in the daies of Royal King *Edgar*, a noble Earle, and of the Royall blood, whoſe name was *Alwin*, was in ſuch favour with the King, that he was ſtiled *Healf Kunning*, or halfe King, and had the ſtile of Alderman of all *England*: This man was the firſt founder of a famous Monaſtery in the Iſle of *Ely*, where his body lies interred, upon whoſe Tombe was an inſcription in *Latin*, which I have, *verbatim*, thus turned into *Engliſh*, *Here reſteth* Alwin, *couzen to King* Edgar, *Alderman of all* England, *and of this Holy Abbey the miraculous founder*. And ſo much (being tide to a briefe diſcourſe) may ſerve for the Antiquity of London, and the Titles for *Maior* or *Alderman*.

I come now to the *Speculum*, or *Mirrour*. *Plutarch* tels us, *That a glaſſe in which a man or woman behold their faces, is of no eſtimation or value (though the frame thereof be never ſo richly deckt with gold & gemmes, unleſſe it repreſent unto us the true figure and object. Moreover, that ſuch are fooliſh and flattering*

glaſſes, which make a ſad face to looke pleaſant, or a merry countenance melancholy: but a perfect and a true Chriſtall, without any falſity or flattery, rendreth every obiect its true forme, and proper figure, diſtinguiſhing a ſmile from a wrincle; and ſuch are the meanes many times to bridle our refractory affections: for who being in a violent rage, would be pleaſed that his ſervant ſhould bring him a glaſſe wherein hee might be hold thetorvity and ſtrange alteration of his countenance? Minerva *playing upon a Pipe, was mockt by a Satyre in theſe words.*

Non te decet forma iſtæc, pone fiſtulas,
Et Arma capeſſe componens recte genus.

That viſage miſ-becomes, thy Pipe
Caſt from thee, Warlike dame,
Take unto thee thy wonted Armes,
And keepe thy Cheekes in frame.

But though ſhe deſpiſed his Councell for the preſent, when after, playing upon the ſame Pipe, in which ſhe ſo much delighted, ſhee beheld in a river ſuch a change in her face, ſhee caſt it from her, and broke it aſunder, as knowing that the ſweetnes of her muſick could not countervaile or recompence that deformity which it put upon her countenance, and therefore I have purpoſed ſo true and exact a Mirrour, that in it may be diſcovered as well that which beautifies the governour, as deformes the government.

One thing more is neceſſitouſly to be added, and then I fall upon the ſhowes in preſent agitation: namely, that the fellowſhip of the Merchant Adventurers of *England* were firſt truſted with the ſole venting of the manufacture of Cloth out of this kingdome, & have for above this 4 hundred years traded in a priviledged, & wel governed courſe, in *Germany*, the *Low Countries*, *&c.*, and have beene the chiefe meanes to raiſe the manufacture of all wollen commodities to that height in which it

now exiſteth, which is the moſt famous ſtaple of the Land, and whereby the poore in all Countries are plentifully maintained: and of this Company his Lordſhip is free; as alſo of the *Levant*, or *Turkey*, and of the *Eaſt India* Company, whoſe trading hath beene, and is in theſe forraine adventures: alſo who ſpent many yeares and a great part of his youth in other Countries.

Now the firſt ſhow by water is preſented by *St. Katherine*, of whom I will give you this ſhort Character: *She was the daughter of King* Coſtus, *and had the generall title of Queene of* Famogoſta, *becauſe crowned in that City, being lineally diſcended from the* Roman *Emperors, who as ſhe lived a Virgin ſo ſhe dyed a Martyr, under the Tyrant* Maxentius, *whoſe Empreſſe with divers other eminent perſons ſhe had before converted to the Faith: ſhe rideth on a Scallop, which is part of his Lordſhips Coate of Armes, drawne in a Sea-Chariot, by two Sea-horſes with divers other adornments to beautifie the peece: the Art of which, the eye may better diſcover, than my pen deſcribe, and why ſhe being a Princeſſe, and Patroneſſe of this Company of the Haberdaſhers, who onely ruled on the Land, ſhould at this time appeare upon the water, and without any iuſt taxation, to make that cleare, ſhee thus delivereth her ſelfe.*

St. Katherines *ſpeech by Water.*

GReat *Prætor*, and grave Senators, ſhe craves
A free admittance on theſe curled waves,
Who doth from long antiquity profeſſe
Her ſelfe to be your gratious Patroneſſe:
Oft have I on a paſſant Lyon ſate,
And through your populous ſtreets beene borne in ſtate:
Oft have I grac't your Triumphes on the ſhore,
But on the Waters was not ſeene before.
Will you the reaſon know why it doth fall,
That I thus change my Element? you ſhall:

When *Triton* with his pearly trumpets blew
A ſtreperous blaſt, to ſummon all the crew
Of Marine gods and goddeſſes to appeare,
(As the annuall cuſtome is) and meet you here:
As they were then in councell to debate,
What honour they might adde unto the ſtate
Of this Inauguration; there appear'd
God *Mercury*, who would from *Jove* be heard:
His *Caducæus* ſilence might command;
Whilſt all attentive were to underſtand
The tenor of his meſſage: who thus ſpake.
The Sire of gods, with what you undertake
Is highly pleas'd, and greatly doth commend
That faire deſigne and purpoſe you intend;
But he beheld a Machine from an high,
Which at firſt ſight daz'd his immortall eye;
A royall Arke, whoſe bright and glorious beams
Rivall the Sunnes, ready to proove your ſtreames:
A veſſell of ſuch beauty, burthen, ſtate,
That all the high Powers were amaz'd thereat;
So beautified, ſo munified, ſo clad,
As might an eight to the ſeaven wonders adde:
Which muſt be now your charge; 'twas *Joves* owne motion,
That all of you attend her to the *Ocean*.
This notwithſtanding, ſuch was their great care,
(To ſhew that o're you they indulgent are)
That *Neptune* from his Chariot bad me chuſe
Two of his beſt Sea-horſes, to excuſe
His inforc't abſence: *Thames* (whoſe breaſt doth ſwell
Still with that glorious burthen) bad me tell,
That *Joves* command ſhall be no ſooner done,
But every Tide he'le on your errands runne
From hence to the Lands end, and thence againe
Backe, to conveigh your trafficke from the Maine:
My meſſage thus delivered; now proceed
To take your oath; there is no further need

Of my aſſiſtance: who on Land will meete you,
And with the ſtate of greater Triumphes greete you.

Theſe few following Lines may, (and not impertinently) be added unto *Jupiters* meſſage, delivered by *Mercury*, which though too long for the Bardge, may perhaps not ſhew lame in the booke, as being leſſe troubleſome to the Reader than the Rower.

Dance in thy raine-bow colours *Protœus*, change
Thy ſelfe to thouſand figures, 'tis not ſtrange
With thee, thou old Sea-prophet, throng the ſeas
With *Phorcus* Daughters, the *Nereides*,
And all the blew-hair'd Nymphes, in number more,
Than Barkes that float, or Pibbles on the ſhore:
Take *Æolus* along to fill her ſailes
With proſperous windes, and keepe within his gailes
Tempeſtuous guſts: which was no ſooner ſaid,
But done: for all the Marine gods obey'd.

The ſecond ſhow, but the firſt by Land, is prefented by the great *Philoſopher Pythagoras*, *Samius*, the ſonne of *Menarchus*; which being outwardly *Spherical* and *Orbicular*, yet being opened it quadrates it ſelfe iuſt into ſo many *Angles* as there be Scepters, over which his Sacred Maieſty beareth title: namely, *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, concerning which number of *foure*, I thus Read: *Pythagoras* and his *Schollers*, who taught in his ſchooles, that *Ten* was the nature and ſoule of all number; one Reaſon which he gave (to omit the reſt) was, becauſe all nations, as well civill as barbarous, can tell no farther than to the *Denary*, which is *Ten*, and then returne in their account unto the *Monady*, that is one: For example, from *Tenne* wee proceed to *Eleven* and *Twelve*, which is no more than *Ten* and *One*, *Ten* and *Two*, and ſo of the reſt, till the number riſe to an infinite.

Againe hee affirmeth, that the ſtrength and vertue of all number conſiſteth in the *quarternion*; for begin-

ning with *one*, *two*, *three*, and *foure*, put them together and they make *ten*; he ſaith further, that the nature of number conſiſteth in *ten*, and the faculty of number is comprized in *foure*: in which reſpect the *Pythagoreans* expreſſe their holy oath in the *quaternion*, which they cal'd τετρακτιν, as may appear in theſe words.

Per tibi noſtræ animæ præbentem tetrada Iuro,
Naturæ fontemque & firmamenta perennis.

For they held the ſoule of man to ſubſiſt in that number, proportionating it into theſe *foure* Faculties, *Mens*, *Scientia*, *Opinio*, *Senſus*, the *Mind*, *Knowledge*, *Opinion*, and *Sence*, and therefore according to that number *Pythagoras* frames his *Speech*, alluding to thoſe four Kingdomes over which his Maieſty beareth title.

The *Speech* of the ſecond Show, delivered in *Paules* Church-yard.

Sacred's the number foure, *Philoſophers ſay*,
And beares an happy Omen; *as this day*
It may appeare: foure *Elements conſpire*,
Namely, *the Water*, *Earth*, *the Aire*, *and Fire*,
To make up man: *the colours in him bred*
Are alſo foure, *White*, *Pallid*, *Blacke*, *and red*:
Of foure *Complexions he exiſteth ſoly*,
Flegmaticke, *Sanguine*, *Choler*, *Melancholy*.
His meate foure *ſeverall digeſtions gaines*,
In Stomacke, *Liver*, *Members*, *and the Veines*.
Foure *qualities cald* primæ *within lie*,
Which are thus titled, *Hot*, *Cold*, *Moiſt*, *and Drie*.
He acts his whole life on this earthy ſtage,
In Child-hood, *Youth*, *Man-hood*, *Decripit age*.
The very day that doth afford him light,
Is Morning, *the Meridian*, *Evening*, *Night*.
Foure *ſeaſons ſtill ſucceſſively appeare*,

Which put together make a compleat yeare.
The earth, with all the Kingdomes therein guided,
Is into foure *diſtinguiſh'd parts devided.*
The foure *Windes from the Worlds* foure *quarters blow,*
Eurus, Favonius, Auſter, Aquilo.
All Morall vertues we in foure *include,*
As Prudence, Iuſtice, Temperance, Fortitude.
Court, City, Campe, and Countrey, the foure *CCCs;*
Which repreſent to us the foure *degrees,*
Requir'd in every faire and flouriſhing Land,
Subſtract but one a Kingdome cannot ſtand.
Foure Colonels *are in this City knowne,*
Of which you, honoured Sir, have long beene one:
And thoſe foure Crownes, (*for ſo the high Powers pleaſe*)
Embleme the Kings foure *Scepters, and* foure *Seas.*
The fift (1) Imperiall Arch above, *proclaimes*
That glorious Crowne, *at which his* Highneſſe *aimes.*
Thus is our round Globe ſquared, *figuring his power,*
And yours beneath Him, *in the* number foure.

The third Show.

THe third Pageant or Show meerly conſiſteth of Anticke geſticulations, dances, and other Mimicke poſtures, deviſed onely for the vulgar, who are better delighted with that which pleaſeth the eye, than contenteth the eare, in which we imitate *Cuſtome*, which alwaies carrieth with it excuſe: neither are they altogether to be vilefied by the moſt ſupercilious, and cenſorious, eſpecially in ſuch a confluence, where all Degrees, Ages, and Sexes are aſſembled, every of them looking to bee preſented with ſome fancy or other, according to their expectations and humours: Since grave and wiſe men have beene of opinion, that it is convenient, nay neceſſitous, upon the like occaſions, to mixe *feria*

(1) Quinta perennis.

iocis; for what better can ſet off matter, than when it is interlaced with mirth? From that I proceede to the fourth.

The fourth Show.

IT beareth the Title of an *Imperiall* Fort: nor is it compulſive, that here I ſhould argue what a Fort is, a Skonce, or a Cittadall, nor what a Counterskarfe, or halfe Moone, &c. is; nor what the oppoſures or defences are: my purpoſe is onely to expreſſe my ſelfe thus farre, that this Fort which is ſtil'd *Imperiall*, defenc'd with men and officers, ſuiting their functions and places proper to ſuch a muniment; doth in the morall include his Majeſties royall chamber, which is the City of *London*, for to that onely purpoſe was the project intended.

The Speaker is *Bellona*, whom ſome held to be the Daughter, ſome the Siſter, others the Nurſe of *Mars* the god of Warre; neither in any of theſe is any impropriety, or ought that is diſſonant from authority, becauſe *Enyo*, which is *Bellona*, implyeth that which putteth ſpirit and courage into an army, &c. Antiquity called her *Duellona*, that is, the goddeſſe of warre, to whom their Prieſts ſacrificed their owne blood, and before whoſe Temple the *Fœcialis* ſet a ſpeare againſt ſome prime pillar thereof, when any publicke warre was to be denounced: Shee was moſt honoured of the *Thracians*, the *Scithians*, and thoſe wild and barbarous nations, upon whoſe Altars they uſed to ſacrifice a Vulture, which is a ravenous hird, uſed to prey upon dead carcaſſes, and aſſemble themſelves in great flocks after any fought battaile: but this Diſcourſe may to ſome appeare impertinent to the project in hand, and therefore I thus proceed to her ſpeech.

Bellonaes *Speech upon the* Imperiall *Fort.*

THis Structure (*honour'd* Sir) *doth title beare*
Of an Imperiall Fort, *apt for that ſpheare*
In which you now moove, borrowing all her grace,

As well from your owne perſon as your place;
For you have paſt through all the degrees that tended
Vnto that height which you have now aſcended.
You have beene in this City (*'tis knowne well*)
A Souldier, Captaine, *and a* Colonell.
And now in times faire progreſſe, to crowne all,
Of this Metropolis *chiefe Generall.*
You, of this Embleme, which this day we bring,
To repreſent the Chamber of the King,
Are the prime governour: *a* Royall Fort,
And ſtrongly ſcited, as not built for ſport,
But for example and defence: *a* Tower
Supported by no leſſe than Soveraigne power:
The Theologicke *vertues, the three* Graces,
And Charities *have here their ſeverall places.*
Here Piety, *true* Zeale, *ſtudy of* Peace,
(*By which ſmall mites to* Magozines *increaſe*)
Have reſidence: *now oppoſite there are*
To theſe, and with them at continuall warre,
Pride, Arrogance, Sloath, Vanity, Preſtigion,
Prophaneſſe, the contempt of true Religion,
With thouſands more, who aſſiduatly waite
This your Imperiall Fort *to inſidiate.*

Concordia parvæ res Creſcunt, is the Motto of the Company of the right Worſhipfull *Habberdaſhers.*

You may obſerve i'th muſicke of your Bels
Like ſound in Triumphes, *and for funerall knels;*
Marriage and death to them appeare all one,
Masking nor mourning cannot change their tone:
With our Fort *'tis not ſo, whoſe faire pretence, is*
To comply with the nature of offences,
Errors; *ſhe knowes in low termes how to chide*
Great faults, with greater noiſe are terrifi'd:
But ſhe can load her Cannons, and ſpeake loud
To encounter with the arrogant and proud:
Whats further in your Prætorſhip *aſsign'd,*
You, in your Londons Mirrour *there may find.*

The fifth ſhow, cald Londons Mirrour.

THis beareth the title of the whole Triumphe; of Glaſſes pertinent to this our purpoſe, there bee ſeverall ſorts, as *Opticke, Perſpective, Proſpective, Multiplying, &c.* The preſenter is *Viſus*, or Sight; for what the minde is to the ſoule, the ſame is the eye to the body, being the moſt precious part thereof. Sight is the moſt ſoveraigne ſence, the firſt of five, which directeth man to the ſtuddy & ſearch of knowledge & wiſedome; the eyes are placed in the head as in a Citadel, to be watch-towers and Centinels for the ſafety, and guiders and conducters for the ſollace of the body.

We read that one *Marcus Varro* was ſir-named *Strabo*, for the excellency and quickneſſe of his ſight, who from *Libæum*, a Province in *Scicilia*, could diſtinguiſh and give an exact account of all ſuch ſhips as came out of the haven of *Carthage*, which two places ſome hold to be more than an hundred *Italian* leagues diſtant: indeed no man can better eſtimate the vertue and value of the ſight, than he that is made blinde and wants it, neither could I deviſe a more apt Speaker to preſent this *Mirrour*, than the ſence of the ſight, without which, the pureſt Chriſtall is of no uſe at all.

The Pageant it ſelfe is decored with glaſſes of all ſorts: the perſons upon or about it are beautifull Children, every one of them expreſſing their natures and conditions in the impreſaes of their ſhields, eight of the prime of which ſuiting with the quality of the *Optick* ſence, beare theſe ſeverall Inſcriptions: *Aſpice, Deſpice, Conſpice, Proſpice, Perſpice, Inſpice, Circumſpice, Reſpice*:

Οψσις, or *Opſis* the Speaker.

B*Ehold me* Sight, *of the five ſences prime*;
(*Now beſt complying with the place and time*)
Preſenting Londons Mirrour, *and this Glaſſe*

Shewes not alone what ſhe is, or once was,
But that the ſpacious Vniverſe might ſee
In her, what their great Cities ought to be;
That every forraigne Magiſtrate from hence
Might learne how to diſpoſe his Opticke *ſence.*
Aſpice *ſaith, Looke toward and upon*
Deſartfull men whom this Age frowneth on.
And Deſpice *caſt downe thy powerfull eye*
On the poore wretch that doth beneath thee lye.
Then Conſpice *take counſell firſt and pauſe*
With meditation, ere thou iudge a cauſe.
Proſpice *bids looke afarre off, and view*
(*Before conclude*) *what dangers may inſue.*
Perſpice *wils, in ſifting doubts, then ſcan*
The nature of the matter with the man.
Let every cauſe be ſearcht, and duely ſought,
Saith Inſpice, *ere thou determinſt ought.*
Circumſpice *ſaith, looke about to immure*
So great a charge, that all within be ſure.
Conſiderate Reſpice *inioynes thee laſt,*
To caſt thine eyes backe upon all things paſt.
For Londons *ſelfe, if they ſhall firſt begin*
To examine her without, and then within,
What Architectures, Palaces, what Bowers,
What Citadels, what turrets, and what towers?
Who in her age, grew pregnant, brought a bed
Of a New Towne, *and late delivered*
Of ſuch a burthen, as in few yeares ſpace,
Can almoſt ſpeake all tongues, (*to her more grace.*)
Then her Cathedrals, Temples *new reparing,*
An act of true devotion, no man ſparing
His helping hand; and many, 'tis well knowne,
To further Gods houſe have forgot their owne.
Vnto her outward ſhape I doe not prize her,
But let them come within to anatomize her.
Her Prætor, *ſcarlet Senate, Liveries,*
The ordering of her brave ſocieties:
Divine Aſtræa *here in equall ſcale*
Doth ballance Iuſtice, Truth *needes not looke pale,*

Nor poverty deiected, th' Orphants cauſe,
And Widowes plea finde helpe ; no ſubtile clauſe
Can make demurre in ſentence : a faire hearing,
And upright doome in every Court appearing :
Still to preſerve her ſo, be't your indeavour,
And ſhe in you ; you her ſhall live for ever.

I come now to the Linvoy, or laſt Speech, when his Lordſhip, after his dayes long and tedious trouble, retireth himſelfe to his reſt at night, in which *Pythagoras* the Speaker briefly runs over the paſſages of the Pageant before expreſſed, after this manner.

The Speech at Night.

WE *to a* Valediction *are confin'd,*
(Right Honoured) *and intreat You beare in minde*
What was this Day preſented : Your *chiefe* Saint
A Martyr *once of the* Church militant,
But now of the tryumphant, *bids You ſpare*
Your ſelfe this Night : for to a World of Care
You are ingag'd to morrow, which muſt laſt
Till the whole progreſſe of Your Yeere *be paſt.*
The Spheare-like Globe quadrated, lets You know,
What Pro-Rex *doth to the foure Scepters owe.*
Your Military honours, (*in your Dayes*
Of leſſe command) *th'* Imperiall Fort *diſplayes,*
And Londons Mirrour, *that all men may ſee*
What Magiſtrates *have beene, and ought to be.*
Set is the Sunne *long ſince, and now the Light*
Quite fayling us, Thrice Honourd Sir, *good Night.*

For the Artiſts, and directors of theſe Pageants and ſhowes, *Iohn Chriſtmas* and *Mathias*, the two Sonnes of *Gerard*, their now deceaſed Father, a knowne Maſter in all thoſe Sciences he profeſt : I can ſay no more but thus, that proportioning their Workes according to the limits of the gates through which they

were to paſſe, being ty'de not to exceede one Inch either in height, or breadth: My Opinion is, that few Workemen about the Towne can paralell them, much leſſe exceede them. But if any ſhall either out of Curioſity or malice taxe their ability, in this kind of Art, I referre them to the Carving of his Majeſties *Great Ship* lately built at *Woolwitch*, which Worke alone is able both to ſatisfie *Emulation*, and qualifie *Envie*.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 1.

The English Traveller.

Reprinted in the Sixth Volume of Dilke's *Old Plays* (1816).

Of the *Engliſh Traveller* the ſtory, as far as it relates to Young Lionel and Reignald, is (as Langbaine obſerves) borrowed from the *Mortellaria* of Plautus. Indeed, ſo conſiderable a part of the play is cloſely copied from that performance, that it is curious Heywood did not think it neceſſary to acknowledge the obligation.

The *Engliſh Traveller*, it may be added further, is not the only drama which has been very deeply indebted to the *Mortellaria*. The *Intriguing Chambermaid* of Fielding is evidently founded upon it: and the entertainment given by the rakiſh ſon, the old man's return from a voyage, the project of the knaviſh ſervant to prevent the father's ſurpriſing the company that were carouſing in his houſe by making him believe it was haunted, and his pretending that the young gentleman had purchaſed another in the room of it, are all introduced with little variation from the original. And theſe obſervations apply as cloſely to *The Engliſh Traveller*, as to the *Intriguing Chambermaid*.

Page 16.

Drinke Whig *and ſowre Milke.*

"Whig" was formed from the whey of milk after the cheeſe curd had been ſeparated from it by runnet, a ſecond and inferior curd being ſeparated from the whey by an acid mixture; the remainder, after a ſlight fermentation, was called *whig*, and drunk by the poorer claſſes inſtead of ſmall beer.

PAGE 26.

Alfareſſe.

Alfarez, or *alfares*, ſeems to have been a ſubordinate officer (an enſign, ſays Reed). Don Juan, in Maſſinger's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, ſays, Leon had been recommended to him as his "Alferez."

Ib.

rebellings.

Qy. "*Ravelines?*"

PAGE 28.

In the height of their carouſing, all their braines
Warmd with the heate of wine, &c.

"This piece of pleaſant exaggeration," ſays Charles Lamb, "(which, for its life and humour might have been told, or acted, by Petruchio himſelf) gave riſe to the title of Cowley's Latin play, *Naufragium Ioculare*, and furniſhed the idea of the beſt ſcene in it."

Hazlitt conſiders this account of ſhipwreck by drink "the moſt ſplendid paſſage in Heywood's comedies."

PAGE 48.

Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall *ſinne.*

The word "michall," or "mechal," has been already explained.

Mr. Dilke, not being able to underſtand it, ſubſtituted "mickle," though he confeſſed himſelf "not altogether ſatisfied with the alteration"!

PAGE 63.

What braue caru'd poaſts; Who knowes but heere,
In time, Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie.

It appears from many of our old writers, that it was cuſtomary for the ſheriff to have poſts in front of his houſe, ornamented in ſome particular way, probably for the purpoſe of pointing out his reſidence, or, as Warburton conjectures, "that the King's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication."

PAGE 65.

Chauelah.

A corruption of *Qui va là ?*

PAGE 167.

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

In 1633 Pendle Foreſt again became the ſcene of pretended witchcrafts: and from various circumſtances the trial which took place then has acquired even greater notoriety than that which preceded it twenty years before. The particulars are ſubſtantially compriſed in the *Examination of Edmund Robinſon* (1) ſon of Edm. Robinſon, of Pendle Foreſt, Maſon, taken at Padiham, before Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkie, Eſqs., two of his Majeſty's juſtices of the peace, within the county of Lancaſter, 10th February, 1633.

Heywood and Brome, in their play, *The late Lancaſhire Witches*, follow the terms of this depoſition very cloſely. It is very probable that they had ſeen and converſed with the boy, to whom, when taken up to London, there was a great reſort of company. The Lancaſhire dialect, as given in this play, and by no means unfaithfully, was perhaps derived from converſations with ſome of the actors in this drama of real life—a drama quite as extraordinary as any that Heywood's imagination ever bodied forth from the world of fiction.

Alice Nutter (concerning whom ſee *The Wonderfull Diſcoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaſter by Thomas Potts*, 1613) (2) was doubtleſs the original of the ſtory of which Heywood availed himſelf in the *The late Lancaſhire Witches*—a ſtory frequently noticed by the writers of the ſeventeenth century—that the wife of a Lancaſhire country gentleman had been detected in

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(1) This examination (which is too long to be given here) is printed *in extenſo* in Whitaker's *Whalley*, p. 213; Webſter's *Diſplaying of Witchcraft*, p. 347; and Baines's *Lancaſhire*, vol. i. p. 604.

(2) Reprinted for the Chetham Society (*Remains Hiſtorical and Literary, Vol. VI.*) in 1845, with an Introduction and Notes by James Croſſley, Eſq.; to which we are mainly indebted for the information given above.

practiſing witchcraft and unlawful arts, and had been condemned and executed. "In that play there can be little heſitation in aſcribing to Heywood the ſcenes in which Mr. Generous and his wife are the interlocutors, and to Brome the ſubordinate and farcical portions. It is a very unequal performance, but not deſtitute of thoſe fine touches, which Heywood is never without, in the characters of Engliſh country gentlemen and the pathos of domeſtic tragedy."—CROSSLEY (*ubi ſuprà*): Introduction, lxv—lxx.; Notes, pp. 34—38.

There is a reprint of this play by Mr. Halliwell, thus entitled: "The Poetry of Witchcraft illuſtrated by Copies of the Plays on the Lancaſhire Witches by Heywood and Shadwell. Brixton Hill: Printed for Private Circulation only, 1853."

Mr. Harriſon Ainſworth has written a romance on the ſubject of *The Lancaſhire Witches.*

PAGE 262.

Londons Ius Honorarium.

An exact reprint from the only copy known to be extant o this pageant, kindly placed at our diſpoſal by H. Huth, Eſq., of whoſe invaluable library it is one of the many priceleſs treaſures.

Heywood alſo wrote the pageants for 1632 and 1633: to theſe we have not ſucceeded in obtaining acceſs; but we are enabled to give ſome account of them extracted from an intereſting book publiſhed ſome thirty years ago by the Percy Society. (2).

That of 1632 is entitled: "Londini Artium et Scientiarum Scaturigo, Londons Fountain of Arts and Sciences; expreſt in ſundrie Triumphes, Pageants and Shews, at the Initiation of the Right Honorable Nich. Raynton, in the Majoralty of the famous and far-renowned City of London. All the charge and Expenſe of the Laborious Projects, both by Sea and Land, being the ſole Undertaking and Charge of the Right Worſhipfull Company of Haberdaſhers. Written by Thomas Heywood. Lond. 1632."

The Pageant of 1633 is entitled:—"Londini Emporia, or London's

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(2) Lord Mayor's Pageants: being Collections towards a hiſtory of theſe Annual Celebrations. By F. W. Fairholt. Lond. (Percy Society), Part I., 1843.

Mercatura: expreſt in ſundry triumphs, pageants, and ſhowes, at the inauguration of the Right Honorable Ralph Freeman into the Maioralty of the famous and farre-renowned citty London. All the charge and expenſe of the laborious proiects, both by water and land being the ſole undertaking of the Right Worſhipfull Company of the Cloath-workers. Written by Thomas Heywood. *Redeunt Spectacula.* Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1633."

The pamphlet opens with the praiſe of merchantmen, detailing "the eight offices of piety in a merchant required :—"1. Rectitude of conſcience; 2. Abſence of equivocation; 3. Honeſty in bargaining; 4. Juſtice; 5. Humility; 6. Charity to the poor; 7. Abſence of Avarice; 8. A renunciation of "all care and trouble of mind, which may hinder divine contemplation." Of courſe—"all theſe things deſireable being knowne to be eminent in your lordſhip," Heywood tells us, "was the maine inducement to entitle this preſent ſhow by this apt denomination *Londoni Emporia.*"

The firſt pageant is exhibited on the water; "which is a ſea-chariot, beautified and adorned with ſhel-fiſhes of ſundry faſhion and ſplendour." It is drawn by two griffins; upon them are ſeated two figures bearing pendants, "upon which are portrayed the armes of the two ſheriffes now in place." Thames rides in the chariot, ſurrounded by water nymphs, and appears to arouſe from a ſleep, as the mayor's barge approaches. He addreſſes him in a ſpeech, which contains an allufion to the "clenſing of the river at this time by ſundry water engines," in theſe ſtrange words :—

"Can Thameſis himſelf ſo far forget?
But 'tis long ſince Tame and Iſis met,
That 'tis not rare; for we two are groune old,
And being rivers, ſubiect to take cold;
Forc't with extremity of paine to grone,
As troubled with the gravell and the ſtone,
(Whole ſhelves are in our raines) but (Fates ſo pleaſe)
By artiſts' helpe wee late have got ſome eaſe.
Thanks to our patriots!"

After explaining the pageant and its myſtic alluſions, he ends :—

"But why ſhould I, though beſt of Neptunes' ſons,

(Whoſe ſtreame almoſt by your permiſſion runnes)
Inſtruct him who can teach? ſince the laſt yeare,
Till this day, never ran my tides ſo cleare
As now they doe, were never ſo become
With barges, enſignes, trumpets, fyſe and drum,
Methinkes you make mee young againe to view,
Old cuſtomes kept, and (in them) all things new."

The firſt ſhow by land is placed in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is the trade-pageant of the company.—The ſhepherd and ſheep, with his dog guarding them from the ever-watchful wolf. He ſits "upon a dyall, to which his ſheep-hooke is the gnomon," and he explains this, in his ſpeech to the mayor.—

"As I, ſo you muſt on a dyall ſit,
Which hath no gnomon but my ſtaffe to it,
And ſuch your ſword is now, your wakefull eye
Muſt ſtill be ope, to watch where you can ſpy
The ravenous woolfe, to preſſe, and blocke the way,
Leaſt hee on any of your flocke ſhould prey.
. . . . . .
And that your charge ſo carefully be borne,
That they be neuer *but in ſeaſon* ſhorne."

The ſecond pageant "is a ſhip, moſt proper to the trade of merchant-adventurers," with Mercury as pilot, who addreſſes the mayor in a ſpeech alluding to his own large mercantile occupation, and its conſequent beneficial effects to the country.

"The third ſhow by land, is a modell deviſed to humour the throng, who come rather to ſee than to heare: and without ſome ſuch intruded anti-maske, many who carry their ears in their eyes, will not ſticke to ſay, *I will not give a pinne for the Show.* Since therefore it conſiſts only in motion, agitation, and action, and theſe (expreſſed to the life) being apparently viſible to all, in vaine ſhould I imploy a ſpeaker, where I preſuppoſe all his words would be drown'd in noyſe and laughter. I therefore paſſe to the fourth and laſt."

"Which is a curious and neately framed architect, beautified with many proper and becoming ornaments: bearing the title of the Bower of Bliſſe; an embleme of that future happineſſe which not onely all juſt and upright magiſtrates, but every

good man, of what condition or quality ſoever, in the courſe of his life eſpecially aimeth at." Herein are ſeated Prudence, Temperance, Juſtice and Fortitude, and "the three theologicall vertues, Faith, Hope and Charity, as handmaides attending to conduct all ſuch pious and religious magiſtrates the way to the celeſtiall bower of bliſſe." Prudence deſcribes and deſcants upon all in a moral ſpeech, in which ſhe delares it

"Aptly may be titled *Freeman's* bower."

"The ſpeech at night" alludes "to the twelve celeſtiall ſignes, which may aptly be applied unto the twelve moneths during the lord mayor's goverment." The entire ſpeech runs thus :—

"Sleepe may you ſoundly ſir, to morrow preſt
To a yeares trouble, for this one nights reſt,
In which may ſtarres and planets all conſpire,
To warme you ſo by their celeſtiall fire ;
Aries whoſe Gold Fleece Greece doth ſo renowne,
May both inrich you, and this glorious toune,
That *Taurus* in your ſtrength may ſo appeare,
You this great weight may on your ſhoulders beare ;
That the two *Twins*, the mother's bleſt increaſe,
May in this citty ſtill continue peace.
That *Caneer* who incites to hate and ſpleene,
May not in your faire government be ſeene,
That *Leo* waiting on your iudgement ſeate,
May moderate his rage and ſcorching heate ;
That the celeſtial *Maide* may you aduiſe,
Virgins and orphans ſtill to patronize ;
And rather then your juſtice heere ſhould faile,
Libra no more be ſeene with golden ſcale ;
And that the *Scorpions* ſting may be ſo charm'd,
The poore may not be wrong'd nor innocent harm'd.
That *Chiron's* bent bow ſo may guide your will,
You may ſtill aime, but neuer ſhoote to kill ;
And *Capricorne* though all things ſaid to dare,
Though he haue power, yet may have will to ſpare ;
That as *Aquarius* doth his water power,
You may your goodneſs on this city ſhower :

Piſces, the laſt of twelve, the feet they guide,
From head to foot, O may you ſo provide.

It ends with praiſe of "Mr. Gerald Chriſmas," who conſtructed the pageant. Heywood having previouſly returned thanks to the wardens and committee of the Clothworkers company, "for their affability and courteſie, unto myſelfe, being at that time to them all a meere ſtranger, who when I ſent my then unperfect papers, were as able to judge of them, as attentively to heare them; and rather judicially conſidering all things, then nicely carping at any thing."

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